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TRAVELS

IN

FRANCE,

IN 1818.

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BY

LIEUT. FRANCIS HALL,

14TH LIGHT DRAGOONS, H. P.

AUTHOR OF

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TO

THE REVEREND

WILLIAM STANLEY GODDARD, D. D.

LATE HEAD MASTER OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

MY DEAR SIR,

I DEDICATE these Travels to you, because it is to you I am especially indebted for those literary habits which have hitherto been my purest sources of enjoyment. Nor am I grateful for this benefit only: I owe you many of the most pleasurable recollections of youth: recollections which daily look brighter, and are more cherished, as our onward road grows more perplexed and overshadowed. A school-boy's life is often cheated of half

its natural enjoyments, by the misplaced rigour or indulgence of those who watch over it. This is robbing the butterfly of its wings. *You* left us *our* wings, and only directed our flights to the flowers most productive of honey.

As for my book, though I have not modesty enough to abuse it, I am aware it contains sentiments and opinions which I cannot defend by the sanction of your authority. My *politics* are my own, whether for good or evil. You did not suffer our time at Winchester to be wasted in party disquisitions and speculations unsuited to our age and situation. You laid for us a foundation of good taste, and habits of correct thinking, on all essential points of literature, morals, and religion: the superstructure is, and must be, *our own*. I only regret that, in my case, it is not worthier of a foundation so laid; but however

great may be my political heresies, I am happy to have this opportunity of showing that there is *one* monarchy at least for which I entertain the affectionate veneration befitting a loyal subject, — *that of Winchester College*...

Believe me,

My dear Sir,

With all respect and gratitude,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

FRANCIS HALL.

Addlestone,
September 8. 1819.

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TRAVELS IN FRANCE

IN 1818.

CHAPTER I.

CALAIS TO ROUEN.

A MAN must have considerable literary courage to write "Travels in France," especially if he begins by Calais:—a proposition, the demonstration of which I shall take into my own hands, as Mr. Moore turns critic for himself in the character of Fadladeen; and for the same reason, *videlicet*, lest some sterner critic should take up the matter for me. 'Tis a very moderate assertion to say, that within these ten years past, there have been written as many books of "Travels in France," as would fill a country gentleman's library. They have swarmed in all forms and sizes, from the humble journalist, who notes down each stage and post-house, takes record of his daily dinners, and fixes literary talons upon each *aubergiste* and *fille-de-chambre*, on his road, to the more scientific and exalted tourist, who, soaring above vulgar detail, concocts the spiri-

tualised essence of his journey, like a rich sauce, from ingredients "known only to the artist." The public has thus banquetted on Travels, Agricultural, Philosophical, and Political; on Visits, and Visitations, from Six Months to Six Weeks; on Letters and Observations; on "Reflections during a Residence," and "Notes during an Abode;" on "Walks in, round, and about Paris;" on "Sketches of Scenery," and "Scenic Delineations;" on Journeys, voluntary and forced; on Excursions on Horseback, and on Foot; by Old Routes, and New Routes, and Unusual Routes. Nor have the species of travellers been less numerous than the forms given to their productions: — clergymen and men of letters, lords and farmers, physicians, journalists, officers, cockneys, and ladies, have in turn figured, and disappeared, from the stage of travelling notoriety. In such a state of things, to write "Travels in France," disguise the title as you will or can; hint the purport of your book, however gingerly; dish it like a lottery-puff, to slide unawares down the intellectual *viscera* of the public; the attempt is still "*periculosæ plenum opus aleæ*," whether it be done by me, or another; and if perilous, then requiring courage, not indeed martial or pugilistic, but *literary* courage, — a very different quality, as many literary men know, — a very estimable one, as I am willing to believe, though critics should calumniate it by the appellation of impudence.

But then to begin with Calais!—Why, one must begin some where; and in such cases, except there be special reason to the contrary, 'tis as well to begin by the beginning. Besides, what English heart beats not at the historical recollections attached to Calais? Who but remembers how our warlike Edward consented not to hang the worthy members of the corporation who delivered themselves in their shirts to his clemency. Then, like a true monarch, tempering mercy with a necessary rigour, he turned all the inhabitants out to starve, and make room for an English colony. "In my opinion" (says old Froissard) "it was a melancholy thing for "the inhabitants of both sexes, of the town of "Calais, thus to be sent abroad, with their "children, from their inheritances, leaving "every thing behind: for they were not al-"lowed to carry off any of their furniture or "wealth, and they received no assistance from "the king of France, for whom they had lost "their all. They did, however, as well as they "were able; and the greater part went to St. "Omer." Without being critical, they no doubt felt themselves well able to comment, during their travels, on Horace's "*Quicquid delirant reges.*"

This depopulation terminated, as such matters usually did in those days, by the building of a new church, a description of which will be more *germain* to the business of a traveller, than this historical digression, with which, however, it links conveniently enough. The architecture

of this edifice is Gothic *, in its simplest form; the interior consisting of pointed arches resting on plain massive columns. The altar-piece is of white marble, elaborately sculptured, and adorned with eighteen small images of saints. It is said to have been originally purchased in Italy, for Canterbury Cathedral, about the year 1623, and to have fallen into the possession of the Calesians in consequence of the ship, in which it was embarked, having been wrecked on the coast. If this be true, Canterbury rather gained a loss; for though the workmanship is rich, and costly, the design of the whole is in bad taste, and too overloaded with petty ornament to produce any effect, either of beauty or magnificence. *The Assumption*, by Vandyke, occupies the central compartment over it. It is highly esteemed; but the colouring is faded, and the figure of the Virgin so completely Flemish, that the clouds seem breaking down beneath her. *The Descent from the Cross*, by the same master, is a more pleasing composition; the face of Mary is full of tranquil sweetness, as if assured of the immortal destinies of her Son and Saviour. A picture of *Christ tempted*

* I use this epithet because none more appropriate has yet obtained the sanction of general use. Though it is a style which probably owes its most striking peculiarities to eastern models, the term "oriental" would be too bold an innovation: I have taken greater liberty in occasionally substituting *corrupted Roman* or *Lombard* for *Saxon*, an epithet which, though bearable in England, is palpably false and even ridiculous in France.

by the Tribute Money, is forcibly painted, in the manner of Rubens: the figures were whole lengths, but it was cut in two during the Revolution. The other decorations of the church are Catholic enough; rags, tinsel, puppet-show Jesuses, and daubings of purgatory, with alms-boxes, to filch from credulity the wages of hypocrisy. At the eastern extremity of the edifice, a new Lady-chapel has been lately built; but if the virgin has the slightest tinge of architectural taste, she must feel little grateful for an appendage so ludicrously at variance with the general style of the edifice.

Few, even of the least curious among travellers, can have missed seeing the town-hall of Calais; for it stands on one side of the great square, or *Place d'Armes*, so as to stare you in the face on your way from the pier towards any hotel in which you may have designed to quarter yourself; but 'tis possible enough to overlook two national monuments in front of it, both erected A. D. 1818. These are two pedestals of reddish marble, about as big as two city pumps, and not much unlike them in figure, supporting the busts of Cardinal Richelieu, and Francis Duke of Guise, surnamed "*Le Balafrè*;" the former of whom, as the inscriptions tell us, built the arsenal, the latter recovered Calais from the English, A. D. 1558. This is evidently an attempt to direct national vanity towards *legitimate* objects. Napoleon adorned France with monuments, so the Bourbons take

a hint from the devil, and *Napoleonize in little.* But this is a species of imitation in which they are not more fortunate than was the Duke of Berri, when, in the same spirit, he mistook himself for a general. The objects of commemoration, in the present instance, are selected with singular ill luck, as well as bad taste, unless they were intended to represent the principles of the present dynasty. Francis Duke of Guise first laid the foundation of that celebrated league which went nigh to deprive the Bourbons of their succession to the crown. He was master of the court and its feeble king, when the fiery chambers (*les chambres ardentes*) were instituted in each parliament for the purpose of burning all Protestants convicted of addressing their God in their own way. The conspiracy of Amboise was the consequence of these cruelties; the failure of which was followed by a judicial slaughter, "till," says Mezeray, "the "streets of Amboise ran down with blood, the "river was covered with dead bodies, and all "the public squares planted with gibbets." He adds, that the chancellor Olivier, who was of a gentle and feeling nature, died of horror at this massacre. One might have imagined, that to have procured a sentence of death, in open defiance of law and justice, against the uncle of Henry IV. would have seemed sufficient reason in legitimate eyes for at least keeping this personage in the shade; but, in truth, to have been a persecutor, is a merit, which, like

charity, "covers a multitude of sins."—By the way, it was not Francis, but Henry his son, who was surnamed "*Le Balafré*" (the slashed). Vid. Bayle, Art. *Guise* (*Henri de Lorraine Duc de*). As for Richelieu, to say nothing of the blacker shades of his character, there is no individual in French history, who has been more powerfully instrumental in producing that chain of events which led to the Revolution, than he; but he was a despot and a priest.

There was much barbarism in the days of chivalry, but there was some grandeur of soul too; and I would have given more to have seen the old castle-hall, in which our Edward entertained the knight by whom he had been twice beaten down in battle, than whole acres of gilded palaces, with Versailles at the head of them; but scarcely a vestige of the castle of Calais is now visible:

> Old times are changed, old manners gone.

Illustrious prisoners are now-a-days treated in a very different manner, especially when they chance to fall beneath the sway of such as are strangers to military achievement;—

> Nor the divisions of a battle know
> More than a spinster.

I transcribe this memorable scene from Froissard, because it cannot fail to suggest a pleasing association of ideas, if not a pleasing contrast of manners, to the mind of every English visiter.

" When the engagement was over, the king " returned to the castle in Calais, and ordered " all the prisoners to be brought before him. " The French then knew for the first time that " the king of England had been there in per- " son, under the banner of Sir Walter Manny. " The king said he would, this evening of the " new year, entertain them all at supper in the " castle.

" When the hour for supper was come, the " tables spread, and the king and his knights " dressed in new robes, as well as the French, " who, notwithstanding they were prisoners, " made good cheer, (for the king wished it " should be so,) the king seated himself at " table, and made those knights do the same " around him, in a most honourable manner.

" The gallant Prince of Wales, and the " knights of England, served up the first course, " and waited on their guests. At the second " course they went and seated themselves at " another table, where they were served and " attended on very quietly.

" When supper was over, and the tables re- " moved, the king remained in the hall, among " the English and French knights, bareheaded, " except a chaplet of fine pearls, which was round " his head . . . . . When he came to Sir " Eustace de Ribeaumont, he assumed a cheer- " ful look, and said with a smile, ' Sir Eustace, " you are the most valiant knight in Christen- " dom that I ever saw attack his enemy, or

" defend himself. I never yet found any one " in battle, who, body to body, had given me " so much to do as you have done this day. I " adjudge to you the prize of valour, above all " the knights of my court, as what is justly " due to you.' The king then took off the " chaplet, which was very rich and handsome, " and, placing it on the head of Sir Eustace, " said: ' Sir Eustace, I present you with this " chaplet, as being the best combatant this " day, either within or without doors; and I " beg of you to wear it this year, for love of me. " I know that you are lively and amorous, and " love the company of ladies and damsels; " therefore say, wherever you go, that I gave " it to you. I also give you your liberty, free " of ransom; and you may set out to-morrow, " if you please, and go whither you will.' "
(*Froissard's Chronicles*, vol. ii. chap. cl. p. 247.)

The French have been charged with superabundant vivacity; but this is certainly not a quality evinced in their mode of travelling. It is true, there is a coach running from Calais to Paris in thirty hours; but this is an English imitation, almost forced upon them by the concourse of English travellers, and by no means in unison with the general spirit, or rather *matter*, of their diligences. I desired to secure a place in one of these to Boulogne, and was directed to the "*Hotel de Flandrés*," from which its name assured me nothing speedy could emanate. The office was at the end of a yard,

encumbered with vehicles of such grave and ponderous aspect, that they seemed rather intended for the everlasting homes, than the temporary conveyance of the bodies consigned to them. The book-keeper, pressing an easy chair with a most ominous bulk, and raising a broad ruddy countenance, surmounted by a black velvet night-cap, grunted out an expression of vexed surprise, when I declared my preference of a scanty jumbling seat beside the driver, to the fusty expanse of cushions within.

Our team consisted of three rope-linked steeds; one of them a blind English charger, bought of an officer of hussars: and much would the beast have marvelled, could he have been restored to sight, to have found himself in such company. It cost us five hours to jog over the twenty miles betwixt Calais and Boulogne, along a well-paved road.

The appearance of this tract of country is dreary; for though cultivated, it is unenclosed, and with its dips and short hills very closely resembles the greater part of Dorsetshire.

The castle of BOULOGNE still exhibits something of the gloomy strength of a feudal fortress. The upper town is surrounded by an ancient wall, with round towers; the lower is spread round the harbour, formed by the discharge of the little river *Liane*, which, when the tide is out, is scarcely seen to serpentine through the mud. The basins, constructed by Bonaparte for the reception of the flotilla, are now little

used, and will probably be gradually choaked up, since the harbour has too little depth to become of much commercial importance.

A winding road ascends from the town to the summit of the cliff, whence the white coast of England is distinctly visible. An almost shapeless mass of brick-work here arrests the attention, by a solidity of construction, which seems to have destined it to almost everlasting durability. It is the ruin of a Roman pharos, said to have been erected by Caligula. Its foundation has out-lasted the rock on which it rested, and it now projects several feet over the precipice. Its length towards the sea is about 300 feet; its breadth about 100. Such portions of the walls as jut out from the mass are from eight to ten feet in thickness; in the body of the work their dimensions are undistinguishable, but were probably much greater. The whole is of brick, but appears to have been faced with stone. There is a small arched recess at the north-east end, and the traces of a staircase are visible at the west: these, with two apertures, which have the appearance of drains, are all that is discernible of feature in the ruin.* It is not possible, however, to look on it, even in its present shapeless condition, and then to turn towards the extensive remains of the field-works a little beyond, without being struck by a remarkable historical coincidence. It was on these heights the Roman

* It is said to have been tolerably entire in 1643. It is engraved in Montfaucon, t. iv. plate L.

emperor encamped his legions, while he surveyed and meditated the conquest of Britain. Eighteen centuries had passed away when the eagles of conquest were again displayed on the same spot, and another "King of the world" menaced the sea-girt isle. The mighty preparations ended alike in both instances. About two miles north-east of the Roman ruin, stands the unfinished column designed by Bonaparte for a similar purpose. The basement and a few feet of the shaft are all that is yet raised of it; but the scaffolding is standing, and the materials are collected and prepared for completing it; though it is doubtful if a work so *illegitimate* will be taken up by the present government. Its height was to have been 150 feet; circumference 45. The marble for its construction, is from the neighbouring quarries of Marquise. The style and decorations of the plan are Egyptian; and a statue of Napoleon was to have overlooked the shores of England from its summit. About a league north of Boulogne is the little port and village of AMBLETEUSE. It flourished considerably while the grand army was encamped round it; but is now in ruins, and garrisoned by a single ragged *douanier*. It was here James II. landed after his dethronement. — Caligula, James, Bonaparte; the madman, the bigot, and the conqueror; each an excellent specimen of the three sorts of kings who have most especially laboured to become the heroes of history, and *les delices du genre*

humain. The space of a league furnishes an almost universal epitome of royalty.

Betwixt Calais and Ambleteuse, is the little village of WITSEND, half-buried in sand. It claims, however, to be the site of the Roman *Portus Ittius,* where Cæsar embarked in his expedition against Britain. I had some curiosity about the truth of this tradition, from its connection with the following incident.

In the month of May last, as some labourers were digging gravel on the flat, or *level,* as it is called, betwixt Shepperton and Chertsey, they discovered, at about three feet from the surface, two skeletons, which, from their position, (for they lay across one another,) seemed to have been carelessly thrown into an hole for interment: near them were found an entire funeral urn, the broken pieces of several others, two small sacrificial vessels, a Roman javelin head, and a circular plate of metal, with a round hole in its centre. The soil of this spot is a solid bed of gravel, or rather shingle, covered by a slight coat of earth, and so little raised above the level of the Thames, from which it is not more than 200 yards distant, as to be overflowed almost every winter. It never, therefore, could have been a regular burial-ground; but most probably was, in this instance, a casual place of interment after some fray or military encounter: a conjecture, in support of which we have the authority of Bede, who records a tradition, that it was at this spot Cæsar first crossed the Thames

in pursuit of Cassivelaunus, who, after an ineffectual attempt to defend the ford, retired to his capital at St. Alban's. He relates, in confirmation of this history, that the stakes had been discovered which the Britons had driven into the banks, to render the ford impassable; whence, to this day, the spot retains the name of *Coway Stakes*. There are traces, too, of a Roman encampment on Walton Common, which lies immediately behind the opposite heights of Oatlands and Woburn, on the Surrey side of the river. Cæsar himself says, he crossed the Thames at the distance of eighty miles from the spot where he landed: supposing him, therefore, to have embarked at Witsend, and landed, as is most probable, on the flat coast about Hythe, or Romney, a march of eighty miles, making allowance for circuitous roads and deviations, would place him on the banks of the Thames, much about the spot fixed upon by tradition for his passage. Join the discovery of these urns and bones, and 'tis indulging no antiquarian vision to believe, that the former once held the ashes of such of the first invaders of our isle as were killed in their skirmish with Cassivelaunus, and that the latter belonged to such of our ancestors as dared, on this occasion,

> Their rudely painted limbs expose
> To Chalybean steel and Roman foes.

I was forced to pass a Sunday at Boulogne, probably under the *surveillance* of the police, for I

had forgotten my passport; but this delay gave me an opportunity of visiting a *fête*, or fair, held at a neighbouring village. On a little green, shaded for the most part by rows of elm-trees, booths were erected, containing a rich display of *bon-bons*, cakes, ribbons, and the whole stock of small wares, which, on these occasions, "puzzle the will" of the purchaser to choose betwixt numberless species of nothings. At various intervals rings were enclosed, not for boxing or bull-baiting, but dancing. The musicians plied beneath the trees, while the young men and lasses tripped it "on the light fantastic toe," with a correctness and grace which would have honoured Almack's. The prevailing costume of the nymphs was a white gown; a shawl, generally red; and a cap, closely fitted to the head, of a fashion rather primitive than Parisian, from which, however, their curls were suffered tastefully to escape, and hang round their pretty faces; as pretty, certainly, as might be found in an equal number of our own country maidens; while an air of refinement, diffused over their whole persons and manners, seemed to indicate that they might almost all of them have been elevated to a higher place in society, without stirring the question of, "how "got they there?" — The men had not the same relative superiority of appearance. The smartest among them had a shop-boyish air; but their enjoyment was unstained with vulgarity, and the evening passed off without a single fight, or drunken frolic.

Time, which brings about all things, having at length brought my passport to the *Bureau de Police*, I proceeded to present myself before the mayor, from whom I was to receive a *carte de suretè* in exchange. He was a steady mercer, and forthwith dispatched my business, appealing, in conclusion, to my generosity to be allowed to pocket two francs above the usual charge "*pour* "*son expedition.*" — *Certes*, one would not easily find the mayor of an English corporation, who would take an official bribe of twenty pence, — but the French are no despisers of small profits: Being now furnished with official proof of my own identity, I was at liberty to pursue my way towards Normandy, which I did *viâ* Montreuil and Abbeville.

MONTREUIL is famous for nothing so much as for the mention made of it by Sterne, with whose journey the French are as well, or better acquainted than ourselves. Before entering the town, one passes a plentiful allowance of draw-bridges, fortifications, and sentries. The faces of the works are, in many places, judiciously covered with fruit-trees. The ditches are supplied by the little river Canche, which, after performing this uninteresting duty, escapes down a fertile valley to the sea. The streets, or at least the main street, is clean and lively. Several of the churches were destroyed during the Revolution; but it is probable there are still enough left to feed the spiritual hunger of the inhabitants. The principal of them is a Gothic edi-

fice, with a façade richly decorated with sculpture, but the eight saints which adorned the porch suffered decapitation during the Revolution; and well had it been had this process been confined to saints, either in stone, or "in "the flesh:" since, even in the latter case, it is probable the whole of France would not have furnished as many relics as are now to be seen in this single church, the high altar of which is richly garnished with the hips, shin-bones, and grinders of saints Macloud, Austrebette, &c. &c. The pointed arches of the central aisle, and ribbed roof, are supported by octagonal columns. The paintings are for the most part by a M. Dumon, "*Peintre ordinaire,*" as he appositely styles himself; but there is a picture of *St. Austrebette kneeling to receive the veil,* by an older master, in which the countenance of the youthful devotee is pourtrayed with exquisite sweetness.

The "*Hotel Dieu*" is an establishment of Augustines, founded "about the year 1200, by the "very high and powerful Lord of Monteray," as we are told by an inscription over his picture, which hangs in the parlour, in plate armour, bearing the escutcheon of his arms. The altar piece of the chapel is a copy of Raphael's *Descent from the Cross,* as the ragged urchin who constituted himself my *cicerone* took care to inform me.

I had seen the lions, and dined at the *Lion d'Or,* which is a more comfortable *auberge* than its exterior promises; when I requested the loan

of a book, to shorten that tedious period of a traveller's day, from night-fall to bed-time. Madame immediately lent me one; but so full of Cellamiras, Leontios, and other worthies, all infinitely good and beautiful, that I was near slumbering over their virtues, when I alighted on the following story.

THE STORY OF LOUIS XI. AND THE PRIOR OF COSMO.

The prior of Cosmo, a man of singular piety, even in an age famous for its devotion, had obtained the king's permission to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; and so much time had elapsed since his departure, that it became the fixed belief of many, but especially of those who had any interest in so believing, that he had either died during his journey, or was held in perpetual captivity by the infidels. Among those who most pertinaciously held this opinion, was one of the king's chaplains, who had long set his eye and heart on what he willingly considered the *vacant* priory; and so frequently and forcibly did he contrive to express his convictions on this head, that the king himself began at last to consider that what was every day asserted could not very well be without foundation, and the chaplain became in consequence prior of Cosmo. Scarcely, however, had he begun to have a lively sense of his sovereign's goodness, and his own comfort, and to feel himself at home

in his new dignity, when one morning, blanched with fatigue and age, and supporting his enfeebled frame on his long pilgrim's staff, the old prior himself made his appearance at the royal levee. As may be supposed, this sudden apparition produced much surprise, and a little awkwardness. Louis XI. had too high notions of royal consistency ever to undo what he had once done, whether right or wrong; while at the same time, his generous disposition would not suffer him to regard the offence of the old man's being thus inconveniently alive, as calling for any severe or immediate punishment. He therefore received him very graciously, touched as lightly as possible upon the loss of his priory, spoke of omitting no opportunity of benefiting him, in any way he might be able to point out; asked questions about the Grand Turk; and concluded by consigning him to Philip de Comines, his secretary for the home department, who, with a most friendly squeeze of the hand, bowed him out of the apartment. The old man had unfortunately, however, some stubborn notions of right about him, which prevented his acquiescing, as readily as became a loyal subject, in the loss he had sustained, notwithstanding the very flattering manner in which it was palliated. On the contrary, he omitted no opportunity of presenting himself before the royal countenance, and requesting in earnest, but respectful terms, that his priory might be restored to him. Now not only was there a degree of provoking ob-

stinacy in this conduct, but there was even an odour of treason about it; for, as Louis justly reasoned, thus to iterate his suit, was by implication to assert that without such iteration it would prove unavailing;—and what was this, but to impeach the sovereign's prime attribute of justice, and thus covertly to hold him up as unfit for his kingly office? It was upon the spur of some such reflections as these, and immediately after an interview with the importunate subject of them, that Louis, calling to his friend and minister Tristan, bade him without delay to dispose of the prior of Cosmo, that he might be no more troubled with him. Now Tristan was not only too loyal to dispute his master's will, but he had moreover that delicacy of feeling which forbad him to pry into the reasons by which it might be influenced. In his mind, the will of Heaven and that of the king were the same thing; or rather, the latter claimed a superiority over the former, in proportion as the consequences of obedience, and rebellion, in the latter case, were more sensible and more immediate than in the former. He accordingly took an opportunity of calling on the prior that same evening, whom he found, nothing aware of his approaching fate, enjoying a social hour in the company of a few particular friends. As Tristan was well known to be a favourite at court, it may be supposed he was received with the utmost politeness, and requested to take a seat at the table; an invitation he at first mo-

destly declined; but upon being pressed, consented to take a single glass of wine; after which he requested a few moments private conversation with the prior, to whom, as soon as they were alone, he presented the royal order, together with the sack in which he was to be enclosed, and thrown into the Seine.

The next morning, as King Louis was taking the air in the Louvre garden, chatting freely with his faithful Tristan on matters concerning the welfare of his realm, and inwardly congratulating himself on being at length quit of the eternal prior, on turning suddenly the corner of an alley, to his inexpressible dismay he beheld the apparition of the old bearded suitor again crawling towards him. "Ah, traitor!" he exclaimed, turning upon Tristan, "did I not charge you to rid me of that cursed prior, "and here he is again before me." "Sire," replied the terrified favourite, "you charged "me to rid you of the prior of Cosmo, and I "went accordingly to the priory, whence I "took and drowned him yesterday evening. "But, gracious sir, there is no harm done by the "mistake; a prior more or less can make but lit-"tle difference: this evening I'll rid you of this "one also." "No, no," said the king, smiling graciously, (for he was a monarch of most legitimate facetiousness,) "one prior is enough at "a time. Go, old man, and take possession "of your priory, — you'll now find it vacant."

The only remarkable object betwixt Montreuil and Abbeville, (a dull expanse of flat open country, like the whole of Picardy,) is the wood of Crecy, famous for its vicinity to the ancient field of battle, and for being twenty-two miles in circumference.

The town of ABBEVILLE is large, bustling, and has a motley appearance: many of the houses are old wooden buildings, with pointed roofs, projecting stories, and fronts chequered with wood-work; others are in the heavy solemn style of the age of Louis XIV., with abundance of stone balustrades, urns, and tall gateways; while the remainder represent the neat flimsy architecture of the present day.

The Church of St. Wilfrid is a magnificent edifice; viewed laterally, it seems, and probably is, too short for its height; but the façade, with its two lofty towers, is in the most lavish style of Gothic splendour. The portals are ornamented with colossal statues, ably executed, and in perfect preservation. The interior is not remarkable. The roof is plainly vaulted: the central arches rest on clustered columns. Among the pictures, a *Crucifixion*, *Last Supper*, *Christ Reviled*, and some others, *seem* good; but are so covered with dust and cob-webs, that it is not easy to pronounce on their merits. I observed this neglect to the sachristan, who answered me with "*Ah, monsieur, ils sont tres vieux;*" and then directed my attention to the recent daub-

ings, which he conceived to have a juster claim on my curiosity.

I could not, on leaving Abbeville, turn a farewell glance towards this edifice, on which the wealth and labour of generations seem to have been expended, without regretting the insensibility of the French nation to such monuments of the costly piety, and magnificent taste, of their forefathers. Were it not for the curiosity of English travellers, their very existence would be forgotten; while the feeblest effort of modern times is a work of wonder,—"*superbe!*" "*magnifique!*" and stamped with all the grandeur of *La Nation Française*. Even English curiosity on these subjects is misinterpreted, and set down, not to admiration, but national vanity. An idea prevails, that most of their Gothic edifices were built while we had possession of the country; an observation which, true or false, the *cicerone* of each cathedral seldom fails to make, as most grateful to English ears.

I vainly sought for some engraving of Abbeville Cathedral; the only sketch I could meet with hung in a bookseller's shop, nearly opposite; but it was rather a caricature than a likeness.

CHAP. II.

ROUEN.

WITHOUT travelling as far backwards in history as to Magus, the son of Samothes, who is said to have founded ROUEN 2700 years before the Christian era, or without even investigating the comparatively modern claim of the idol Roth, who is reported to have lent his name to the *Rothomagus* of the Romans, we may take it for granted, upon the mere testimony of its physiognomy, that Rouen is a city of great antiquity. Indeed I have never seen one, except our own Chester, which has an appearance so thoroughly Gothic. Almost all the houses are built of wood, with each story projecting over the one below it, until their pointed roofs nearly meet from the opposite sides of the narrow, crooked streets; into which, under such circumstances, light and sunshine make but feeble inroads. The door-posts, window-frames, beam-ends, and wood-work, with which the fronts of almost every building are chequered and intersected, are very frequently ornamented with rich carving, grotesque heads, flowers, and other fanciful devices. At every turning, some relic of antiquity, a pointed arch, the mutilated statue of some saint, or a Gothic fountain, strikes the eye; while the mouldering magnificence of the cathedral, churches, *Palais de Justice*, and other

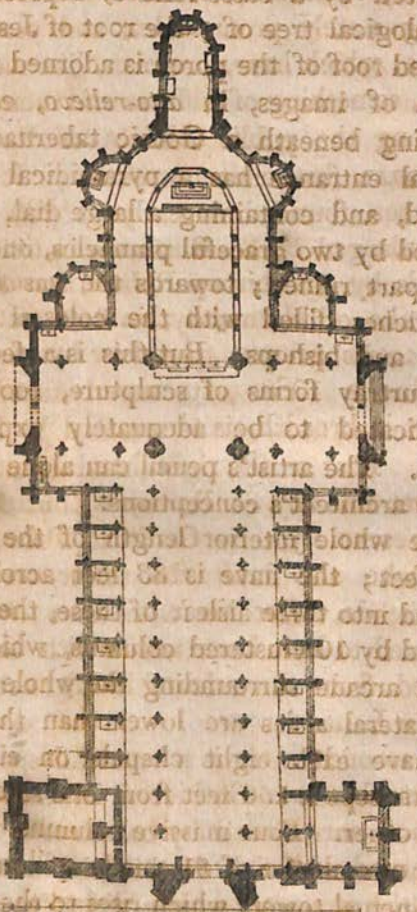
public edifices, carries the imagination four or five centuries back in the history of society.

The demolition of the ancient fortifications, and castles, which defended the approach to the city, is, perhaps, the only considerable innovation of modern times. These have been replaced by *boulevards*, or broad avenues of trees, forming stately promenades, and vestibules of verdure; which have, however, like most things stately, something of stiffness and monotony.

Among the public edifices of Rouen, THE CATHEDRAL first claims attention. It is said to have been founded as early as 260, to have been enlarged by St. Romanus in 623, and afterwards by Archbishop Robert, son of Robert, first Duke of Normandy, in 942, until it was raised to its present splendour by Archbishop Maurillus in 1063. Its superb façade, about 180 feet in breadth, is terminated by two lofty towers. That on the right hand is said to have been first built by St. Romanus, but completed in its present style by Cardinal D'Amboise, in 1482, who also built the tower on the left of the façade, called *the butter tower*, because it is reported to have been raised with the money collected from the sale of indulgences to eat butter in Lent.

This second tower is a beautiful specimen of the most elaborate Gothic: it is terminated by a flat roof, surrounded by balustrades of stone, and adorned with rich Gothic pinnacles, which give it the appearance, at a distance, of being

surmounted by a rich crown. The other tower is also terminated, in its upper story, by pinnacles at each corner and face; four of which, on each side, bear colossal statues; the whole being surmounted by a grotesque pyramidical spire. The space betwixt these towers is again



divided by four pinnacles of the richest and most delicate sculpture, which crown, like eastern minarets, the centre of the façade, and portal. The latter consists of three entrances, of which the two lateral are ogives, richly sculptured. The central doors are carved, and surmounted by a basso-relievo, representing the genealogical tree of "the root of Jesse." The pointed roof of the porch is adorned with three bands of images, in *alto-relievo*, each figure standing beneath a Gothic tabernacle. This central entrance has a pyramidical pediment, carved, and containing a large dial. It is also flanked by two graceful pinnacles, one of which is in part ruined; towards the bases of which are niches, filled with the colossal images of saints and bishops. But this is a feeble effort to pourtray forms of sculpture, too rich and complicated to be adequately expressed by words. The artist's pencil can alone do justice to the architect's conceptions.

The whole interior length of the edifice is 508 feet; the nave is 83 feet across, and is divided into three aisles: of these, the central is flanked by 10 clustered columns, which are cut by an arcade surrounding the whole building. The lateral aisles are lower than the central, and have each eight chapels on either side. The transept is 150 feet from one side entrance to the other. Four massive columns, each consisting of a cluster of 31 smaller pillars, support the principal tower, which rises to the height of

380 feet, and is terminated by a lofty spire, bearing a cross, on the top of which stands a cock. The choir is separated from the lateral aisles by 14 plain columns, with capitals of leaves. These originally resembled the clustered columns of the nave, but were pared away to let in more light; an alteration by which the effect of the perspective is much injured. Another blemish is the screen of the choir, which, like that of Winchester Cathedral, is a piece of modern architecture, ornamented with Corinthian columns, altars, and statues, all in the modern taste. This is the more inexcusable, because the old Gothic screen was destroyed to make way for the modern *bijou*. The lateral aisles which surround the choir terminate in the Chapel of the Virgin, which contains some of the most interesting objects in the cathedral. The altar piece is painted by Philip de Champagne, and represents *the Adoration of the Shepherds*. On the right, near the altar, is the monument of the Cardinals D'Amboise, uncle and nephew, both Archbishops of Rouen. It is of white marble, and was completed in 1522. It consists of a flat tomb, on which the two cardinals are kneeling in their robes; both these figures are very finely sculptured: above their heads, an image of St. George on horseback adorns the richly fretted canopy, which arches the mausoleum. The face of the tomb is enriched with small statues of white marble, representing the many virtues of the two prelates,

the elder, of whom was minister to Louis XII., and boasted of holding but one benefice, though, as Voltaire justly observes, "the kingdom of France stood him instead of a second." In his epitaph, he thus modestly speaks of himself:

Pastor eram cleri, populi pater, aurea sese
Lilia subdebant, quercus et ipsa mihi.
Mortuus en jaceo, morte extinguuntur honores,
At virtus, mortis nescia, morte viret.

The *oak* alludes to Pope Julius II. of the House of Rovera, which, in Latin, is interpreted by *quercus*.

Another monument on the opposite side of the chapel, equally remarkable for the beauty of its sculpture, is that of the grand Senechal De Brezè, Governor of Rouen, who died in 1531. His naked figure, in black marble, lies upon a tomb, supported by four Corinthian columns, on the face of which he is again represented on horseback, in complete armour. On either side are two females, one of whom is supposed to represent his wife, Diana of Poitiers, at whose expense the monument is said to have been erected. Above the entablature, four female statues, in the manner of Caryatides, bear baskets of flowers, and represent *Prudence*, *Glory*, *Victory*, and *Faith*.

These monuments deserve attention, not only from the merit of their execution, but also as curious specimens of the style of sculpture, which, towards the end of the reign of Louis XII.,

and during that of Francis I., connected the Gothic with the revived Grecian, by a mixture of the faults and beauties of both.—Thus, warriors and prelates were raised from their recumbent, to a kneeling, or erect position:—allegorical personages, borrowed from Pagan mythology, began to figure as their attendants: a naked exhibition of the human body was frequently substituted for those exact imitations of costume and armour peculiar to foregoing periods: the five orders of architecture were mixed with Gothic pinnacles and niches; and the final result began to have that unappropriateness and want of character, which is commonly the consequence of imitation.

Besides these two monuments, the Chapel of the Virgin contained the Gothic tombs of the Archbishops of Rouen, each of whom lay in his episcopal robes and ornaments; but they have been all demolished, *Dieu sait pourquoi*, within these few years, as well as those of Richard Cœur de Lion, of Henry, his brother, and Queen Eleanor, which were placed before the high altar. Their site is marked by inscriptions on the pavement, which merely record their names and burial; but the simple name of "Ricardi Cor Leonis* dicti," supersedes the necessity of a more splendid epitaph. Behind the choir, an inscription marks the burial place of John, Duke of Bedford, who died at the

* It was the "Lion heart" only that was buried at Rouen; his body was entombed at Fontevraud.

chateau of Rouen in 1435. His epitaph, as preserved by Camden in his "Remains," is as follows:—

Cy gist feu de noble memoire haut et puissant prince Jean, en son vivant regent du Royaume de France, Duc de Bethfort, pour lequel est fondè une messe estre par chacun jour perpetuellement celebree en cest autel par le College des Clementins incontinent apres prime: et trespassa le 13. Septembre 1435. Auquel 13 jour semblablement est fondè pour luy un obit en veste eglice. Dieu face pardon à son ame.

Camden adds, that "when a French gentleman advised Charles the eighth French king, to deface his monument, as being a monument of the English victories, he said, 'Let him rest in peace now he is dead, whom we feared while he lived.'" *Remains concerning Britain*, p. 509.

In the chapel of the southern transept, is the tomb of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy. His effigy, in a recumbent posture, is of stone, coloured: the feet are broken off, and seem to have been made of plaster. He wears a long robe with open sleeves, fastened with a brooch on one shoulder. His countenance has a cast of effeminacy little suited to a captain of pirates. The inscription tells us, that the monument was placed in its present situation by Archbishop Maurillus, when he repaired the church, and who, as well as William Long-sword, the son and successor of Rollo, have their tombs in it.

In observing on the general effect produced

by the interior of this venerable pile, the first impression is, I think, that a quantity of light is admitted which takes from its appropriate solemnity. This is produced partly by the barbarism which has daubed all the walls and pillars with yellow—a thorough French idea of improvement, and partly by the want of stained glass in the windows; the superb roses over each of the entrances being almost the only ones which possess this advantage, so essential to the imposing gloom of Gothic edifices. These defects are trifles, however, when weighed against the general magnificence of this cathedral, which is well entitled to rank among the most interesting of those temples, which the genius of rude, but energetic times, consecrated to the most domineering feeling of the human heart.

The Abbey of St. Ouen was founded by Clotaire I., and rebuilt by Richard, Duke of Normandy: it is now, however, a modern edifice, and, since the Revolution, has been converted into an *hotel-de-ville*, museum, and public library. The church was completed as it stands at present, in 1319, by John Roussel, surnamed *Silver-mark*, the twenty-third abbot. The façade was never finished; but a lofty tower rises above the transept, and terminates in a number of pinnacles, in the fashion of a radiated coronet. The interior is a model of Gothic effect; the walls retain their venerable grey; the light, streaming with dim richness through each "storied pane," falls upon unbroken

ranges of clustering columns and pointed arches, of the most delicate symmetry: the eye strays down the depth of "long-drawn aisles," which, as they recede round the choir, seem of an indefinite extent; while the splendid windows of "Our Lady's chapel," which forms the eastern extremity of the edifice, give the termination of the prospect the radiant, yet awful, appearance of a sanctuary

in which a God might dwell.

I never passed near this church without embracing the opportunity of indulging in the sensations a walk through it never failed to excite. So completely, when our footsteps sound amid these monuments of past ages, does the present die within us; so mean, fleeting, and unimportant seem our daily occupations, that we begin to doubt, in this pitch of fancy, if they, whose everlasting rest is set up beneath these venerable roofs, enjoy not a destiny at once more glorious and enviable than such of their breathing fellow-mortals as still toil in the day-light of vice, vanity, and sorrow: but the many-linked chain of circumstance is too strong to be snapped by such moody imaginings; — we come out among the crowd, and our darker fancies perish.

The Church of St. Macloud is a Gothic edifice, remarkable for its superb portals, especially that towards the *Rue Martainville*. They were sculptured in the reign of Henry III.,

either by the hands of the famous John Goujon, or under his direction. The detail, delicacy, and precision of the innumerable figures, and other ornaments, are truly astonishing.

The CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT is an elegant Gothic structure, enriched with windows of the most brilliant colours, but defaced in parts by the modern barbarism of French taste.

Besides these churches, several others, little inferior to them in architectural magnificence, are either walled up, or converted into *remises*, stables, and warehouses.

The PALAIS DE JUSTICE, in which the ancient parliament of Normandy held its sittings, was finished in 1499. It consists of a quadrangle, surrounded on three sides by buildings of various dates and orders: an embattled wall, with two antique gates, closes it towards the street. Several flights of steps conduct to the *Salle des Procureurs*, a Gothic room 170 feet long, and 50 wide. Its wooden roof resembles the inverted hull of a ship, and its whole style and appearance forcibly remind one of Westminster Hall, to which it answers, not less in its use and arrangements, than in its architectural features.

The stranger's first impulse, when he arrives at Rouen, is to enquire for some monument of the heroic MAID OF ORLEANS: he is directed to the *Place de la Pucelle*, a market-place surrounded by ancient edifices, and having a foun-

tain in its centre, crowned with her statue, by Paul Stodts, of very little merit. It was here the barbarous sentence of the Inquisitorial Court, in which the Bishop of Beauvais presided, was carried into effect.

During the whole course of the vexatious interrogatories, imprisonments, and insults, to which this heroine had been subjected, both by her spiritual and temporal judges, her courage never forsook her; and although she offered to submit herself without reserve, in matters of faith, to the See of Rome, she could never be induced to cast any stigma on those impulses which, whether of divine or earthly origin, had wrought the restoration of her king, and the salvation of her country. On the morning of the 24th of May, 1430, she was placed on a scaffold in the church-yard of St. Ouen, to be preached at by one Erard, a monk, who took that opportunity of pouring every species of abuse upon King Charles; upon which Jeanne, in the true spirit of chivalry, had the courage to interrupt him, and exclaimed aloud, "With "your leave, I dare say, and swear, on pain of "my life, that my king is the noblest of Chris- "tians, most devoted to the faith and the "church, and in no respect such as you please "to represent him." It was this act of magnanimity which especially hastened her end: after having signed a recantation of her divine revelations, and engaged no more to assume

man's apparel, she was, contrary to the terms promised her, again thrown fettered into a dungeon; and when she was once more summoned to appear before the Bishop of Beauvais, this prelate had the perfidy to contrive she should be furnished with none but male apparel, on her appearing in which, he judged her relapse, incorrigible, and to be delivered over to the secular arm. Accordingly, on the morning of the 29th, she was brought into the market-place, and placed on a scaffold, to be again preached at by one Dr. Nicholas Midi; after which, the Bishop pronounced her sentence, and the zealous divine cried out, "Jeanne, the Church cannot protect you, but abandons you to the secular arm." On hearing which, the *Pucelle* knelt on the scaffold, devoutly commending herself to God and the saints: she then requested her confessor to procure her a cross; an Englishman, who was by, made one with a stick he held in his hand, and gave it her; she kissed it, and placed it in her bosom; and having come down from the scaffold, the Bishop, with some canons of Rouen, drew near to look upon her; but on perceiving him, she cried aloud, "that he was the cause of her death; that, "having promised to deliver her to the church, "he had betrayed her into the hands of her "bitterest enemies." The executioner then proceeded to do his office, amid the tears and groans both of English and Norman spectators;

even the Bishop himself was hypocrite enough to join in the general sympathy, and shed tears, with which, it might have been well said,

> Could the earth teem,
> Each drop would prove a crocodile.

Miracles were related in proof of her innocence. The spectators had seen a white dove ascend from the pile, when she had ceased to invoke the name of Jesus amidst the flames; and the executioner declared no fire he could make would consume her heart, which was thrown, entire, with her ashes, into the river. The slow gratitude of Charles ennobled the family of the victim he had made no effort to save: they took the name of Du Lys, and bore for arms—*a shield, azure; two fleur-de-lis, or; with a sword, argent, erect, passing through a crown.* Those who are pleased to discover the agency of Providence interposing in our temporal concerns, will read with satisfaction, that Dr. Midi, the zealous preacher of arbitrary power, died of leprosy a few days after the execution: that Destroit, another of her most violent accusers, was found dead for want in a pigeon-house; while the Bishop, pre-eminent in villainy, after being expelled by the inhabitants of Beauvais, was, through the favour of the English, established in the bishopric of Lisieux, whither the public hatred pursued him till his death, twelve years after the execution.

In one corner of the *Place de la Pucelle* is

an ancient building, the façade of which, towards the street, dates as far back as the time of Charles VII. It was long the habitation of the *Intendants* of Rouen, and is said to have been the temporary residence of Francis I.; in honour of whom Diana's car drawn by stags, the well-known device of Diana of Poitiers, and the salamander, which was his own, were carved over the principal entrance, and in different parts of the building, where they are still to be seen. But the most curious piece of carving is on the wall of the building on the left of the court-yard. It consists of a series of groups and figures, which antiquarians have decided to represent the interview of Francis with Henry VIII., an idea first suggested by the Abbé Noel in 1726, and adopted by Montfaucon, who has given an engraving of the whole in the fourth volume of his *Monumens de la Monarchie Française.*

The MUSEUM of Rouen is on the second floor of the *Hotel-de-ville*, and consists of a picture-gallery divided into two large apartments, which contain a considerable collection of the 1. French, 2. Flemish, and 3. Italian masters.

1. The merit of the productions of the French school is by no means proportioned to their size and number. There are however some pleasing pictures; among which may be particularised, No. 25, *A Landscape* by Gasper Poussin. The forest and foliage are treated in his bold manner; but the sky is harsh, and the whole effect heavy.

Nos. 38. and 42. *Roman Ruins*, and *A Sea View*; by Vernet. In the latter a storm is rising above the distant edifices of modern Rome, and begins already to sway the agitated ocean in front of the picture, where barks are seen preparing to brave, or elude its vengeance. 16. *The Cascades of Tivoli*, by Robert. 92. *A Sea View during a Fog*, by the same. 31. *The Interior of a Cave at Dieppedalle, near Rouen*; by Houel. 174. *A Landscape*; by Michault. 44. *A Kitchen-Table spread with Pot-herbs*, &c.; by Simon Chardin. 47. *A Basket of Game overturned, with a Cat surprised by a Dog in the act of pilfering it*: by Bernaert. 51. *The Portrait of a Princess of the House of Rohan*, by Largillière: interesting in spite of a hideous costume. 73. *The Portrait of Jean Jouvenet*, painted by himself with his left hand, with great vigour and expression. 81. *That of Benedict XIV.*, by Lavallée-Poussin; remarkable for the imitation of velvet in the robe. 100. *The Mass of the League* is curious, as being a collection of portraits of the principal actors in those times. It is painted by Mastée, with force, but harshly. 194. *Plutarch composing his Lives*, by Fragonard, is a good imitation of Rembrandt's chiaro-oscuro in his smaller pictures. Nos. 4. 26. and 227. *A Head of Christ, a Virgin and Infant Jesus*, and *an Ecce Homo*, by Mignard, are pleasing specimens of that artist's talent for imitating the great masters of the Flemish and Italian schools. The first is in the manner of Vandyck; the second a beautiful

imitation of the style of Raphael. 67. *A Holy Family*, by Vanloo, is another instance of a similar talent.

A considerable space is occupied by the Scripture pieces of Messrs. Le Tellier, Lemonnier, and Jouvenet, most of which are as tiresome and insipid as the legendary subjects and allegories they represent. In No. 63. *The Virgin of the Rosary*, by the former, there is a ludicrous idea of a dog's holding the torch of Faith, with which the globe is supposed to be enlightened. No. 147. *The Death of St. Francis*, by Jouvenet, is both superior in execution and effect to most of his own pictures, and is connected with a curious anecdote of the artist's professional zeal. Having lost the use of his right hand, he had employed his nephew and pupil Restout on this picture; but perceiving, as he watched over its progress, the inadequate manner in which his own ideas were expressed by his assistant, in a fit of enthusiastic impatience he seized the pencil with his left hand, and gave those bold finishing strokes to the head of the saint and the whole picture, which place it among the first of his productions.

2. As the spectator walks up the first apartment of the gallery, two portraits flash out from amid the surrounding pictures, with the distinctive evidence of immortal genius. These are *Isabella, the Wife of Albert of Austria*, and *Albert* himself (Nos. 20. 24.); both by *Rubens*. They are drawn in the rich and stately habits

of their time, with large ruffs, jewels, and other ornaments: the princess leans on the back of an arm-chair, the prince on a table, in attitudes of quiet and conscious dignity. 30. *The Portrait of Andrew Doria*, by Govert Flinck, a disciple of Rembrandt, more interesting for its subject, is not unworthy, from its execution, to be placed near the foregoing. The countenance is full of energy, with something of a comic cast, arising perhaps from the loss of a lower tooth, and the fantastic air of a little cap, stuck on one side of his grey locks. 90. *The Continence of Scipio*, by Peter Van Mol, a disciple of Rubens, is well painted; but Scipio himself has too much the air of a burgomaster. 18. *A Sea-port in the Levant*, by Minderhout; 79. *A Landscape*, by James Vander Does; 167. *A Storm*, by John Parcelles; 171. *The Ferry of Utrecht*, by John Van Goyen; and 172. *A Landscape*, by James de Heus, are all pleasing productions of the Flemish pencil. 208. *An Allegory*, by Lucas de Leyden; and 141. *Christ before Pilate*, by Gherado Honthorst, called *Gherado dalle notte*, have also merit, particularly the *chiaro-oscuro* of the latter; but the most curious picture, perhaps, in the whole gallery, is 22. *The Virgin presiding at an Assembly of young Saints and Martyrs*, by John Van Eyck, the inventor of oil-painting. The Virgin, in a long robe of deep blue, with a crown on her head, and her long hair descending on her shoulders, is seated in an arm-chair, with the

infant Jesus in her lap, amusing himself with a bunch of grapes: on each side of her is a company of virgin saints and martyrs, with their appropriate emblems; and above are two angels with outstretched wings, playing, one on the guitar, and the other on the mandoline. Nothing can be more stiff and formal than the attitudes and grouping of this company, who are all on the same plane; but their countenances, flesh and hair are beautifully soft and delicate. The colouring is rich and highly finished, as is particularly observable in the illuminated missal which one of the virgins is reading from.

3. Nos. 53. 58. *Landscapes*, by Salvator Rosa, represent that wildness of scenery and savageness of effect in which this sublime artist delighted. 56. *The Interior of a Farm-yard*, by James Da Ponta, is well painted, but seems too sombre in its colouring to be a pleasing picture. 78. *A View of the Porto de Ripetti at Rome, with a papal procession*, by Van Vitelli, combines a beautiful effect of perspective with rich minuteness of detail. 150. *The Ecstacy of St. Francis*, by Annibal Caracci, is a curious combination of the sublime and ridiculous. The countenance and attitude of the saint, as he sits before his cave, and listens to celestial melody, is grand and expressive; while the musician, an ugly cub of an angel, who is fiddling to him, is such a figure as might, without degradation, have been employed at a Dutch wake. 176. *A Visitation*, attributed to Guercino, is a

heavy picture, though the countenance of the Virgin is fine. 170. *The Virgin supporting Jesus in the midst of a Glory of Cherubim*, attributed to Raphael. The Virgin, seated in the clouds, holds the infant Jesus in her arms. On her right hand, a little below her, a prelate in a rich cope, is kneeling in an attitude of entreaty: opposite to him, on the left hand of the Virgin, the female figure of a youthful saint is in the same position; and at the bottom of the picture two cherubim are leaning on a wall, and looking upwards at the group. The first question which arises on a view of this painting is its *originality*: we know that an undoubted original of the same subject exists in the Dresden Gallery, and has been engraved by Desnoyers; but Raphael is said to have multiplied copies of it, which were executed by his scholars, under his own inspection, and with his own finish. There seems no internal evidence against this being one of these *répliques*: but whether it be so, or not, it is, in any case, a superb picture; and if merely a copy, such a copy as might leave little to regret in the want of the original. The faces of the Virgin and Child look the *beau ideal* of art; and the up-raised countenance of one of the cherubim beams with super-human intelligence. It perhaps diminishes the effect of the latter, that they have no apparent connection with the subject-matter of the piece, but seem merely divine spectators. The cherubim too in the back-ground resemble a tapes-

try of faces; and the figure of the prelate, in his embroidered pontificals, seems much too heavy for the clouds by which he is supported: but these are faults which belong rather to the subject than the painter; when lusty clergymen are to be hoisted into the air, it is no easy matter to find a celestial vehicle which would not break down under them. Nos. 146, 149. 152. are three Scripture subjects, attributed either to Raphael in his youth, or to Perrugino; they have all the stiffness, mixed with graceful simplicity, which characterises the works of the revivers of the art, as well as the early productions of some of those who carried it to its perfection.

CHAP. III.

NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROUEN.

DESIGNING to make an excursion as far as LILLEBONNE, I procured one of those hackneys with which strangers are accommodated, upon the principle that no usage can deteriorate, nor any profligacy tempt to steal them. After passing the barrier, I found the suburb of the city prolonged as far as the little valley of Deville; in which there is a cluster of manufactories and water-mills, ministered to by a little river of the same name, which afterwards trails, like a great silver snake, through flat green meadows, to the Seine. The road ascends steeply, above this village, up a copse-clad height, which the eye immediately recognises to be the ancient boundary of that river, from which it is now about a mile distant.

Pause we here to gaze on the lovely landscape. The terrace on which we stand is prolonged, till, sweeping round Rouen, it closes the eastern extremity of the city with the white cliff of St. Catherine's, about 380 feet in height; and thence continues the bold line of chalky heights, which forms the left bank of the river.

The Gothic spires and pinnacles of Rouen rise within this semicircular basin, the chord of which is the Seine, with its many wooded islands. On our right hand, and immediately beneath us, this beautiful river descends a rich valley, whose green woods and villages are each moment partially obscured by the broad sails of schooners and merchant ships beating round the angles of its current. After crossing about five miles of country partially wooded and broken, the road again comes out upon the river, beneath a range of perpendicular chalk-cliffs, and runs upon a superb terrace to the village of Duclair.—From Duclair to Caudebec, the distance is about nine miles; the first six of them through enclosures and apple-orchards; when, emerging from leafy lanes, I found myself upon a magnificent elevation, with the woods and chateau of Maillerai, on the opposite side of the river, on my left; the course of the Seine, traversing a delightful country before me; and the white buildings of Caudebec lying in sharp relief, at the water's edge, under the distant cliffs of the right bank.

CAUDEBEC was anciently a place of strength; but the fortifications were finally demolished in the time of Henry IV. It was also the principal *entrepot* of the Seine fishery; on which account it bore for arms, *three smelts argent on a field azure.*—There are still handsome houses in it; but the principal object of attraction is the church, the Gothic spire of which is encircled

by fillets of roses, beautifully carved in stone, and continued to the very summit of the steeple. The principal portal too is sculptured with no less richness and delicacy than that of St. Macloud at Rouen. Its interior length is about 250 feet by 72 of width.* The central aisle is flanked on either side by ten massive circular columns, the capitals of which represent vine leaves and other decorations, more fanciful, and not less rich, than the Corinthian Acanthus. This order of columns, which we call Saxon, because seldom found in our cathedrals of later date, seems, in France, to have held its place conjunctively with the most florid decorations of Gothic architecture; if, indeed, in such cases we may not suppose Gothic spires and other ornaments to have been subsequent additions to the massive edifices already in existence. In one of the chapels there is a rude monumental effigy of the original architect of this church. It consists of a small skeleton, drawn in black lines, against a tablet in the wall: a mason's level and trowel, with the plan of a building, are beside it, and an inscription in Gothic characters, relating that the architect endowed the church he had built with certain lands, and died anno 1184. The body of the edifice is probably, therefore, of much greater antiquity

* This measurement I took merely by stepping. On all such occasions, I mark the probable inaccuracy by the qualifying adjunct "about."

than the date ascribed to the present building, which is said to have been begun in 1416, and completed in 1484. It is worth observing, that the famous Talbot was governor of Caudebec in 1442; so that the work was carried on under English auspices, though we have no reason to conclude, by English architects. The windows are almost all richly coloured, with scriptural histories. The inscriptions round some of them indicate them to have been the votive offerings of pilgrims and warriors, who had escaped the perils of the sea, and distant countries. In one of them is an escutcheon, *gules; two laralets or;* probably belonging to the family D'Harcourt.

It was fair day when I arrived in Caudebec. Horses were the principal article of trade. The little inn at which I alighted was crowded with farmers and dealers, who were noisy and good-humoured, with a curious expression of rustic shrewdness. I should say, there were more acute angles in their faces, than probably would have been discovered in the broad physiognomies of as many English farmers; but in other respects they much resembled them, even to their love of brandy. I rode towards Lillebonne, after dinner, in company with several of them. They were civil, but plainly little curious about foreigners or their country.

Caudebec has a very pleasant terrace, or public walk on the edge of the Seine, which was

now crowded with trinket-stalls, merry-andrews, punches, dancing-dogs, and all the multiform gaieties of a country fair.

It was night-fall when I descended the heights above LILLEBONNE, and presently dipping into a close hollow lane, imagined myself in the high road to the village, the lights of which I plainly saw before me. Having followed my nose, however, for near half an hour, I began to think the fairies had been amusing themselves at my expense; for the lights which had seemed every moment nearing, suddenly glimmered feebly in the distance, and the mingled sounds which had foretold the outskirts of a village, were succeeded by the monotonous rush of waters, apparently close to me. The night too was now so dark, that I could scarcely distinguish my horse's ears. At this moment I came to a fork in the road: it ascended and descended; I tried to mount, but a few steps plunged me in such impenetrable obscurity, that my steed came immediately to a resolution to make no further experiment, so began quietly to browse on the leafy branches which hung close over his head: I could not eat leaves, so wheeled about to try the other turning: it descended rapidly, and the increased sound of waters plainly indicated I was on the brink of a mill-stream, which would prove but indifferent travelling through in the dark: I accordingly turned about, and was halting in ludicrous perplexity, when the clatter of a pair of wooden-shoes promised my deliver-

ance. The owner of the *sabots* soon came up, and it was quickly understood betwixt us, that I had lost my way, and that he would enable me to find it, in consideration of the sum of half a franc, to be paid on our arrival at the door of the *auberge*. The terms agreed on were fulfilled with a punctuality not undeserving the imitation of contracting parties far more exalted. My guide had knocked at what seemed no promising house of entertainment; when I enquired of him if that was the best inn in the place, "What!" said the landlord, appearing at the same instant, "are you the best man, "that you want the best inn?" Then, perceiving I was an Englishman, he began to apologise, lest his joke should have cost him a customer: certainly however, my merits are infinitely small, if they were exactly measured by my evening's entertainment.

Early in the morning I bent my steps towards the chateau of Lillebonne, the principal object of my excursion. This castle, raised most probably on the site of the Roman tower which once watched the entrance of the Seine, was a fortress of considerable note under the Dukes of Normandy, several of whom, and among them William the Conqueror, here held their courts, and grand councils of the Duchy.* In its present ruined state it is the property of the

* The council was held here in which William decided on the invasion of England.

Duke D'Harcourt, whose *homme d'affaires*, or land-steward, resides in a small house, built within the circuit of the mouldering battlements. The ditch, though dry, and overgrown with large trees, is still crossed by a bridge; and I knocked at the principal gate, where the stern wardour and his ban-dog once held their guard;

> But silence was in the halls of Moina.

The family was not yet up; so I strolled round the moat to take a view of the majestic ruin from without. Few scenes could be more beautiful. A brilliant morning sun lighted up the sharp foliage, above which one grey tower rose unimpaired in massive rotundity; while a second, which had been cloven by storm or time down the middle, exhibited the inner vaultings of its several stories, with the Gothic windows of the side still standing. Beyond these towers, in a retiring angle of the picture, the walls of the Hall of State rose above the fosse, and its thick foliage; while still further back a few houses of the town were seen peering through orchards, and poplars, high above which shot up the white stone spire of the church, elegantly pierced, and enriched with Gothic pinnacles. The wooded heights, which surround the village, formed a dark back-ground, which brought out, and relieved the whole picture.

By the time I had satisfied myself here, the garrison was stirring within the castle, and I procured admittance.

I found the great court-yard surrounded by

the several buildings I had noticed from without. The massive round-tower was once the *donjon* keep. The stair-case is still entire, as well as the vaulted roofs of the three lower stories; that of the upper is fallen in. I observed the key-stone lying where it had fallen among the ruins; on it was carved an escutcheon bearing *quarterly*, 1 *and* 4, *three manacles upon baralets*; 2 *and* 3, *five bosses, (perhaps besants,) with an escutcheon of pretence, three baralets.*

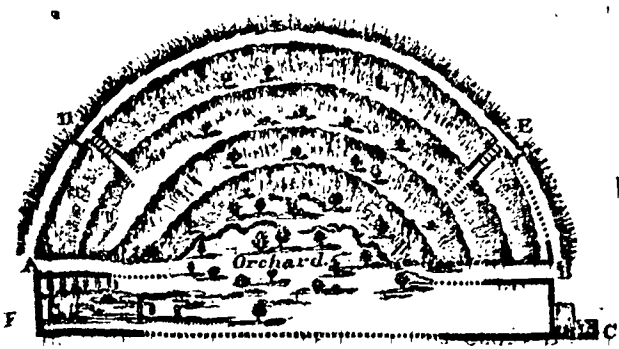
The rent tower is hexagonal, very lofty, and from the pointed form of its windows, was probably part of the chapel, and built at a later period than the rest of the castle. The great hall is roofless; but the side-walls, with the two rows of windows, and one gable end, are entire. The upper windows are double arches, divided by two small columns; the lower are simple circular arches: ivy every-where wreathes itself round them, and hangs in fanciful festoons among their broken apertures. This plant, which obtained a sacred character among the ancients, from its supposed connection with the inspirations of wine and poetry, has earned a similar distinction in modern times, from very opposite associations: it is the guardian of our ruins; and part of the melancholy respect we attach to the grey walls of our forefathers is reflected on the ivy, whose close embrace preserves, and bright foliage adorns them, as with a green vest of immortality. The bottom of the hall is overgrown with bushes, and the broad shining leaves of the spleenwort. The battlements which

surround the court-yard are tolerably entire. I leaned over them, to gaze in listless enjoyment on the charming prospect. The opposite town and promontory of Quillebeuf; the Seine expanding majestically in its approach to the ocean; the adjacent meadows, and blue misty distance; the fosse below, overgrown with a variety of trees, upon the tops of which I looked down, as into a thousand nests and caverns of verdure; the historical greatness and ruined majesty of the whole edifice, all combined to lap meditation in most sweet fancies, and create that feeling which Lord Byron has so excellently expressed;

> There is given
> Unto the things of earth, which time hath bent,
> A spirit's feeling; and where he hath leant
> His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
> And magic in the ruined battlement.
> *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv. § 129.

After quitting the chateau, I visited the Roman Theatre, within a quarter of a mile of it, and close to the town. It is not long since this interesting ruin was discovered; and so much of the earth has been now removed, as to show several portions of the exterior circumference, together with two of the entrances: the end walls of the stage, with the passages to it, are also distinct. A house is built within one of them, the inhabitants of which, most probably, lived there long without suspecting they occupied the stage of the Roscii and

Æsopi of ancient days. The height of these walls appears to be nearly fifty feet; they are built throughout with stones, of the shape and size of bricks, with layers of red tiles, at intervals of about three feet, carried round every part of the building. The area contains probably an acre, and was now literally red with apples. In the following plan, the *dark* lines indicate walls already discovered; the *dotted*, such appearances, or situations, as make it probable a wall has existed there, or still exists, though undiscovered. I am sorry to observe the research is discontinued.



80 to 90 yards.

A, and B, Entrances 20 feet wide.
C, Farm-House.
D, and E, Entrances 9 feet wide.
F, Wall 40 feet wide.

On my way back to the village, I enquired of my young guide, if there were any of the coins, or other curiosities said to have been dug out of the ruin, yet to be seen: most of them, he said,

were dispersed or lost; but he conducted me to a little pot-house, and after explaining to the hostess the purport of my visit, she turned to a cupboard, and emptying the contents of a broken tea-cup, among old buttons, old nails, bad money, and such like gear, I picked out two or three Roman coins, which she said I might have, if I pleased, for they were of no value, and make the boy a trifling present. The coins were of Adrian, one of the Valentinians and Tetracus; the theatre was therefore most probably in use during the period of their reigns, and probably fell to decay on the complete establishment of Christianity.

The discovery of this theatre can leave little doubt, that *Lillebonne* is the *Julia bona* of Ptolemy and Antoninus, — a conjecture which had been before warranted by ancient tradition, the direction of Roman roads, and the discovery of coins, arms, and various utensils in the neighbourhood.

Returning from Lillebonne, I crossed the ferry to visit the park of *La Maillerai*, which proved scarcely worth the trouble. It is completely French, with nothing to praise about it but its agreeable situation, and the liberality of the lady to whom it belongs, who opens it every Sunday for the recreation of all classes of visitors. I found it thronged with groups of villagers, whose stiff Norman costume, combined with the artificial distribution of the gardens, gave the scene an appearance rather

high Dutch than French; so that the *Vanders* and the *Wouvers*, the *Jansens* and the *Buttermans*, superseded in my imagination the *Estelles* and *Isabelles* of pastoral romance.

Turning from the stiff avenues of *La Maillerai*, I bent my way towards a more interesting object, the ABBEY OF JUMIEGES. I was directed through a wood bordering the Seine, and followed an unfrequented bridle road amid overhanging verdure, which terminated in a rugged descent, covered with copse-wood, whence I beheld the bright river with its lovely valley beneath me, and the ancient Abbey-towers, ruddied with the setting sun, on the opposite banks. I crossed the ferry, and found the Abbey and village about half a mile from it.

I had anticipated a ruin in the style of that I had been visiting in the morning, "the ivy-mantled tower;" the mouldering arch; the desolate cloister, wasting in the slow decay of ages: but I found every thing the reverse of this. The Abbey had been suppressed during the Revolution, and the work of destruction was now in full vigour; walls were tearing down, and houses building up with the spoil: the *auberge* at which I stopped was niched into part of the dilapidated cloisters. I proceeded to the church over heaps of the finest Gothic carved work, which had been broken down, and was piled into a loose wall, to keep cattle in or out of the ruins. The lofty towers at each end of the façade were still uninjured; they are of

that severe and simple style of Norman architecture, which appertains rather to the fortress than the church: on entering, I found the central aisle unroofed, but the walls and side aisles entire: the length, as far as I could judge by stepping it, is about 220 feet; the columns which divide the nave are plain, and about three feet in diameter; their capitals angle-cut, and without ornament: the arches are all circular; the corbels of the roof terminating in heads of lions, eagles, and other animals, well carved. The Virgin's chapel was evidently of a later date, and richly finished with Gothic sculpture, as delicate as if fairy hands had wrought it. The painting was yet fresh upon the walls, but the pavement was torn up, and it would have been vain to have sought on the dilapidated pavement for the stone which once bore the following inscription: — "Here lies the damsel "Agnes Seurelle, during her life-time *Lady of* "*Beauty*, of *Issoudun*, and of *Vernon-sur-Seine*, "merciful to the poor; who died on the 9th. "of February, in the year 1449." * She died

* "Cy gist damoiselle Agnes Seurelle, en son vivant "Dame de Beauté, d'Issoudun, et de Vernon-sur-Seine, "piteuse aux pauvres, laquelle trepassa le 9e jour de Fevrier, "en l'an 1449." — "*The Lady of Beauty*" was a territorial designation, derived from a chateau so called, near St. Denis, presented her by her lover. In the museum of ancient monuments, the following lines are to be seen, on a marble slab; the poet was one I. J. Baïf: —

Ci gist la belle Agnès — O Mort! cette beauté
Devait, de sa douceur, fléchir ta cruauté;

either in the Abbey, or in the neighbouring castle of Melin, while her royal lover was preparing for the siege of Honfleur. It must be observed, that her heart only was buried at Jumieges; her body was interred, and her tomb raised, in the choir of *Notre Dame*, at Loches.

The mixture of the Gothic and corrupted Roman styles observable in the church, prevails in other parts of the Abbey. At one entrance, the first portal arch is pointed, and enriched with the zig-zag moulding; the second is circular. The massive columns of the refectory have capitals richly ornamented.

The whole mass of these buildings presents an imposing spectacle of ruined grandeur: in the place, however, of that tranquil melancholy with which we are wont to regard those gradual workings of time and destiny, which hallow the desolation they create, something like a feeling of irritation is apt to arise when we see the business of destruction thus carried on before our eyes. We are disposed to fancy a

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Mais, la lui ravissant en la fleur de son âge,
Si grand qu tu cuidais n'a été ton outrage:
Car, si elle eus fourni l'entier nombre du jours,
Que lui pouvait donner de la nature le cours;
Ses beaux traits, son beau teint, et sa belle charaure,
De la tai de viellesse auraient senti l'injure.
Mais de la belle Agnès durera le surnom,
Tant que de la beauté, Beauté sera le nom!

kind of natural life in these stately productions of human industry, and feel, that thus with brute violence to cut short the number of their days, is like robbing us of an ancient friend, who formed a link betwixt us and past generations. I would not, however, be thought to blame the principle of casting out the holy drones, for whose use such edifices were erected: all the reasonable mind could ask in such cases, would be the preservation (by appropriating them to some useful purpose) of such buildings as are either interesting specimens of ancient architecture, or connected with historical remembrances, which should make them precious in the eyes of the nation to which they belong.

Every body knows Normandy to be famous for apples; but every body may not be aware of the economy observed in planting orchards, which are formed into hedge-rows, and boundary lines betwixt different fields, so that a very trifling proportion of each is taken from cultivation. The roads especially are bordered with apple and pear trees, but their fruit, like those of the Dead Sea, "though tempting without, are full of bitterness within." The forbearance of travellers, therefore, is easily accounted for; though, were they pippins of Paradise, there is such a deluge over all the country, that I have no doubt every passer-by would be welcome to cool his lips with them.

The Normans are a very distinct people from the rest of the French nation, and still retain a sufficient taint of their Saxon mixture, to give a degree of gravity and steadiness to their characters, rarely to be found among their more lively compatriots. There needs no better proof of this, than the costume of the middling and lower classes, who are always the most faithful repositories of nationality. The women appear to this day in the same raised, conical, or cylindrical linen caps, as were the fashionable head-dresses in the days of Froissard and Monstrelet, in the prints of whose chronicles they are delineated to the life of the present fashion. It is odd enough, but no fashions seem so lasting as those which are most contrary to grace and nature. The hair is gathered into a thick club behind these well-starched pyramids; while the long stiff stays, bundling petticoats, and staring trinkets, display the attachment of the lower orders of females to a hideous costume, which has established itself from the Zuyder Zee to the Mediterranean. Whenever the French are accused of fickleness and mutability, they cannot do better than produce a Norman female at the bar of the critical assembly.

CHAP. IV.

PARIS.

London is to England, what the heart is to the body—the seat of life and motion; receiving and rendering back, with incessant action, the alimentary streams which circulate through the whole frame. The high roads, which branch from it in every direction, are its main arteries: to stop up one of them, would be to throw the whole system into confusion. Nothing, in this respect, can less resemble London than Paris. No suburbs spread over the adjacent country: the avenues to the metropolis are as dull and silent as those of a country village: a few waggons and peasants may be seen plodding to market along the broad paved roads, which stretch out betwixt endless files of meagre-looking trees; and now and then, an English travelling equipage, piled with trunks and imperials, is whirled along by half a dozen *chevaux de poste*, with whips cracking, and rope-ends flying, as in utter disdain of the surrounding stillness. The blank wall, which connects the barriers, and the exterior *boulevards*

which surround it, augment the impression of seclusion, which is little diminished by traversing the quiet *fauxbourgs* which surround the inner *boulevards*. Here, indeed, the scene rapidly changes, and the busy bustle of life continues to increase, till it glows at its height in the centre of the hive, round the palace of the Tuileries.

Paris is a little nation within itself, of which the court is the capital; and as all its moral importance centers in the court, so all its beauties of art and architecture seem drawn together within the same sphere of attraction: almost all of them are thus within a few minutes' walk of each other. The stranger, turning out of the crowded *Boulevard des Capucines*, passes down the noble *Rue de la Paix*, to the *Place Vendome*, with its bronzed column, immediately opposite to the garden of the Tuilleries; through which he reaches the *Place de Louis* XV., and *Pont de Louis* XVI.; at the opposite end of which rises the classical façade of the *Palais Bourbon*, with the gilt dome of *Les Invalides* a little behind it. Returning thence along the *Quai des Tuileries*, he arrives at the *Pont Royal*, close to the *Palais des Tuileries*, passes the *Louvre Gallery* and palace, to the iron *Pont des Arts;* and crossing the court of the palace into the *Place du Carrousel*, finds the Triumphal Arch and Tuilleries before him: thus having in a walk of less than fifteen minutes,

included all the most interesting objects of Paris, except the *Pantheon*, *Palais de Luxembourg*, and *Church of Notre Dame*.

There is, however, no city in the world which, in such a space, contains so much of the external splendour of political existence. The *quais*, intended rather for ornament than business, are spacious and elegant. The bridges are handsome enough to leave no regret but that they have not a nobler current; but in summer the Seine is so diminutive, that one fancies it would have been cheaper to have filled it up than bridged it over: at all times it looks like a very lucky ditch to be thus running under arches of the most graceful symmetry, betwixt palaces and gardens, the admiration of Europe. It was standing on the *Pont de Louis* XVI., in a clear moonlight, that I felt the magnificence of this portion of Paris in its fullest force. The faults of detail were lost; while the white edifices shone in bolder relief from the contrasting depths of shadow, and the blue vaulting of the sky. Nor could any limit be discerned to this magnificence: it might have been a city of palaces, and the whole host of lights scattered on either side the river, the torches of masque and revelling; since all sounds and sights of vulgar occupation and distress had vanished. Daylight, however, gives a different colouring to a picture, in which extremes meet most offensively to the eye of moral feeling. A royal palace is a political *goitre*, which absorbs the juices des-

tined to support the health and vigour of the entire frame: it is curious, however, that nations should pride themselves on such excrescences, and be content to live in filth and debility to maintain them. Whatever in Paris is not connected with royal pride, or royal convenience, is dirty, disagreeable, and gloomy. The pedestrian, as every body has heard, slides through the mire with a movement both perplexed and hazardous, being indebted every moment to some friendly post for the safety of life and members. The narrowness of the streets considerably increases his difficulties; and as this narrowness is a tolerable criterion of antiquity, we find the most striking instances of it in the original location of Paris, *l'Ile de la Cité*, with those quarters which lie immediately opposite to it, on either side of the river.

The *Pont Neuf*, which connects this island with either bank of the Seine, is adorned with a bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV., as successor to one of a similar character erected in 1614. The fate of this latter image is no unfair instance of Parisian mobility. At the commencement of the Revolution, the mob insisted upon every passenger's pulling off his hat to the good king, who wished every one of his subjects might have *la poule au pot;* but as royalty continued to go out of fashion, this truly pious wish was no longer permitted to excuse his having exercised so odious a trade, and Henry was tumbled down, with the rest of the Capulets.

Royalty being again *a-la-mode*, this monarch looks once more all golden towards the towers of *Notre Dame*, which, if things inanimate can feel, may be supposed equally to rejoice in the happy change.

It is in this neighbourhood we must look for the most ancient monuments of Paris. Within the island are the cathedral of *Notre Dame*, the *Hotel Dieu*, and *Palais de Justice*, all connected with the remotest ages of the monarchy: but still more venerable than these is the hall of Julian's *Thermal Palace*, now a cooper's work-shop, in the *Rue de la Harpe*. It is fifty-six feet long, fifty-six wide, and forty feet high, counting from the present surface. It is lighted by an arched window, opposite to the entrance. The roof is a vault of so solid a construction, that it has for many years supported a small garden, with several feet of mould. The materials are brick-shaped stone, with parallel layers of red tile at intervals of two or three feet. There is a double range of cellars or conduits beneath; but the edifice is so encumbered, that its design and arrangement must, in great measure, be guessed at. Elsewhere, individuals would be found to redeem it from its degradation, and preserve with respect the only vestige in Paris of the Roman Lutetia, and the philosophic Emperor who delighted in its tranquillity, and the grave deportment of its inhabitants.

The recollections which in Paris attach themselves to particular spots are almost all of a tra-

gical description, — records of massacre and assassination. In the *Veille Rue du Temple*, near the *Rue des blancs-Manteaux*, the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., was poignarded by the agents of his uncle the Duke of Burgundy; a crime for which all France bled. In the *Rue de Bethizy*, the house is to be seen in which Coligni was murdered; and against a wall in that of *La Ferronerie*, a bust marks the spot of Henry IVth's assassination. It is needless to mention the *Place de Louis* XV. The *Champ de Mars* offers associations of a nature scarcely more consoling to humanity. The turf-banks are still green round the area, in which the assembled nation swore its first homage to constitutional freedom, calling the deity, it shortly dethroned, to witness the engagement. Here too it was gathered together to accept the *Acte additionelle*, and celebrate a resurrection of free government, — but there was no resurrection of feelings. On the former occasion the popular devotion was sincere; but they worshipped liberty, as they had been accustomed to worship their tyrants, with human victims: their oaths became curses, and their libations blood. In the latter instance, they perjured themselves to give effect to the *spectacle*: their worship was stage-mummery; and, when the banners and insignia of liberty were taken back to the Tuilleries, they considered their parts as played, and became again the cringing slaves of circumstance. *Excidat*

illa dies. — The manly heart sickens to remember it.

§ 1. THE CHURCHES OF PARIS.

The churches of Paris may be conveniently divided, according to their styles and dates, into four classes. 1. Gothic churches; the principal of which are, *Notre Dame, St. Germain-des-Près, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, St. Gervais,* and *St. Genevieve.* 2. Churches in a style betwixt Gothic and Grecian; such as *St. Eustache* and *St. Etienne-du-Mont.* 3. Churches in the revived Grecian style of Louis XIII. and XIV.'s time; the principal of which are *St. Roch, St. Sulpice,* and the *Church des Invalides.* 4. The purified Grecian, as exhibited in the *Pantheon,* or new church of *St. Genevieve.*

NOTRE DAME. — The cathedral of *Notre Dame* was commenced in 1010, by Robert the Pious. Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris, continued the work in 1165; destroying, for this purpose, the old church erected by Childebert, on the site of the present choir. Odo de Sully, his successor, carried it on till his death in 1208, when Peter de Nemours finished it, with the exception of the transepts, about 1220: the latter were added about 1257, as appears by an inscription over the southern portal.

Anno Domini MCCLVII. mense Februario Idas ij
Hoc fuit inceptum Christi genetricis honore
Kallensi Lathomo vivente Johanne Magistro.

The western façade looks upon the *Place de Parvis*, surrounded by streets and houses whose antique shabbiness reminds us of what was once the neighbourhood of our Westminster Abbey. Its breadth betwixt the two lateral towers is 120 feet; and as the faces of these towers are each 40 feet wide, the whole front presents a breadth of 180 feet. The portal consists of three doors, set in deep arches, richly sculptured; above them is a range of niches, containing 28 statues of the kings of France, from Childebert to Philip Augustus: over these is a beautiful marigold window, set in a round arch, with the zig-zag ornament. A fret-work gallery unites the façade with the towers, the height of which is 204 feet: they terminate in a flat roof, and are somewhat heavy. The interior has an aspect of ponderous magnificence. Its extreme length is reckoned at 390 feet, its breadth at 140. The nave is flanked by a double aisle, and 45 chapels; but the effect of this quadruple range of columns is diminished by the mixture of the clustered Gothic, with the massive and clumsy corrupted Roman. A double arcade surmounts the nave. The circular windows of the façade and transepts being the only ones of coloured glass, the quantity of light generally admitted into the building is out of keeping with its massive character. The exterior of the choir is ornamented with a curious series of ancient *bas-reliefs*, representing Scripture histories, by *Jean Ravy*, and his ne-

phew *Jean le Boutelier*, who completed them in 1351. The high altar, and interior of the choir, were repaired and ornamented for Bonaparte's coronation; but as these improvements were made without any reference to the general style of the building, it suffices to say, they are as fine as marble, gilding, and tall candlesticks can make them. The stalls are handsomely carved in wood; above them are eight large Scripture pieces by Hallè, Jouvenet, Philippe de Champagne, La Fosse, Louis Boulongne, and Antoine Coypel. On each side of the altar are colossal statues of Louis XIII. and XIV. in white marble, by Coustou and Coyzevox; each monarch is on his knees, and supposed to be offering his crown to the Almighty, —an affectation of humility very common in royal sinners.

In a chapel to the left of the choir, near the bottom of the church, is a recent monument to the memory of the Cardinal de Belloy. The whole is of white marble: the figures are of colossal proportions. The Cardinal, seated in an arm-chair, placed on his tomb, is represented as bestowing alms on a poor woman, supported by a young female, whose countenance expresses gratitude and respect: in the prelate's left hand is an open Bible, with the inscription, "*Beatus qui intelliget super egenum et pauperem: In die malâ liberabit eum Dominus.*" On the same side appears St. Denis, standing on a cloud, with a scroll in his left hand, bearing the names of the Bishops of Paris, his successors,

and precursors of the Cardinal, to whom he is pointing with his right hand. The sculptor is M. de Leine, of Paris. The execution is noble and delicate. There is an awkwardness in St. Denis's cloud, which is spread upon the basis of the tomb, as if a quantity of thick milk had been spilt there; but the chief fault is in the design: the quiet occupation of the Cardinal, in his arm-chair, is wholly at variance with the effect which must have been produced on him by the apparition of St. Denis; except, indeed, they were upon much more intimate terms than are usual betwixt the living and the dead: in fact, as the saint seems wholly overlooked by the good prelate, we must take him, with his muster-roll, for a kind of prolocutor for the benefit of the spectators, to whom he may be supposed to reveal the important secret, that the Cardinal, like himself, was once Bishop of Paris. Among the *Monumens Français*, there is a mausoleum belonging to *Notre Dame*, of a much higher character, especially in its design, which is truly awful. It is that of Henri-Claude, Conte d'Harcourt, Marshal of France, who died in 1769. At the foot of his opening coffin, his wife bends forward in an attitude eager and supplicatory: the Marshal is raising himself feebly, and looking towards her with a countenance of living death: his grave-clothes have partly fallen off, and discover his emaciated body: a shrouded skeleton at the head of the coffin, is immediately recognized as the grisly

king of terrors, who stretches out a minute-glass, as if to limit the period of resuscitation, and again claim his victim. The sculptor is Pigalle. The design was suggested by a dream of Madame d'Harcourt, the night after her husband's death.

THE ABBEY-CHURCH OF ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRÈS. — This church is remarkable for its antiquity. It was founded by Childebert in 558, in honour of St. Vincent's shirt, which this monarch brought as a trophy from Saragossa, together with a large cross from Toledo: it was known at this period by the name of *St. Germain-le-Dorè*, from the gilding employed on its roof: Childebert was himself buried in it, as well as St. Germain; and part of the western tower is believed by antiquaries to belong to the original edifice.* The principal part of the building had, however, been three times burnt by the Normans, when Abbot Morard began to restore it in 990, and completed it, nearly as it now stands, in 1014. "The lower walls of the "choir and nave, the eight eastern chapels, "most of the columns and arches of the nave, "and all the columns and arches of the choir, "are undoubtedly" (says Mr. Whittington) "parts of this ancient structure." Considerable repairs were made in 1646, when the roof was, for the first time, vaulted with stone, the

* "Boullart, the historian of the abbey, is of this opinion."—Whittington's Historical Survey, p. 103.

windows enlarged, the columns ornamented with capitals, and other changes made, which did not, however, extend to any essential alteration in the character of the edifice. Its appearance is gloomy and mean; the arches are of course round, except in the semi-circular arcade at the eastern end, where they are pointed, in consequence of the contracted space betwixt the pillars:—"And this" (observes Mr. Whittington) "is among a number of instances "where the pointed arch was used from acci- "dent and necessity, before it became an ob- "ject of taste." P. 111.

The following tombs, once belonging to this church, are now in the *Musèe des Monumens Français;* but as these monuments are for the most part returning whence they came, I mention them where they will most probably be soon to be found.

1. The tomb-stone of Childebert I. who died in 558. He is represented holding in one hand a sceptre, and in the other a model of the church which he founded.

2. The tomb of Cherebert, ornamented with vine leaves. It was supposed, when discovered, to contain the body of Abbot Morard, who died about 1000. Cherebert died in 571. His daughter Bertha married Ethelbert, King of Kent.

3. A sepulchral-stone, bearing the figure of the infamous Fredigonde, in mosaic work.

4. That of Clotaire II. her son, who died in 628.

5. That of his Queen Bertrude.

6. That of Childeric II. murdered with his wife and son, in 673, in the forest of Haucouis, near Chilles: their three bodies were found in two stone coffins, during the repair of the abbey. The confusion which ensued in France after their deaths was so terrible, that it was generally believed the reign of Anti-christ was come.

7. The mausoleum of John Casimir V. King of Poland; successively jesuit, cardinal, king, and Benedictine abbot. He is represented in priest's garments, in the act of offering his crown to heaven, — a sacrifice not without grandeur, had it been the result of philosophy triumphing over ambition, but which excites only contempt, when the monarch exchanges the diadem for a friar's cowl. He died in 1672, and should have been canonised.

Besides the above, the sarcophagi of Montfaucon and Mabillon, both Benedictines, as also the sepulchral urn of Boileau, and the mausoleums of the two Douglases, belong to this church, and will probably be restored to it.

The Abbey Church of St. Genevieve is reckoned among the most ancient edifices of France; part of the existing building being referred to the age of Clovis, by whom it was founded under the name of *St. Peter and St. Paul*, though the greater part of it was rebuilt in 1177. It is a mean structure, without transepts; the columns of the nave are Lombard,

and of unequal size: the windows lancet-shaped. It contained the sepulchre of Clovis, whose figure was placed on his tomb-stone, with his diadem and sceptre, and the marks of consular dignity conferred on him, according to the general belief, by the Emperor Anastasius.

St. Germain L'Auxerrois is a Gothic edifice of the eleventh century; but has no peculiar merit, except that it contains the tombs of the Count de Caylus, the Chancellor Olivier, Malherbe the poet, Madame Dacier, as well as of several artists, and other celebrated characters. The superb mausoleum of Louis de Poncher, counsellor of state, who died in 1521, is about to be restored to it from the *Monumens Français*.

Saint Gervais presents a curious specimen of the treatment to which Gothic edifices were subjected on the revival, as it was called, of the arts. This church was rebuilt in 1212, and repaired in 1581. Its style is Gothic, with a considerable degree of elegance; but instead of entering it by a corresponding façade, one is surprised to see a towering pile of porches, rising story above story, to the height of above 150 feet: the lower columns are Doric, the central Ionic; and four of the Corinthian order, supporting a circular pediment, terminate this ingenious mask, which was put upon the old building in 1619.

The Churches of St. Eustache and St. Etienne-du-Mont exhibit the degeneracy of

Gothic architecture, when it was supposed to be improved by a mixture of Grecian ornament. The former was built in 1532; the latter was not finished until 1616.

The sanctuary of *St. Eustache* is ornamented with five scriptural pieces, by Charles Vanloo, and a Virgin, in white marble, by Pigalle.

This church has reclaimed the mausoleum of Colbert, who is represented kneeling on a tomb in the robes of the Order of the Holy Ghost. A figure of Abundance is on one side, and one of Faith, or Religion, on the other. — The two first are the work of Coyzevox, the latter of Tuby. The dust of Voiture, Benzerade, Lamothe-Levayer, Vaugelas, of the painter La Fosse, and of the chymist Homberg, is also within this church; but no inscription designates their resting place.

The church of *St. Etienne-du-Mont*, though clumsy in its general style of architecture, is remarkable for the boldness of the screen, which separates, in the form of an arch, the nave from the choir. Two spiral stone staircases at either end of it, look as if suspended in air, notwithstanding their fretted massiveness. The epitaph of Paschal, and the tomb of Racine, are here. That of Descartes is to be restored: it is remarkable for its simple inscription: "*Les* "*Restes de Renè Descartes mort en Suede en* "1550." It is thus great men dare entrust their eulogium to posterity. In the cloisters of this church is some beautifully painted glass, by

Pinargrier. Many of the countenances, particularly those on board the ship of the Gospel, have the air of portraits.

The churches of the third class are almost all of them announced by a species of decoration, which marks the infancy of taste. Their façades are composed of porch raised above porch, and of columns piled upon columns; combining every order of architecture into forms of overwhelming insipidity and heaviness. Such are the façades of *St. Gervais* already mentioned, so much admired by Voltaire; and that of *St. Eustache*. Those of *St. Roch*, *St. Louis*, *St. Paul*, *St. Sulpice*, and *L'Eglise de L'Abbaye royale da Val-de-Grace*, are all in the same taste.

The church of ST. ROCH is rich in decoration; but the most curious part of it is the *Chapel of Calvary*, at the bottom of the building, which is fitted up to represent a dark cavern, with the incidents of the Crucifixion. Groups of figures, rocks, and trees, are arranged as we sometimes see hermits' grottoes in tea-gardens. It is, however, a good thing in that way, and the light is very theatrically thrown upon a marble figure of Christ on the Cross. There is a picture of this chapel in the *Luxembourg Gallery*, by Bouton, perhaps more pleasing and impressive than the original.

ST. SULPICE is a most elaborate effort of bad taste. The façade is composed of a portico flanked by two towers; the former is conse-

quently not a projection, but a recess, of two stories; of which the lower entablature rests upon four Doric, the upper upon as many Ionic columns. The towers are totally dissimilar in design, and are at once heavy and meagre: that of the right, 210 feet high, consists of two stories; the lower of which is a square, presenting on each of its sides four Corinthian columns, supporting a triangular pediment: the upper is a circular tower, surrounded by nine Corinthian columns, and terminated by a balustrade. The other tower is smaller, and something too clumsy for description. The extreme length of the interior is estimated at 336 feet. The height above the choir at 99 feet; the width of the latter is 42. The manner in which the light has been made to fall upon a statue of the Virgin at the eastern extremity of the building, has been much admired. The trick is, however, of the same kind with that in the *Chapel of Calvary*, and is to be admired only *as a trick* — a French trick of theatrical effect.

The church or rather Dome des Invalides, may be considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of church building in the age of Louis XIV., and though certainly a magnificent edifice, is strongly characterised by the architectural defects of that time. The façade, 180 feet in width, and 96 high, is composed of two stories, ornamented with Doric and Corinthian columns, and surmounted by a triangular pediment. The dome is also divided into two stories, round the lower

of which there is a series of columns, arranged in the form of little porticoes, to support the heavy buttresses of the second story, which is crowned with a balustrade. The cupola is surmounted by a lantern; the lantern by a slender pyramid, the pyramid by a ball, and the ball by a cross; the latter 300 feet from the ground. On each side of the principal entrance are the statues of St. Louis and Charlemagne, by Coustou and Coyzevox. The first defect observable in this exterior, is the clumsiness of the double stories; the second is the blankness arising from the want of a portico, in consequence of which the double range of columns look stuck against the wall *a pure perte*. The projecting buttresses of the upper story of the dome take greatly from the boldness and simplicity which are the chief grace of such elevations. The whole is besides much too high and massive for the body of the church, which seems less to support than to be crushed beneath it. The gilding of the cupola is a puerility easily effaced; but its tawdry effect is the more displeasing from the general plainness of the whole building. The interior, which forms a kind of supplement to the very simple church of the hospital, is magnificent in the best sense of the word. It is beautifully paved with variegated marble, formed into compartments and figures, representing the lilies and arms of France, and other appropriate emblems. The cupola is painted by La Fosse, with the apotheosis of St. Louis. The chapels

and aisles are also decorated with the productions of Jouvenet, Boullogne, and Coypel. The only monuments it contains at present are those of Vauban and Turenne; but why saints Alipe, Satyre, Marcelyne, Silvie, Emilienne, &c. &c. should figure in their company, is a question of no easy solution. Doubtless, they were worthy people in their day, but, most probably, had very little connection with bastions and strategics.

The PANTHEON is the happiest effort of French architecture. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, 340 feet long, and 250 wide. The porch of the principal entrance is composed of a triple range of Corinthian fluted columns, 58 feet high, and 5½ in diameter, supporting a triangular pediment: the front of this porch is 120 feet long. The dome is composed of two stories, the lower of which is surrounded by 30 Corinthian columns, supporting a gallery and balustrade: the upper story is plain, and surmounted by the cupola, which is 62 feet 8 inches in diameter: it is lighted by a small circular lantern, the height of which from the interior pavement is 282 feet.*

Our first impression, on viewing this edifice, is of the superiority it derives from its portico of a single story, projecting with an impressive

* The diameter of the dome of St. Paul's is 108 feet; of St. Peter's 139½; and of the Pantheon 144 feet. The height of St. Paul's is 330 feet; of St. Peter's, 412. The length of the former 500, of the latter 606 feet.

depth of shade, and magnificence of columns; while the transepts behind it, give a breadth and solidity to the whole edifice, which preserve its proportions with the superstructure.

The dome is light and graceful, but it can scarcely be said to approach sublimity; against which, nothing in architecture seems more to militate than gradations and divisions, of which there are four in this dome. 1. The lower story, with its gallery. 2. The upper story. 3. The cupola. 4. The lantern; an ornament itself subdivided into gallery, tower, and cupola; and necessarily unhappy in its effect, from being very like a miniature temple, or classical pepper-box.

To judge from the Pantheon at Rome, the original intent of a dome, was so to cover the interior of the temple, that the aperture, which, in ancient edifices, admitted both light and rain, should answer this end with the least possible inconvenience; nor can we imagine any lantern capable of producing an effect equally sublime with the depths of a bright blue sky over the heads of the worshippers; but as an arrangement of this kind forms no part of the intention of modern architecture, and certainly would be ill-suited to any but southern climates, the dome, as now employed, is a superstructure purely ornamental, and its disposition becomes, in consequence, a kind of caprice referrible to no certain rules of judgment.

Viewing the Pantheon angularly, there is a

plainness in the sides and transepts, when contrasted with the magnificent portico, which gives the body of the edifice an appearance of unfinished poverty. The *basso-relievos* of the pediment are political allegories, which, together with the half-effaced inscription on the frize, "*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnoissante,*" mark the revolutionary destinies of the Pantheon. Such heretical phrases as, "*Les droits de l'homme,*" and "*La loi est l'expression de la volonté generale,*" are still discernible; and though the latter has been severely criticised, as containing a definition of law applicable to no existing political system, it is still a noble intimation of what the law ought to be, which is probably all that was intended by it; right or wrong, however, this, as well as all other revolutionary emblems, will shortly disappear from the church of St. Genevieve, to be succeeded by martyrological insignia, and pious falsehoods, in honour of a saint, of whose merits or existence, "nobody knows, and nobody cares."—I "mark them ere they fade," because these phrases and sculptures, together with Dessaix's monument in the *Place Dauphine*, are the only traces left in Paris of republican France. The latter forms a fountain, over which is a figure of Victory crowning the bust of the young hero: the pedestal bears the chronicle of his exploits, and the last words with which his gallant spirit parted, in the 8th year of the Republic, under the consulship of

Bonaparte. This simple mention of great deeds and great men presents a gratifying contrast to those effusions of adulation and hypocrisy, amid which the sacred voice of freedom was too speedily extinguished. — The interior of the Pantheon is eminently graceful in its effect, in spite of the four massive buttresses, which have been substituted, in the place of columns, for the support of the dome. The style of decoration is rich; the pillars are Corinthian, and the vaulted roof finished with *basso-relievos*. There is, however, an air of vacancy arising from the yet indefinite application of the edifice: the *heroes* are moving off, and the *saints* have not yet arrived: the only statue it now contained, was that of General Le Clercq, Bonaparte's brother-in-law, who died at St. Domingo; but the French revolution has abundantly shown, that the instability of human fortune extends beyond the grave: the General had been dislodged from his pedestal, and shoved towards a side door of the building:—"He will not stay here?" said I to the sachristan: "Oh no," he replied, drily, and with a significant nod, "we are moving him off." Even of a monumental niche, it may be said in Paris, *erit nulli proprius*. —Setting aside political prejudices, it might have been worth considering whether the appropriation of a building like the Pantheon, to a purpose similar to that for which it was intended during the Revolution, would not have been more consistent with the rules of good taste,

and even of Christian piety, than the method now followed, of decorating churches with the monuments of departed greatness. Monuments may be divided into two classes, each of which has a character wholly irreconcileable with that of the other, though they continue to be perpetually confounded. — First, and according to their primary intention, they are records of mortality, raised to protect, or contain the remains committed to them: such were the ancient tumuli, and are still the turf-heaps of our country church-yards; these being the simplest forms by which man can commemorate the decay of man. The inscribed stone, sculptured sarcophagus, and votive urn or altar, were the next steps by which affection sought to perpetuate its recollections, and not unfrequently to excite the sympathy of strangers by a recital of the talents or the virtues of the deceased. But with whatever care and expense the ancients may have enlarged and decorated the receptacles of death, they seem never to have forgotten, or overstepped the purpose for which they were erected. They placed no emblems of life and triumph by the side of corruption: these they reserved for their temples, forums, gardens, and other places connected with the occupations or enjoyments of existence. The rude Christians, who established their empire on the ruins of Roman and Pagan grandeur, appear to have long followed a course equally natural. Their kings and chieftains were honoured with

coffins of more durable materials, than the inglorious commonalty; but their statues, if they had any, were placed in front of the edifices they had founded, or restored, while their mortal remains rotted with those of their humbler brethren in the common church-yard. Even when the practice was introduced of burying withinside of churches, and taste and vanity began to be exerted in displays of monumental splendour, a character was adopted in these structures, which admirably united their original intent with the feelings of Christian belief. Warriors and prelates lay in their magnificent chauntries, in attitudes of rest and humiliation, which told they were brought down to the dust, and that their glory had passed from them: the figures sculptured round their tombs, were the silent representatives of that Christian congregation, whose prayers and masses they begged for the repose of their souls. Such is the universal character of Gothic monuments, which seem on all occasions to adhere strictly to the original design of such structures: the effect they produce, and the feelings they excite, are consequently always appropriate. They are records of the grave, triumphant over the principalities of earth.

A second class of monuments was designed to perpetuate the memory of such deeds and characters, as might rouse the emulation, or had a claim to the gratitude, of posterity. The purport of such memorials, is evidently the reverse

of that of the former class; and the distinction betwixt them was studiously observed, both by the ancients, and by the modern nations of Europe, previous to the introduction of the arts from Greece and Italy. But it is to the old Greeks and Romans, we must especially refer for good taste in this particular: justly considering such monuments as no longer referring to a fleeting and perishable state of being, they separated them from the spot which marked the triumph of mortality. The breathing forms of demigods and sages stood erect amid such scenes, and in such situations, as had been once consecrated by their living presence, or were deemed most forcibly to recall their memories. Even when adulation had learnt to deify imperial vices, the temple was not erected over bones and ashes, but consecrated to a being who shared the board and quaffed the nectar of immortal agencies. The Egyptians alone among the ancients, seem to have had a taste for mummies and skeletons.

The revival of the arts in Europe, first introduced a confusion of these two classes of monuments, which has continued to increase ever since; a consequence of which is, that churches which every day resound with the nothingness of human grandeur, and the emptiness of our proudest achievements, the temples in short of humility and self-abasement, are filled with gorgeous commemorations of worldly exploits, and proud personifications of our most anti-

christian feelings. What have fame, glory, and victory, to do with a religion which teaches, that with our best efforts, we are unprofitable servants? What means this sepulchral pomp set up over the remains of "miserable sinners?" Are men taught "to take no thought for to-"morrow," by erecting trophies to human foresight and exertion? What example of devotion, prostration of the understanding, and renunciation of worldly vanities, is enforced by the mausoleums of warriors, statesmen, and philosophers, many of whom, are known either to have despised the influence of religion, or to have prostituted its name for secular purposes? Yet nations, their epitaphs tell us, weep over them; their memories are hallowed; their names live for ever. — The truth is, the spirit of the age is at war with the spirit of religion; but why force them into an unnatural connection, which serves but to illustrate their discord? The apotheosis of human nature belongs to philosophy; it is for religion to preach its impotence and degradation. The appropriation therefore of a building, like the Pantheon, to the reception of monuments of the second class, seems an idea deserving the patronage of any government, whatever might be its political or religious sentiments.

The vaults and galleries beneath the Pantheon are admirably arranged as places of sepulture. There is literally "snug lying in the "abbey." Each vault is fitted up to contain several rows of stone coffins, or sarcophagi, in

which many dignitaries of the empire and kingdom are already installed: among them are General Regnier, Admiral de Winter, and Marshal Lasnes; who have probably been joined by Cambaceres, and the Duke of Feltre. The remains of Voltaire and Rousseau are in separate vaults, but their wooden tombs are in a state of decay; nor is it improbable they may be themselves destined to a further pilgrimage. Nothing can more sensibly mark Parisian versatility, than that, after having torn Voltaire from his repose at Ferney, and Rousseau from his beloved "Isle of Poplars," to immure them in these splendid dungeons, their bones should have been left without the ordinary protection of a stone coffin. There is a statue of Voltaire, very much out of place in these vaults; though it is probable the bigots think him not yet low enough.

§ 2. THE BURYING GROUND OF PÈRE LA CHAISE.

When the stranger has examined the stately sepulchres of the Pantheon, in architectural arrangement the first probably in the universe, let him direct his steps towards the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*. Its site is a commanding eminence, called *Mont Louis*, to the north of the city, being a prolongation of the heights of Mont Martre. It covers a considerable extent of ground, the surface of which is irregular and undulating, and shaded in places with

clumps of trees, very much in the manner of an English pleasure-ground. Winding gravel-walks divide it into plots of graves and tomb-stones: each of these is the cherished property of a family, and each stone gleams over a bed of flowers, surrounded by a light hedge, or trellis-work. At the period of my visit, the soil was literally glowing, and the air perfumed, with these numberless patches of sweets and colours. Pots, containing rare and delicate plants, were set round many of the tombs; garlands and votive offerings were suspended on others, by the hands of parental sorrow, filial affection, or youthful companionship. It may be, that in many cases, this was but the affectation of feeling; a parade of sentiment, got up to look like sorrow. Our baser nature is but too apt to believe this; yet of all affectations, that surely is the most pardonable, which comes upon us in the guise of a mourner, watering flowers round the tomb. It is difficult, moreover, to imitate feelings of so sacred a character, without becoming, in a certain degree, susceptible of their influence; it is difficult to plant a rose-bush on the grave of parent, child, friend, or mistress, and see its blossoms expand in a returning summer-sun, without directing a thought towards that mortal wreck upon which no sun shall shine again. It is difficult to have thoughts occasionally so bestowed, without somewhat disdaining our every-day selfishness, and feeling convinced to what a pitiful end we urge

the toilsome march of vanity and passion.—Thou art sleepless, O Avarice! care-worn, and hast no man's blessing; yet 'twere well done if thy ingots could redeem one friend from this "cold "obstruction!" As it is, what profits it to have made life a torment?—Ambition has desolated the earth; but, unless the kingly ermine be proof against the "icy fingers" of mortality, 'twere better to have left the cottage unscathed, and the vineyard unblasted.

I observed the most conspicuous monuments in this church-yard, to be piled over the bones of some *vieux negociant*, or *banquier;* but no one had been bold enough in affectation of sorrow to plant a flower, or suspend a wreath, round their ponderous hiding-places: a poor policy too is theirs, to raise such massive fortifications against sunshine, and dews, and the starry eyes of heaven. Two stone sarcophagi contain the bodies of Moliere and La Fontaine: "*Moliere est dans ce tombeau,*" is epitaph sufficient for the former: there is a simple humour, such as we find in his own fables, in that of the latter, "*Jean s'en alla comme il étoit venu:*" 'tis a quiet satire on the world, as containing nothing capable of changing or influencing a philosopher. Delille, Fourcroy, Sonnini, and other literary characters, are also buried here: among them Madame Cottin. Here, too, without a stone or name, sleeps Michel Ney, Prince of Moskwa, "the bravest "of the brave." I am not disposed to consider

at any length the legality of the sentence by which he was consigned to this resting-place; there is, however, one view of the question sufficiently simple: — if the allies took possession of Paris by a convention purely military, what meaning should be attached to that part of the xiith article, which guarantees all individuals from being "disturbed or called to account, as to their conduct or political opinions?" The allies, as foreign enemies, could have no concern with the political sentiments of French individuals: this was a matter solely betwixt them and their government. The allies could have no pretext for intermeddling in questions of internal politics, than so far as they might be considered acting in concert with Louis XVIII. Either, therefore, this article was an ensnaring nullity, or Louis violated an engagement to which he must be considered a party. Again, when Louis, who, with his faithful Frenchmen, seems always to have considered the baggage as the post of honour, was preparing to re-enter Paris, he proclaimed pardon to all who had been "misled" in the late transactions; thereby drawing a line of distinction betwixt such, and those, if any, who had *plotted* the return of Bonaparte: but, that Ney was ever engaged in such a plot, not the slightest proof was offered; his behaviour was that of a weak man, whose confident assurances in the first instance, only rendered his subsequent weakness in yielding to the torrent of circumstances, and ascendancy

of Bonaparte's character, more conspicuous and disgraceful; but, in this species of inconsistency, nobody more resembled Marshal Ney than King Louis himself, who, on the first news of Bonaparte's arrival from Elba, declared his resolution to die in his good city of Paris, rather than fly before the face of the foe; on whose nearer approach he was, however, prevailed upon to desist from so bloody a resolution, and preferred picking his capon in safety at Ghent, to the chance of a more intimate acquaintance with St. Louis, and other his holy relatives: a natural infirmity, with which few would have been so rigorous as to reproach him, had it taught him to make some allowance for the weakness of others; nor, do I believe his throne would have been more insecure than it is at present, if, instead of sending to death a man, whose name was inwrought with the glory of the French arms, he had frankly pardoned him, with a good-humoured remark, that they ought both to be more cautious in future of making rash protestations; — but this is a matter now gone by; though probably there are thousands living, who would as readily choose the soldier's grave, as the monarch's indigestion.

Of all the monumental records which remembrance has consecrated, not only in the *Cimetière of Père la Chaise*, but in any age or country, there is none to which attention is more willingly rivetted, than to that of Heloise and Abelard. It consists of a Gothic mauso-

leum, each side of which presents a triangular pediment, surmounted by an ornamented cross, and resting on open arches, supported by light columns, approaching the style of Corinthian: at each corner is an elegant pinnacle, finished with crockets,; a graceful spire of open arch-work rises from the centre of the roof, and is terminated by a rich pinnacle, and finial, resembling a pine-apple. A tomb is in the centre of the edifice, on which the statues of the lovers are placed in a recumbent posture: several images of saints are niched on either side of it: it bears this inscription; "*Les restes d'Heloise* "*et d'Abelard sont réunis dans ce tombeau.*" This monument was saved from the ruins of Paraclete, and transferred from the *Musèe des Monumens*, to its present situation, in a verdant corner of the cemetery, where we may reasonably hope, neither rage nor party will trouble it further.* Nearly seven centuries have gone by, since the bones and ashes it enshrines "lived and moved, and had their "being;" yet their loves and sufferings are as green in our memories, and have as powerful a hold upon our sympathies, as though they had

* Abelard died at the priory of Saint Marcel, near *Chalons-sur-Saône:* his body was secretly removed from thence by Peter de Clugny, who sent it to Eloise, then Abbess of Paraclete; by whom it was placed in the cloister of her convent. She survived her lover 20 years, and was placed by his side in 1163. It is probable the present mausoleum is, in some degree, the work of M. Lenoir.

died yesterday: nor can this celebrity be ascribed to the rank they held, and the space they occupied in the eyes of the generation with which they lived. With whatever envy or admiration the literary attainments and philosophic genius of Abelard may have been regarded by his contemporaries; however he may have rested on them his hopes of future glory, it is very long since they have ceased even to excite curiosity. It is as the lover of Heloise, Abelard descends to posterity: the passion with which he probably reproached himself, as a weakness, and considered, in some respects, as a bar to his celebrity, is now all that can be said to have survived him; — a curious instance of the manner in which fortune sports with fame, yet one by which nature is justified. It is by human feelings only human sympathy can be strongly thralled; but, when these have been set into powerful action, they sway through all climes and ages; they become the romance and poetry of existence; so that whatever is great, glorious, or beautiful, in mortal agency, " 'tis to these we " owe it."—I several times visited this cemetery during my stay at Paris: when a bright sun was shining on its tombs and flowers, I could almost fancy the cheering influence extended to those who slept, and that the features of the death-angel grew less repulsive while contemplated in unison with the loveliness of nature.

§ 3. THE CATACOMBS.

There is, in the southern fauxbourg of the city, a third receptacle of mortality, wholly different, both from the stately vaults of the Pantheon, and the garden of *Père la Chaise*. The subterranean quarries, which had immemorially furnished stone for the buildings of Paris, were appropriated, in 1786, to receive the bones collected from the various burying grounds, which had exhaled a pestilential vapour in the very heart of the population; their suppression was, therefore, an admirable regulation of police: but, to make it the occasion of an exhibition, and to build the relics of their ancestors into a subterranean temple, was an idea worthy of Parisian genius.

There is no external appearance to designate the site of the Catacombs. A mean building, like a toll-house, covers the well stair-case, by which, having been previously furnished with tapers, you descend 90 feet, into this mighty magazine of mortality. After this close, toilsome descent, long low-browed caverns, the dark brown sides of which glimmer feebly, as the taper-lights fall upon the moisture constantly trickling down them, here meet the eye. These, as you continue to advance, seem to branch out into endless labyrinths and ramifications. Having been casually separated from the company who descended at the same time, I had an

opportunity of taking up poor Juliet's apprehensions, and considering, for some minutes, the situation of a solitary human being, left to explore an exit from their dreary mazes. The flickering light of my taper, pierced but a few feet through the surrounding darkness: the damp air gathered round it like a smoke: the echoes of the footsteps of my companions quickly died into silence, and were succeeded by the heavy plashes of water from the walls, now fearfully audible, when "other sounds were none."—Each dismal aperture and turning presented an equal chance of error; nor could reason give any assurance that I might not wander "fathoms "deep" in darkness, till I became qualified to join the ordinary occupants of this "palace of "dim night." I indulged this fancy the more willingly, because there was little chance of its being realised; our guide following in our rear to pick up stragglers and introduce us into the vaults, strictly called *The Catacombs*, which are at some distance from the stair-case, and kept locked. On either side of this entrance is a Tuscan pilaster, supporting an entablature, on one of which is inscribed; "*Arrêtez mortels! "c'est l'empire de la Mort:*"—and on the other, "*Has ultra metas requiescunt, beatam spem ex-"pectantes.*"

The scene now presented is highly curious: walls of bones, piled with masonic regularity, extend through seemingly endless avenues; here and there chapels, altars, and crucifixes,

are built of the same materials; 2,400,000 skulls are formed into various figures, and architectural embellishments: the wise, the mighty, and the beautiful, are thus all confounded into rhomboids, parallel lines, and circles: but one cranium has obtained an honorary distinction: it is placed singly on a pedestal, and was declared by Dr. Gall, to have once adorned the shoulders of a witty and beautiful woman. The craniologist triumphs here: those dry jawbones will never wag to give the lie to his hypothesis. Be it true, however, it profits nothing; since wit and beauty must come "to this "favour."

But what feeling is inspired by this collection of human relics? Does it dispose us to abjure our worldly vanities, and grow wise with the idea of one day joining this goodly assembly? — "Not a jot." The disproportion betwixt our breathing forms, and these dry disjointed anatomies, is too great to excite our sympathies. In vain do numerous moral inscriptions remind us, that as these are, we shall be. The pride of life rejects, with a degree of scorn, such loathsome claims of relationship. Were all these skulls to hammer out the chorus of "*voi sarete come noi,*" such an admonition, but for its novelty, would only tempt our laughter: nor was it possible to consider the small respect inspired by these, our forerunners in the high road of non-entity, without recalling the sentiment so admirably expressed by Sir Thomas Brown, in

his *Religio Medici*. "I am not so much afraid "of death (says he) as ashamed thereof: 'tis "the very disgrace and ignominy of our na- "tures, that in a moment can so disfigure us, "that our nearest friends, wife and children, "stand afraid and start at us. The birds and "beasts of the field, that before in a natural "fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance, "begin to prey upon us." There is in one of the recesses of these caverns, a small chapel, with an altar of expiation: on the wall is inscribed, "2d September, 1792"—a thrilling record, more awful than these assembled millions of bones, about whose destinies we are both ignorant and uninterested.

§ 4. MUSÉE DES MONUMENS FRANÇAIS.

Though this collection is on the point of being dissipated, it is no unsuitable conclusion to a ramble through the tombs, to notice some of its most remarkable monuments, which have, as yet, no precise place of destination; the religious houses to which they belonged having been destroyed. Such as were saved from St. Denis, and other churches, have most of them been restored. This is no matter of regret: they lost half their natural interest by being brought together in show-rooms, patched and ticketed, like antiquities and old china at an auction. It should not, however, be forgotten, that for their existence in any state, France is indebted to the zeal and exertions of M. Lenoir,

who saved them, at considerable expense and personal hazard, from the barbarous fanaticism which would have wiped France out of history.

No. 105. A column of white marble, richly adorned with sculpture, formerly erected in the Celestine Convent to the memory of Anne of Montmorency, Constable of France, under Francis I., whose prudent and skilful conduct saved his country, during an invasion of Charles V. in 1521. After many noble exploits, he was shot through the body by Robert Stuart, a Scotch gentleman, at the battle of St. Denis, in 1567. Though mortally wounded, he retained sufficient prowess to knock out several of his antagonist's teeth before he fell. He died the next day, and was buried with royal honours. His reply to a cordelier, who was teasing him during his last moments to make a good end, is well known — "Do you think," said he, "I have lived eighty years without having learnt to die for a quarter of an hour." *

* The picture given of him by Brantome has so much of true old baronial courage, superstition, and harshness, that I cannot refrain from transcribing it:—"Parlons à cette "heure de ce grand Monsieur le Connestable, Messire Anné "de Montmorency. Il portoit le nom d'Anné, pour estre "filleul de cette brave Anné de Bretagne, Reyne de France, "et celuy que l'on dit avoir esté le premier gentil-homme "et Baron Chrestien de la France, ce qui lui redonde à un "très-grand honneur. Aussi a-t-il bien sceu en soy entre-"tenir ce Christianisme tant qu'il a duré, et n'en a jamais "dérogé: ne manquant jamais à ses dévotions, ny à ses "prieres; car tous les matins, il ne failloit de dire et entre-

108. The mausoleum of Renè Birague, Chancellor and Cardinal of France, and of his wife Balbiani; from the Abbey of *Val-des-Ecoliers.* Birague united with the Guises, and Catherine of Medici, to effect the massacre of St. Bartholomew: the following epitaph therefore well becomes him:

Quid tibi opus statuâ est? satis est, statuisse Bibrage,
Virtutis passim tot monumenta tuæ.

His arms are — *a shield semèe de trèfles, three bars battled, and counter-embattled.* The statue of his wife, in a richly flowered habit, reclines on a couch, ornamented in the same manner. Below, a bas-relief represents her in all the ghast-

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" tenir ses Patenostres, fust qu'il ne bougeast du logis, ou " fust qu'il montast à cheval, et allast parmy les champs, aux " armées: parmy lesquelles on disoit, qu'il se falloit garder " des Patenostres de Monsieur le Connestable; car en les " disant ou marmotant, lors que les occasions se présen- " toient, comme force débordements et desordres y arrivent, " maintenant il disoit: ' Allez-moy prendre un tel: attachez " celuy-là à un arbre: faites passer celuy-là par les picques " tout à cette heure, ou les harquebusez tous devant moy. " Taillez-moy en pieces tous ces marauts qui ont voulu " tenir ce clocher contre le Roy. Bruslez-moy ce village. " Boutez-moy le feu partout à un quart de lieue à la ronde:' " et ainsi-tels ou semblables mots de justice et police de " guerre proféroit-il selon ces occurrences, sans se desbau- " cher nullement de ses *Paters,* jusques à ce qu'il les eust " parachevez; pensant faire une grande erreur, s'il les eust " remis à dire à une autre heure, tant il estoit conscien- " tieux." *Vie des Hommes illustres, etc. Discours* 62.

liness of the last stage of consumption, of which disease she died. The sculptor is Germain Pilon.

159. Against the garden wall of the museum, and still used as a fountain, is the monument of Pomponne de Believre, taken from the Hotel d'O——, in the *Vielle Rue du Temple*, where it was erected for a similar purpose. Pomponne de Believre was minister to Henry III., and surnamed the Nestor of his age. He died in 1607. His bust is very ably executed: under it is written,

Culpa nocet privata paucis, at regia multis—

an inscription worthy of every palace gate in Europe, even at the risk of teaching the young dauphins and infantas, that the first syllable in *paucis* is a short one.

165. The mausoleum of the De Thous, comprising the bust of Christopher de Thou, Lord of Bonueil, first president of Paris, who died in 1584: the statue of his son, James Augustus de Thou, the historian, who died in 1617: those of his two wives, and a fine allegorical bas-relief in bronze, with the motto, *Quid nos patria?*

168. A kneeling statue in alabaster of William de Montmorency, father of the Constable Anné. A Knight Templar, and the friend of the last grand master, James Molay, whose fate he shared. The cross is sculptured on his surcoat.

174. The mausoleum of the Cardinal Richelieu, designed by Lebrun, and considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Giradon. The cardinal is dying in the arms of Religion: the muse of history weeps at his feet. Two genii support his arms — *a shield with three chevronels.* This monument was rescued from the destruction of the Sorbonne, by M. Lenoir, who actually lost a finger in warding off a blow aimed at one of the figures.

186 and 204. A mausoleum and marble column in honour of the Rostaing family, from the Feuillans. The arms of Tristan, Marquis of Rostaing, who died in 1591, are—*per fess in chief, a castle embattled with three towers: in base a catherine wheel.* His son Charles bears *quarterly,* 1. *a castle embattled with three towers;* 2. *upon a bend sinister a chain between three mullets of 5 points, one and two;* 3. *a catherine wheel;* 4. *a cross between 4 estoilles of six points, pierced.*

447. The monument of Villiers de L'Isle Adam, grand master of the order of Malta, famous for his defence of Rhodes: he died in 1534. His mailed effigy reposes upon a tomb, on which is inscribed — *C'est ici que repose la vertu, victorieuse de la fortune.* His arms, as sculptured beneath, are, *quarterly* 1 *and* 4 *Malta;* 2 *and* 3, *quarterly,* 1 *and* 4, *a hand and manche;* 2 *and* 3, *semée de trèfles, two dolphins hauriant adossé.* This monument is from the Temple Church.

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458. The statues of Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, stretched on their tomb, naked, and seeming to have been embalmed, for their bodies have been sewed up: their appearance is ghastly, and cadaverous; one almost expects to smell corruption while looking at them. The sculptor is Germain Pilon.

541. The mausoleum of the Chancellor de L'Hopital (or Chancellor of the Hospital, as one of my countrymen, who was looking over the monuments at the same time with myself, ingeniously interpreted it). He is kneeling on his tomb, which is adorned with a fine relief, representing the Judgment of Solomon, and the bust of Michel Hurault, his son: below is his device: *Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinæ.* He was said to have borne a strong resemblance in countenance to Aristotle; but Brantome observes: "To have seen him "with his long white beard, his pale face, and "grave deportment, one would have said he "was a true picture of St. Jerome; as was ob-"served by many about court." This monument is also the work of Pilon.

466. The mausoleum of Diana of Poictiers, Duchess of Valentinois, from the chapel of her chateau of Anet. Her statue is lying on a tomb of black marble, supported by four sphinxes' heads, which are again resting on a pedestal, supported by four nymphs; the latter are the work of Germain Pilon, but are an addition of M. Lenoir's, as well as the beautiful

enamels, and many other ornaments of this monument. It bears these verses, one of which I could not entirely decypher; but it is certainly not *hiatus valdè deflendus*:

—— Opibusque potens gelido tamen ecce Diana
Marmore proteritur, vermibus esca jacens.
Terra cadaver habet, sed mens tellure relictâ
Morte novans vitam regna beata petit.

In the garden is a charming group in white marble, also brought from Anet, the work of Jean Goujon, representing this lady as Diana, with one arm thrown over the neck of a stag, and two hounds crouching near her. Her figure and countenance are of Grecian beauty, and readily explain by what sorcery ("for so she was charged withal") she fascinated the hearts and intellects of two kings. According to Brantome, her beauty retained all its freshness to her 70th year, in which she died. "*C'est dommage*" (adds this gallant historian) "*que la terre couvre ce beau corps.*" "*C'est dommage!*" I should rather say, that to a full allowance of the frailties of her sex, she did not unite those softer feelings by which they are usually accompanied, and not unfrequently redeemed. Besides being "the spunge which soaked up all the king's authority," and the enemy of such men as the Chancellor de L'Hopital, she contrived, like the Empress Theodora, to unite profligacy of manners with the orthodox zeal of a persecutor, carrying her scruples of

conscience so far as not even to hold converse with persons suspected of heresy.*

M. Lenoir has preserved the following copy of verses, as a specimen of her poetic talent.

Voici vraisment, qu'amour un beau matin,
S'en vint m'offrir flourette très-gentille,
—La se prit-il, aournez vostre teint,
Et vistement violiers et jonquille,
Me rejettait, à tant, que ma mantille
En était pleine et mon cœur en pasmait,
(Car, voyez-vous, flourette si gentille
Estait garçon frais, dispos et jeunnet.)
Ainsi tramblottante et destournant les yeux.
Nenni .... disoi-je—Ah ne serez déçue,
Reprit amour et soudain à ma vuë
Va présentant un laurier merveilleux.
—Mieux vault, cui dis-je estre sasge que Royne
Ains me sentis et fraimer et trembler,
Diane faillit, et comprendrez sans peine
Du quel matin je praitends reparler.

546. A marble column erected to the memory of Philip Desportes, canon of the Abbey of Bonport, a celebrated poet in the time of Henry III. and IV.; with his medallion in bronze. He is the author of the following charming lines, placed in the museum, opposite to Diana's epitaph by Francis I.

* Theodore de Beza attributes the persecution of the Protestants during the reign of Henry II. chiefly to the counsels of three persons,—the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duchess of Valentinois, and the Marshal Saint André. 'Twas to be yoked in a sorry triumvirate.

O sommeil, doux repos des travaux ordinaires,
Charmant par ta douceur les pensers ennemis!
Charme ses yeux d'Argus qui me sont si contraires,
Et retardant mon bien faute d'être endormis.
Je voudrais être roi, pour faire une ordonnance,
Que chacun dût, la nuit, au logis se tenir:
Les amoureux, sans plus, d'aller auraient licence.
Si quelque autre sortait, je le ferais punir.

The three following copies of verses are graven in different parts of the museum. They are estimable for their simple pathos, so unlike the frigid pomposity which generally distinguishes French poetry:—

1. The Queen of Scots' "adieu to France," by herself.

Adieu plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie!
Qui a nourri ma jeune existance;
Adieu France, adieu nos beaux jours:
La nef qui déjoint nos amours
N'a eu de moi que la moitié.
Une parte te reste, elle est tienne
Je la fie á ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne.

2. The epitaph of Margaret of Valois, first wife of Henry IV. written by herself, and copied by M. Lenoir, from a manuscript in her own hand in the king's library.*

* This ex-queen kept a court in Paris till the time of her death. Mezeray thus describes her in it:— "Ce fut là

Ceste brillante fleur de l'arbre de Valoys,
En qui mourust le nom de tant de puissans roys,
Marguerite, pour qui tant de lauriers fleurirent,
Pour qui tant de bouquets chez les Muses se firent,
A vu fleurs et lauriers, sur sa tête sécher,
Et, par un coup fatal, les lys s'en détacher.
Las! le cercle royal dont l'avoit couronnée,
En tumulte et sans ordre un trop prompt hyménée,
Rompu du mesme coup devant ses pieds tombant,
La laissa comme un tronc dégradé par les vents.
Espouse sans espoux, et royne sans royaume,
Vaine ombre du passé, grand et noble fantosme,
Elle traisna depuis les restes de son sort,
Et vist jusqu'à son nom mourir avant sa mort.

3. An epitaph for Mary of Medicis, Henry IVth's second wife, who died miserably at Cologne, in 1642, a victim to the intriguing ambition of Cardinal Richelieu.* —The author is not known.

Le Louvre de Paris vit éclater ma gloire:
Le nom de mon époux, d'immortelle mémoire,

" qu'elle tint sa petite cour le reste de ses jours, entremêlant
" bijarrement les voluptez et la devotion, l'amour des lettres
" et celui de la vanitè; la charité chretienne et l'injustice, car
" comme elle se piquoit d'être vûë souvent a l'eglise, d'en-
" tretenir des hommes sçavans, et de donner la dixme de
" ses revenus aux moines, elle faisoit gloire d'avoir toujours
" quelque galanterie, d'inventer des nouveaux divertisse-
" mens, et de ne païer jamais ses dettes."—Abregè Chronol. t. iii. p. 516.

* "The widow of Henry the Great," says Voltaire, "the mother of a King of France, the mother-in-law of three kings, was often in want of the necessaries of life." — *Essai sur les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Nations*, c. 176.

Est placé dans le ciel comme un astre nouveau.
Pour gendres j'eus deux rois ; pour fils ce clair flambleau
Qui, par mille rayons brillera dans l'histoire.
Parmi tant de grandeur (le pourra-t-on bien croire ?)
Je suis morte en exil ; Cologne est mon tombeau !
Cologne, œil des cités de la terre allemande,
Si jamais un passant te demande
Le funeste récit des maux que j'ai soufferts ?
Dis : ce triste cereueil chétivement en serre
La reine dont le sang coule en tout l'univers,
Qui n'eut pas en mourant, un seul pouce de terre !

§ 5. Palaces and Galleries.

The palaces of Paris may be classed like the churches, according to their dates and styles.

The Palais de Justice is the only specimen of the Gothic period. It was the usual residence of the French kings until Charles V., since whose time it has been used as a Wesminster Hall, thus characterised by Boileau;

Entre ces vieux appuis, dont l'affreuse Grand' Sale
Soutient l'enorme poids de sa voute infernale,
Est un pilier fameux, des plaideurs respecté,
Et toujours de Normans à midi fréquenté.
Là sur des tas poudreux de sacs et de pratique,
Heurle tous les matins une Sibylle étique :
On l'appelle Chicane, et ce monstre odieux
Jamais pour l'equité n'eut d'oreilles ni d'yeux.
La Disette au teint blême, et la triste Famine,
Les Chagrins devorans, et l'infame Ruïne,
Enfans infortunez de ses raffinemens,
Troublent l'air d'alentour de longs gémissemens.
Sans cesse feuilletant les loix et la coutume,
Pour consumer autrui, le Monstre se consume,
Et dévorant maisons, palais, châteaux entiers,
Rend pour des monceaux d'or de vains tas de papiers.

The round towers, terminating in conical roofs, and the ancient walls by which they are connected, were raised by King Robert, about the year 1000. Within the court is *La Sainte Chapelle*, a Gothic structure of exquisite architectural beauty. The occasion of its building deserves to be remembered. It was raised, at an immense expense, by St. Louis, for the reception of the crown of thorns, sponge, and holy lance, with which he had been presented by Baldwin II. a very needy Emperor of Constantinople, in consideration of a present of 10,000 marks of silver. Nor did these relics prove barren, since in little more than 400 years after their installation, that is A. D. 1656, a touch of one of the holy prickles cured the niece of the celebrated Pascal, of an ulcer in her finger, and thereby saved the institution of Port Royal, which was sustaining at the time a polemical siege by the Jesuits. This was a miracle worth a legend, being attested by the presence of Pascal himself, as well as of Drs. Arnaud, and Nicolé; and recorded by Racine, to the confusion of the Jesuits, who with all their sagacity were unable to invalidate it. Voltaire, indeed, (*Siècle de Louis* XIV. c. 33.) sneers at the idea of God's working a miracle on a little girl's sore finger, in favour of the doctrines of Cornelius Jansen, while he works none to produce the conversion of the three-fourths of the human race, who are still overshadowed with heathen darkness; but believers might reply to

this observation, that God is not limited in the exercise of his undoubted prerogative by human notions of fitness and propriety: that when a miracle is so well authenticated by eye-witnesses of undisputable talent and probity, as to be admitted, even by the enemies of those in whose favour it is worked, to set up against such evidence, our own ideas of fitness as to the occasion of working it, is to destroy the belief of miracles altogether. Some portion of this crown, as well as of the other relics, is still preserved in the church of *Notre Dame;* but their miraculous virtues, except the new regime should resuscitate them, may be considered as dormant for some time to come.

La Sainte Chapelle has another, and in profane eyes, a stronger claim to celebrity, by being the principal scene of action in Boileau's *Lutrin.* It is at present shut up, and the genius of French reparation seems busy about it, with most ominous activity.

The PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, commenced by Catherine of Medicis, and completed by Louis XIV. is probably as disagreeable a pile of building as even the age of Louis XIV. has given birth to. It presents a façade of 1070 feet; composed towards the *Place du Carrousel* of seven discordant parcels of building, capped with high Dutch roofs, and tall chimneys, and decorated with all sizes and orders of columns; towards the garden the discrepancy of parts is equally striking and preposterous; nor, if we

except its size, has the whole palace a single claim to admiration.

To describe the gardens is but to give the proportions of a certain number of diagrams, filled with trees and flower-beds, and edged with cauliflower-headed orange-trees, in large tubs. There are, however, some good pieces of sculpture, principally copies from the antique, and the walks are always enlivened by crowds of idlers of all classes, parading the long alleys, or lounging under the trees, and reading newspapers; and be it known, a man must be indeed idle who can find occupation in the insipidity of a French newspaper.

In the centre of the *Place du Carrousel*, and fronting the entrance of the Tuileries, (a sight hateful to legitimate orbs of vision,) stands the triumphal arch of Napoleon. Its height is 45 feet, its breadth 60, its thickness 20½: its chief beauties are its graceful proportions, the richness of its materials, and delicacy of its sculptures: its defects are want of simplicity, and want of grandeur. The first arises from its mixture of colours and materials; its different sorts of marble, bronze, and gilding; and in some degree, perhaps, from the needless use of columns, four of which are employed on each front, to support almost nothing. Its want of grandeur is rendered more conspicuous by the wide circumambient space, and masses of the Louvre and Tuileries round it. The *Porte St. Denis*, raised by Louis XIV. is on the whole

a happier effort: its design is simpler, and its proportions larger, being 73 feet high, on a front of 72: its principal defect is want of depth. Bonaparte seems to have been aware of the defects of his first arch, when he planned that of Neuilly, at the Versailles entrance of Paris. It was intended to commemorate his nuptials, that is, his unfortunate vanity; and little dreamt he the trophy would not have risen ere he should be held in captivity under the superintendence of his imperial father-in-law. Its height was to have been 135 feet, and to judge from the portion of it already raised, both the style and execution would have been grand and simple. That the Emperor had no *penchant* for the diminutive in architecture is evident, from his model of an elephant fountain, 40 feet high, intended to be erected in the *Place de la Bastille*: one of the fore-legs will contain a staircase, for the purpose of ascending to an immense reservoir on the animal's back. It is a substitution of the gigantic for the sublime.—The bas-reliefs, representing the most remarkable victories of the French arms, have been effaced from the arch of the *Place du Carrousel*, as if so pitiful a precaution could erase them from history also. With what feelings can the French nation behold the restoration of a family, whose interests are at open war with its most glorious remembrances?

The Louvre Palace is indisputably an elegant pile of architecture. The interior of the

quadrangle is splendidly finished: the front towards the river is rich and graceful, and the eastern colonnade has been justly considered one of the most elegant ornaments of Paris. The coupling of the columns has been censured; but they contribute to its general magnificence, and are well brought out by the depth of the gallery behind them: the ground-story is, perhaps, too plain for the upper, a defect particularly observable in the principal entrance; the wings too somewhat heavily terminate each end of it; but these are blemishes which require examination to become sensible; its beauties strike without effort. The whole of this palace was repaired, at a great expense, by Napoleon, who contrived to introduce so many N's and eagles among the decorations, that the pollution is scarcely yet eradicated; though one cannot see why the eagle might not easily have been converted into a good fat capon, and so have been an emblem still. Whilst he was at Elba they were economical enough to turn Jove's bird into Minerva's on the cushions and furniture of St. Cloud.

The Louvre Gallery, which connects this palace with that of the Tuileries by the south side of the *Place du Carrousel*, is 1332 feet in length, and 42 wide. Its distant effect is injured by the alternation of circular and triangular pediments; but on a nearer view this defect is swallowed up in the more glaring absurdities of its jumbled architecture. The building corresponding to it

the opposite side of the quadrangle, was commenced by Bonaparte, completely to unite the [illegible] 70 feet are already built.

The [illegible]oor of the great gallery, with part of the Louvre palace, is divided into 18 halls and apartments, filled with antique sculpture. It was here the Venus and Apollo swayed in the sovereignty of art and beauty: since their removal, an aristocracy of statues has succeeded to their vacated pre-eminence. None of them, indeed, can pretend to that homage, which all beholders once offered to the triumphant powers of Light and Love; but many have sufficient merit to rivet attention, and captivate the mind with admiration of ancient genius.

As a collection, this statue-gallery is, perhaps, inferior to that of paintings; yet the effect it produces on the mind, is by association far more powerful. In the midst of this assemblage of antique forms, we are at once carried back to those periods of society, which our educations have accustomed us to connect with every thing romantic in song, and sublime in history. The bards, warriors, and philosophers, on whom we have gazed with veneration through the dim vista of ages, are here before us, sculptured by contemporary hands, in "their very habits as they lived," as they looked, and were looked upon by their countrymen and relatives: the gods they worshipped, themselves still more godlike; the altars they consecrated; their baths, and domestic ornaments; every thing

connected with the elegance and dignity of their lives, is here collected round us

The VESTIBULE contains a [illegible] (14.) enriched with Bacchanalian [illegible]. It is supported by an hexagonal altar, finely sculptured.—A colossal head of Jupiter Serapis (9.), bearing the Egyptian *modius*, or attribute of abundance, is grand and severe.

The HALL OF EMPERORS introduces us to a goodly assemblage of "kings of the world." The statue of Trajan (34.) is noble, and his cuirass of the most delicate workmanship.

In the HALL OF THE SEASONS we find a charming Venus *Genitrix* (35.)—A Wounded Warrior (37.) sinks to earth unvanquished, and turns a brow of defiance on his enemy.—A small statue of Euripides (48.) is remarkable for a catalogue of his plays, engraved on the marble table on which he is seated: it enables us (though imperfect) to calculate of how many Time has robbed us.—The alto-relievo of Mithras (59.) is a monument of Eastern superstition, well known to antiquaries. It is curious, that in the catalogue, the dog, who is licking the bull's blood, should be described as a serpent. The execution of this interesting monument is extremely bold and forcible.

The HALL OF PEACE contains several elegant candelabras. The nomenclature of several of the statues here, as well as in the other parts of the museum, seems purely imaginary. Nos. 1. 31. 42. 69. and 72. are examples.

No. 67. *Hercules Hermes*, is described with a countenance of drunken joy, though neither joy nor drunkenness can be seen in it.

In the HALL OF THE ROMANS are (81.) a fine Roman bust, and (83.) a statue, which antiquaries have neglected to christen. — The statue of Tiberius (88.) is extremely noble; it was found in Capri, and forcibly suggests Lord Byron's definition of ancient grandees;

Demons in act, but gods at least in face.

A superb bust of Antinous (100.) represents him with the attributes of Egyptian divinity: συνθρονος των εν Αιγυπτω Θεων. There is a cavity on the top of the bust, supposed to have held the Lotus, or flower, which, according to Athenæus, was honoured by Adrian with his favourite's name.

The HALL OF THE CENTAUR is distinguished by a group, representing a monster of this description, ridden in triumph by a youthful Bacchus (106.) The Centaur's hands are bound behind him, and his head is turned back; but the absence of irritation from his countenance seems to denote him a willing victim to the supernatural influence of the merry god. — Three busts of Lucius Verus (Nos. 111. 116. 119.), two of Marcus Aurelius (Nos. 109. 117.), and a statue of Germanicus, deserve attention. — A Slumbering Bacchus (118.), supporting himself on the trunk of a tree, his head bound with ivy, and a goat-skin thrown over his shoulder, pre-

sents a graceful expression of indolence and repose.

The HALL OF DIANA offers a group of superior excellence. The divine Huntress, with a look of indignant animation, is snatching an arrow from the quiver on her left shoulder; her hair, drawn round her temples, and fastened in a knot behind, reveals a brow beautiful in anger; her feet are sandaled, her legs bare: on her left hand bounds a doe, conjectured to represent the consecrated deer, which, at the command of Eurystheus, Hercules pursued and caught near the stream of the Arcadian Ladon: the goddess, though at first indignant at the insult offered to her pet, is said to have yielded her at length to the entreaties of the hero. This statue has been in France since the time of Henry IV.; it is of Parian marble, and unblemished. — The statue of Minerva (150.) bears the awful brow and severe majesty of the Athenian goddess. — The bust of Demosthenes (157.), besides being ably sculptured, has all the character of a portrait.

The HALL OF THE CANDELABRUM is named from an ornament of this description, of superior size and beauty, which forms its central decoration; the sculptures are, as usual, Bacchanalian; it was brought from the *Salviati* palace, at Rome, and has been engraved by Piranesi, who intended it to adorn his tomb. — The busts of Venus and Isis (174. 178.) are very delicately

sculptured. — The figure of Marsyas (190.), stript, and fastened to the trunk of a tree, is executed with admirable vigour, and anatomical precision. — Nor was the genius of the ancients less conspicuous in animals than in the human form. Nos. 179. and 187. a Dog and Wild Boar, are exquisite. The catalogue tells us that dogs often barked at the former, when at the *Villa Borghese;* nor, while we look at it, do we see any reason to doubt the anecdote.

The HALL OF TIBER is named from a colossal group representing this river-god leaning on his urn, near which the she-wolf is caressing the twin founders of the imperial city. This group, with that of the Nile, now in the Vatican, are said to have adorned two fountains in the avenue to the temple of Isis and Serapis, near the *Via Lata.* The workmanship and design are bold. — A statue of Ceres (194.) is remarkable for its drapery. — The bas-relief, below the statue of Flora (195.), is pleasing both in the subject and execution. Under that of Julia Mammia (203.) is placed a sepulchral altar, consecrated to Cornelia Eutychia, on which a lamb is sculptured, with this simple, yet affectionate dedication — *D. M. C. E. T. C^ae. Æmilianus conjugi carissimæ dulcissimæ, rarissimæ.*

The HALL OF THE GLADIATOR is named from the magnificent statue to which this appellation was once erroneously given. It is that of a naked warrior, bending forward, with his

left arm raised, and protected by a small buckler, in an attitude of defence; the right is drawn back in act to strike at an adversary, who, from the warrior's posture, must be supposed on horseback; every nerve is stretched, and every muscle swelled in an attitude of the most powerful exertion; but the full uplifted brow is stamped with the sublimity of disdain and courage. The whole figure is a glorious personification of martial energy, embodied in an Homeric hero, "equal in combat to the immortal gods." This statue was discovered at Antium, in the beginning of the 16th century, and has the name of the sculptor, Agasias of Ephesus, graven on the support of the figure. — The sporting Cupid disguised as Hercules (217.) is an excellent antipode to the foregoing. — The Venus of Arles (219.) is a charming figure; and the group, 224. *A Satyr extracting a thorn from a Faun's foot*, is a pleasing fancy, illustrative of the forms and occupations of those rural demi-gods, whose good-humoured countenances redeem their deformity, and almost make us wish to meet them in our forest rambles.

The HALL OF PALLAS is named from a colossal statue of Minerva, called *The Pallas of Velletri*, from the place of its discovery, in 1797. The countenance, drapery, and attitude are full of graceful majesty. — We gaze with pleasure on the busts of Trajan (233.) and Nerva (234.), as on the portraits of good and great men. We admire the strength and energy

expressed in that of the Athlete (237.); and the manly beauty of Antinous in 241.—The statue of Polymnia (235.) is admirable for the drapery, drawn in folds round the figure; nor does the part restored yield in finish to the original. The countenance of young Hercules strangling the serpents, in the little statue 247. is a fine expression of infantine courage.—But two groups especially claim our notice: one, not yet numbered, consists of two little figures, of Bacchus and Silenus, the latter of whom leans in drunken carelessness, with his left arm on the shoulder of the god, and holds a cork-bottle with his right The other (261.) is a countryman flaying a kid, which he has hung for the purpose against a tree: 'tis very nature.

The HALL OF THE CARYATIDES is a magnificent room; it was built during the reign of Henry II., on the plan of Peter Lescot, and John Goujon, for a guard-room to the palace. Its dimensions are 140 feet by 42; the vaulted roof is supported by fluted columns, of an order betwixt Doric and Corinthian: at the upper end is a gallery, resting on four Caryatides, the work of John Goujon; and over it, a semicircular bas-relief in bronze, executed by Benvenuto Cellini, for the great gate of the castle of Fontainbleau. The door below this gallery is also enriched with eight bas-reliefs in bronze, the work of Andrea Riccio, of Padua, and originally intended to adorn a tomb of the *De*

La Torre family at Verona. The Sleeping Hermaphrodite (306.) is a principal ornament of this apartment. — Five Hermean busts (305. 307. 315. 318. 327.) of Socrates, Homer, Hercules, Miltiades, and Epicurus, present expressive portraits of these illustrious characters. — The statue of Sabina, wife of Hadrian (317.), is reckoned among the best existing representations of Roman empresses. — The colossal Torso of Jupiter (350.) is a majestic personification of the father of gods and men. — The group (351.) Silenus caressing an infant Bacchus, is exquisitely finished: the attitude is noble, yet natural, and highly expressive of nursing tenderness. — The Jason (352.), both in the character of the figure, and execution, bears a considerable resemblance to the Warrior (206.) The hero is stooping to fasten the sandal of his right foot, while his raised countenance is powerfully expressive of interest and attention: a ploughshare is beside him: this accompaniment, together with the vacant sandal for the left foot, have determined antiquarians to recognise Jason, when summoned from his agricultural occupations, to attend his uncle Pelias, before whom his appearance *with one sandal*, was the fulfilment of an oracle. The conjecture is certainly ingenious, though Apollonius Rhodius accounts differently, and more probably, if probability were any object in such matters, for the loss of the sandal. — A Lion of Egyptian

basalt (312.) is worthy to be placed by the dog; already described.—The Borghese Vase (353.) is a model of delicate beauty.

The HALL OF MELPOMENE is distinguished by a colossal statue of the Muse of Tragedy; it is twelve feet high, and finely proportioned. A rich mosaic pavement is railed round in front of it.

The HALL OF ISIS is chiefly filled with Egyptian deities, the hard lines of whose lifeless forms afford a striking contrast to the breathing beauty of Grecian workmanship. This part of the collection is very inferior to that of the British Museum,

The upper story of the Louvre Gallery, in its whole magnificent extent, is filled with paintings of all schools, ages, and masters, collected as in a galaxy, which almost dazzles by its splendour, and renders discrimination for some time difficult, if not painful. The whole collection is arranged in three grand divisions, or schools; namely, 1. The French; 2. The Flemish, comprising the German, Dutch, &c.; and 3. The Italian. This arrangement has the advantage of being formed in an ascending scale; so that the best pictures are reserved to crown our passage through intermediate degrees of excellence. It is perhaps the best disposition which could have been selected for so large a number of pictures: in a collection less extensive, to place the finest pieces in the most striking points of view, would be the method

most productive of effect; but here something must be sacrificed to simplicity. There are, besides, in a long gallery, few conspicuous or even favourable points of view: the cross lights from the opposite windows very frequently rendering it difficult to obtain a tolerable sight of the pictures on which they fall, especially when they chance to be highly varnished.

1. The FRENCH SCHOOL consists of the works of forty-two masters, none of them living. Many of these undoubtedly owe their admission to the chasm made by the allies; others might justly claim it on the score of indisputable merit.

In the vestibule, *A Concert*, by Puget (152.), in which are introduced the portraits of many of the musicians and artists of the age of Louis XIV., is rather curious for its matter than its execution, which is hard and somewhat coarse.—The first apartment of the gallery contains the admired productions of Le Brun, who seems to have been the very Louis XIV. of painters. His portraits (16, 17, 18.) seem his best pieces.—The natural graces of Vernet are an agreeable relief to this artist's pomposity. Nos. 224. to 238. are a series of views of the several ports of France, executed by order of Louis XV., and completed in ten years. Too much praise cannot be given to the exquisite taste with which the artist has managed subjects often little susceptible of picturesque effect, such as rows of brick-houses, straight walks,

the long low lines of modern fortifications, rope-walks, &c., all which are made to harmonise by the magic dispositions of light and shade, which are thrown with such judgment and effect, that the bright sun-shine, sweeping clouds, and gathered tempest, seem so many happy accidents of nature, for the embellishment of each scene. When left to his own choice of subjects, Vernet's taste frequently approached the graces of Italian landscape, in which he delights to introduce the ruins of ancient edifices; but his *forte* lay chiefly in sea-views; and in these, the effect of his sun-sets, storms, and moonlight, has never been surpassed, rarely equalled. Nos. 240, 241. 244. 246, 247, 248, 249, 250. 252, 253, 254, are splendid instances.

Opposite to the views of Vernet, hangs the whole legend of St. Bruno, digested into twenty-two heavy pictures, by Le Sueur; commencing with the startling adventure of Dr. Raimond, canon of *Notre Dame*, who, after passing all his life for a great saint, sat upright, during his burial service, and three times declared himself damned; an event which could not fail of making a lively impression on St. Bruno, who, then a young man, was one of the congregation. These pictures were formerly very properly lodged in the Carthusian convent of Paris, for which they were painted.—Two small whole-length portraits (43, 44.) of Henry II. and Charles IX. by Francis Clouet, who lived in 1547, are exquisitely painted; the finishing is

like enamel.—*The Last Judgment* (54.), by John Cousin, who lived towards the end of the sixteenth century, is reckoned one of the earliest specimens of historical painting in France. The composition is ingenious, and the figures spirited: some of the ideas seem borrowed from Dante.—*The Holy Ghost presiding at the Union of the Virgin and Joseph* (102.), by Charles Van Loo, is beautifully finished.—*The Virgin presenting the Infant Jesus with a Bunch of Grapes*, (108.), by Mignard, is a charming imitation of the Italian school. It is to this talent of borrowing Italian beauty Mignard principally owes his celebrity.—The pictures of Claude Lorraine are the stars of the French school, into which he seems somewhat gratuitously adopted, being born a German, having studied under a Neapolitan master, and lived and died in Italy. He pours upon his productions such a richness of design and colour, that they almost dazzle both the sight and imagination. In 80., the Sun is actually painted as he pours his parting rays in a golden flood upon a harbour, covered with ships and gondolas, and surrounded by palaces. 83. *A View of the Campo Vaccino*, brings together all the architectural magnificence of ancient Rome. *The Village Fête*, (79.) and Nos. 81. 84, 85. *Sea Views*, have all the charm and splendour which characterise his genius.—Nicholas Poussin was little more French than Claude Lorraine; Norman by birth, he was Italian by education, in his life, and

death. In the rich collection of his productions, here assembled, we distinguish the gloomy grandeur, and terrible picturesque of *The Deluge* (120.) The ark floats amid obscurity in the stormy distance; towards the centre of the picture the waters, bursting in a cascade over mountain crags, have overwhelmed a solitary boat, the crew of which vainly struggle with destruction: among them a mother is endeavouring to save her infant, with a love triumphant over danger. Other images of universal ruin occupy the foreground. The Deluge is a subject upon which many artists have exercised their talents; but it is one of not less difficulty than interest. No combination of images can reach our preconceptions of the horror of such a catastrophe: the artist, instead of creating objects, has to select from such as already exist in the mind of the spectator; nor is the selection void of perplexity: if he crowd his canvass with too many, the universality of the deluge seems lost sight of; if he introduce but few, it is difficult so to select them, that they may be adequate illustrations of the general devastation. I remember a Deluge piece, some years ago, in the British Gallery, which seemed in this respect happily imagined. A single rock rose amid a troubled ocean, on which a famished and solitary wolf sat baying at the descending tempest. The only objects in the foreground were two large dead snakes, which, from their amphibious nature, and pe-

culiar tenacity of life, seemed to express the supernatural strength of that destruction which even *they* were unable to resist. Poussin's *Death of Eurydice* (145.) is painted with great effect, but rather harshly. *Arcadian Shepherds* (146.) is highly poetical in design: the tomb, simply inscribed "ET IN ARCADIA EGO," tells a whole tale of pathos. The *Landscape* of 150. is in this artist's grandest manner: there is, however, in almost all Poussin's pictures a hardness and sombre cast of colouring, which render the pleasure they excite very inferior to the reputation of the painter.—No. 65. *The Interior of a Cottage*, by Martin Drolling, is a perfect miracle of effect, in the style of the modern French school: not an utensil or article of furniture but is laboured with the most minute exactness and attention to effect; the figures are rounded so as to swell from the canvass; it is peeping into a cottage, not looking at a picture.

2. The FLEMISH, GERMAN, AND DUTCH SCHOOLS, comprising the works of 132 masters. One is chiefly and agreeably surprised, in this extensive division of the gallery, to perceive how small a proportion the bad, or even indifferent pictures bear to the good; and to see how rarely the artists of these schools fall below themselves. The same exact imitation of life and nature, the same tone of richness and finish, are every where conspicuous; and, if they do not often attain the sublime, the truth and

beauty which flow abundantly from their pencils go far to supply the deficiency. The charming landscapes of Berghem admirably illustrate this remark: broad, rich, yet especially natural, his colouring is repose to the eye, as his scenery to the imagination. Nos. 293, 294. 298. 302. are examples. — The scenery of his contemporary, Ruysdael, is scarcely less beautiful. 632. *A Storm at Sea*, is particularly forcible. — *The Terrestrial Paradise* of Breughel (321.) is a rich composition. — A small whole-length of Charles I. (347.), by N. Coning, is very delicate and curious: the monarch is habited in a rich suit of black velvet, with crimson stockings, and large roses in his shoes; a costume very much resembling that of Mr. Kemble in Hamlet. The finishing is exquisite. — A small portrait, supposed to be that of John Frederick, Elector of Saxony (351.), by Luc de Cranach, is very powerfully painted in the old manner: this artist flourished in the 15th century. — The eleven pictures of Gherard Dow, (363. to 373.) are in his best style. In 368. *A Dropsical Patient*, his talent goes beyond itself, by a powerful association of natural feeling, with unrivalled finish and richness. The sick old lady is seated in her easy chair; her cadaverous complexion, bloated frame, and languid attitude, forcibly depict the inanition which marks the last stages of her malady; but her looks are directed with placid tenderness towards her daughter, who is weeping at her feet

a physician is holding a phial up to the light, and examining its contents, with looks professionally indifferent and void of sympathy. The various rich articles of furniture, declare his patient to be a person above the common ranks of life; a circumstance which explains the continuance of his attendance on a case evidently hopeless. No. 373. is a curious imitation of the manner of Rembrandt, in which the scholar may be said to have excelled his master, even in the latter's peculiar power of *chiaro-oscuro*. A philosopher is meditating before a window, from which the light falls upon his figure, and on a circular staircase at the further end of the apartment. Rembrandt, in treating nearly the same subject (582.), seems to have been less happy in the effect, by the introduction of a double light from the window, and from a fire in the corner of the room. — The compositions of Metzu, who imitated Gherard Dow, well deserve a place near those of his prototype. 485. *The Herb-market of Amsterdam*, is very pleasingly enlivened by the attitudes of a Dog and Cock; the cock has escaped from his basket, on which he stands bristling, betwixt fear and anger, at a spaniel, who is eyeing him with no less attention. — The pictures of the elder Miéris, Gherard Dow's pupil, and of William Van Miéris, his son, are exquisitely finished. 514. *The Seller of Game*, by the latter, will bear a comparison with the pictures of Dow himself. — Among the admirable portraits of Van Dyke,

(382.), that of a Governor of the Low Countries, under Philip IV., is remarkable for the resemblance of its composition to the mounted figure of Charles I. at Windsor. — 431. *Sir Thomas Moore*, by Holbein, is excellent; but 433. *William Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury*, is still more impressive: it was painted in 1528, when the archbishop was 70 years of age. 435. That of a Lady of Rank, in a rich red dress, is in his hard, stiff manner, and reminds one of the portrait of the Earl of Surrey at Windsor. — *The Flight into Egypt* (398.), by Adam Elsheymer, deserves to be noticed for the striking effect of the stars seen through the foliage of the landscape. — 401. *The Virgin crowned by an Angel*, by John Van Eyck, is a fine specimen of the genius of this father of the art. — To judge by two pictures of Lucas de Leyden (475, 476.), it made no great progress in the course of the succeeding century. The former of these is the *Descent from the Cross*, painted on a gold ground: the latter, *A Salutation*, is beautifully finished in the costume and detail, which are as ridiculous as can well be imagined. Holbein, who was Lucas de Leyden's contemporary, seems to have been the connecting link betwixt the ancient and modern styles; and in another half century, the perfection of colouring was seen in Rubens. — It would be unfair to estimate the talents of this great master, by the twenty-two overwhelming allegories, by which he has illustrated the life of Mary

de Medicis. His genius evidently sunk under the insipidity of the subject. In 605. there is fine whole length of Henry IV.; and the Lions, in 603, are admirable; but they were probably the production of Sneyders. A juster specimen of the genius of Rubens is beheld with rapture in 588, *The Prophet Elias succoured by an Angel in the Desert.* The angel seems glowing with divinity, and the prophet to have imbibed a portion of his celestial visitant's brightness. In the gilded columns, which finish either side of the picture, we may observe the love of rich colouring betraying the painter into an impropriety of ornament. *Diogenes seeking a Man* (596.) is a fine painting. The Scripture pieces 587. 590. 593. and the portraits 618. 621, 622. as also *The Rainbow*, (627.) are excellent. 625. *A Village Fête*, is painted with great vigour, but coarse both in design and execution. — Nos. 703. and 704. by John Weenix, are charming specimens of dead Birds and Game. A peacock, in the latter, exhibits in perfection the bird's beautiful neck, and plumes slightly ruffled by death.

The interior of churches and ancient edifices was a favourite study of many Flemish artists. Peter Neefs devoted himself exclusively to such subjects. 529. *The Interior of the Cathedral of Antwerp*, is an excellent specimen of his talent; 657. and 659. similar subjects, by Henry Van Steenwick the younger, are equally excellent. 658. *A Gothic Hall*, by the same

hand, in its perspective and the distribution of light, is admirable. The figures of Christ, Martha, and Mary, by Pœlenberg, are introduced, not very aptly, with reference to the style of the apartment. — 728. *The Interior of a Kitchen*, by Zorg, is remarkable for the fine effect of the metal pots and other utensils. — The genius of Wouvermans was truly martial: hawking, hunting, and fighting were his delights; but he chiefly excelled in the latter. His *Charge of Polish Cavalry* (718.) is all hurry, fire, and exertion. His combats are never on too large a scale to exclude individual prowess; every man in them looks and fights as if aware of the importance of his single arm. This is in fact the only way to make a battle-piece interesting; and one might almost add, a battle too. — The Ostades and Teniers are the most finished delineators of common life, and every-day incident: they are in painting, what our Crabbe is in poetry, and share with him the merit of never violating nature for the sake of exalting subjects, to which dignity would be inapplicable,—a fidelity which falls into error where the subjects are naturally of a loftier character, as in the *Denial of Christ*, by Teniers (667.) where the solemnity of the event is diminished by the introduction of soldiers playing at cards, as in a Dutch guard-room. — 541. *The Family of Adrian Van Ostade*, is very nature without flattery: the stiff disagreeable costume, particularly of the children, renders the

painter's talent still more conspicuous. *The Schoolmaster* (542.) and *Inside of a Cottage*, or *Farm-House* (544.) are good. 550. and 551. two *Winter Pieces*, by the younger Ostade, are very lively representations of ice-locked, snow-clad scenery. It is superfluous to distinguish amid the excellent productions of David Teniers. 668. *The Prodigal Son*, is a curious instance of the inveteracy with which the best Flemish artists applied the costume and imagery of their own country to nations however remote and dissimilar. The prodigal son of the land of Canaan is wasting his substance like a frolicsome young burgo-master of Amsterdam or the Hans Towns.

I have no intention of entering upon a consideration of the peculiar circumstances, whether of climate, education, or national manners, which may have contributed to confine the genius of Flemish artists to the correct delineation of familiar objects, without soaring into the sublime of ideal expression; but it is curious to observe from what distinct fountains the bards and painters of northern regions have drawn their inspirations. It is impossible, indeed, to imagine two relatives with fewer features of similarity than the sister-muses in these countries. The poetry of the North is passionate, metaphysical, and characterised by all the features of the wildest sublimity; while it is scarcely possible to discover an instance of a German or Flemish painter borrowing a single

idea or feeling from this kindred art; on the contrary, when their subject chances to be in itself of a more elevated and poetical cast than usual, they do their best endeavours to tame it down to the prose of common life, either by taking from the principal figures the dignity belonging to their situation, or by blending them with vulgar incidents and accessories. Rubens is but occasionally an exception to this observation.

3. The ITALIAN SCHOOL contains the works of 139 masters. The proportion of good pictures to those of middle rate is not so great here as in the Flemish school; the superior merit of the few is such, however, as probably to make this difference *seem* greater than it really is; which will be readily understood, by conceiving the difficulty of finding pictures to place beside those of Raffaello, Guido, and Titiano, which shall not suffer by the comparison. Breaking the general order of arrangement, the most astonishing picture in the Gallery faces the spectator, as he enters it from the anti-room: it is *The Marriage of Cana*, by Paul Veronese. It is, probably, the largest piece of painting extant, and indisputably includes the richest collection of portraits. All the eminent characters of Europe are collected at this Galilean festival: among the male guests are Charles V., Francis I., Solyman II., and the Marquis of Guasto: among the ladies, the Queen of Scots bears the palm of beauty, and

tasteful costume; she is drest in yellow: Paul Veronese himself, with all the great painters of his day, are grouped as musicians in the foreground of the picture. The architecture of the banqueting-room, and all the decorations, are in a style of magnificence better suited to the imperial state of Charles V. than to the probable condition of a person in a middling rank of life in the land of Cana. Every part of the picture seems to have been finished with great care, even to the sculptured vase on the floor, round which a cat is playfully clinging.

Dividing the productions of the Italian pencil according to dates, we find but two masters of the 14th century, both Florentines, Andrea Orcagna, and Fra Giovanni da Fiesoli; the latter of whom was born about the time of the former's death, in 1389. No. 909. is a curious Scripture piece, by Fiesoli, to which he has joined seven small pictures, representing the Legend of St. Dominic. — The end of the 14th and commencement of the 15th century, furnish a splendid host of names; of whom we may particularise Perugino, Andrea del Sarto, Corregio, Sebastian del Piombo, Andrea Solari, Gentile da Fabriano, Garofolo, Leonardo de Vinci, Julio Romano, Bernardino da Luino, Titiano, and the divine Raffaello. — 779. *Charity*, by Andrea del Sarto, is remarkable for being one of the first pictures transferred in France from pannel to canvass. — 864. *Christ crowned with Thorns*, by Corregio, presents a countenance of

divine resignation; yet pale and even deadly, as if inwardly imploring the bitter cup might pass from him. — 1103. A Portrait of *Baccio Bandinelli*, by Sebastian del Piombo, is painted with astonishing force of expression. Bandinelli was a Florentine sculptor, and is here represented holding the model of a Venus, which he regards with fixed attention. There are but two pictures of this artist in the gallery. 991. Was formerly attributed to him, but is now given to Bernardino da Luino. 990. *Jesus caressing the Virgin*, is also by the latter. The heavenly Mother is of surpassing beauty and delicacy. — *The Virgin* of Solari, in No. 1107, is also charming; she is suckling the Infant Jesus, who is drawn with red hair. 1106. *The Daughter of Herodias, with the Head of John the Baptist*, also by Solari, is a very forcible picture. — The rich finishing of Garofolo is well displayed in 914. *A Lamb presented to the Virgin and Infant Jesus by St. Elizabeth and St. John:* the countenances are finished like miniatures. — From their evident inequality, it is probable that all the Titians in the Gallery are not the productions of this great master; but there are enough of them, by their commanding force and beauty, to bear witness of his genius. 1122. is curious for the dispute which has been stirred, whether the persons depicted, are the painter and his mistress, or Alphonso Duke of Ferrara, and Laura Bianti; but no dispute can be raised that that exquisite countenance, and the long fine

tresses she confines in her right hand, once belonged to one of the loveliest of her sex — to a living beauty, on which earth looked with admiration. The nine portraits which follow (1123. to 1131.) are faces upon which succeeding ages will gaze with endless admiration. It is, perhaps, in their portraits that the masters of the art most strongly impress us with a sense of their infinite superiority, and throw back to an immeasurable distance, the efforts of subordinate talent. 1072. *The Portrait of Joan of Arragon, Vice-queen of Naples,* by Raffaello, is a splendid instance. Her rich crimson costume, and tasteful Spanish hat, are the work of Julio Romano; but who but Raffaello, or Titiano, could have painted such a countenance? Yet, admirable as it is, it yields, perhaps, to 1074. *The Portrait of a Young Man,* who is leaning his head upon his hand, in an attitude of meditation. Nothing can be simpler than the countenance of this picture, or seemingly less studied than the expression cast into its features; but a divine force of intellect looks through them, with a penetration from which the spectator almost starts: yet there is no passion; no perturbed vehemence of feeling; all is calm and energetic, a perfect embodiment of soul and genius. *La belle Jardinière* (1079.), is one of those charming compositions, full of delicacy, and sweet feeling, which we would, if possible, look at every morning, to attune us for the fit enjoyment either of physical or moral beauty, during the

day. *The Head of the Infant Jesus*, in 1080. is sublime—'tis the infancy of the Godhead.—The period betwixt the middle of the 16th and the end of the 17th centuries, gives us Paul Veronese, Albano, the Caracci, Domenichino, Guercino, Guido, Salvator Rosa, Sasso Ferrato, Schidone, Tintoretto; and the Spaniards, Ribera, Murillo, and Velasquez. The pencil of Albano is justly celebrated for its softness and delicacy; yet these qualities have sometimes, perhaps, impaired its vigour; nor are his tints always happily combined. In 761. the naked forms of the sleeping cupids are so strongly contrasted with the verdure of the landscape, that they resemble bright spots on a green carpet. In 760. however, it is impossible not to admire these charming divinities, while employed in forging, and polishing their arrows. *The Landscape and Cascade* of 762. are delightful. *Daphne pursued by Apollo* (766.) is soft and pretty; but 754. *The Repose in Egypt*, claims pre-eminence even over its exquisite neighbours. Angels are offering fruit and flowers to the Holy Family, of whom Jesus is seated on his mother's knees; St. Joseph is leading an ass to drink at a river; an incident in which the artist has made a curious change in 755. (a repetition of the same subject), where an angel is honoured with this employment. —Of the 24 pictures of Annibal Caracci, only two impressed me strongly with their excellence, *viz.* 882. *The Virgin hushing St. John, lest he should disturb the slumbering*

Jesus; and 842. *A Landscape, with a Saint's Box by the road-side.* It would argue, however, great temerity in me to pronounce against the remaining majority, as if not equally entitled to the praise justly assigned to this artist's genius. When we judge of pictures not by the rules of art, but by the impression we passively receive from them, a variety of causes will render our judgment inaccurate and variable. It will be swayed by associations not necessarily connected with the merit of the picture in question; by the state of our health and spirits; by the pictures we may have been previously examining; by fatigue or novelty, and finally by caprices which admit of no explanation: and for these reasons, probably, is connoisseurship a talent so often and so ridiculously at fault.

Among the Domenichinos, 873. *David playing on the Harp,* for grandeur of expression; 877. *The Virgin appearing to St. Francis,* for graceful sweetness; and 883. *The Car of Love,* for poetic design; are most remarkable. — To select one of Guido's compositions, is to pick a star out of a constellation; but 948. *The Virgin with the Infant Jesus sleeping on her Lap,* is pre-eminently a specimen of the mild, angelic charm with which his figures and faces are invested. I should say, no painter in the gallery was worthier to stand beside him than Sasso Ferrato: 1097. and 1098. the only pictures of this artist in the collection, have all Guido's delicacy, especially the last, in which the Virgin

is borne up by cherubim to the mansions of bliss:

> Her meek hands, folded on her modest breast,

her raised eyes, and floating figure, reveal all we can imagine of a divinized form of flesh and blood. — 1118. *A Portrait,* and 1114. *Susannah in the Bath,* by Tintoretto, are pictures worthy of Titian's pencil, if not of his jealousy. — 1094. *A Landscape,* by Salvator Rosa, is dashed in his bold manner, with wild rocks, ragged woods, and bandit-looking soldiers. — There is but one picture of Ribera's, *The Worship of the Shepherds* (901.), in which the countenance of the Virgin is finely expressive. — 1020. *A Young Beggar,* by Murillo, has a force approaching to hardness, such as we represent to ourselves in the Spanish character.

I have thus inadequately set forth some portion of the contents of this immense treasury of genius — in spite of all the deductions which have been made from it, still the richest in the world. For my own part, instead of regretting its losses, were it to be so far reduced that each *chef-d'œuvre* might stand in a certain degree isolated, I should think the pleasure of the spectacle thereby increased; certainly the attention would be less distracted, and the eye less dazzled, by the profusion of forms and colours, which are now poured upon it with fatiguing brilliancy. This is, indeed, an objection applicable to all considerable collections;

but it is worth considering, if we desire to estimate the comparative advantages of having the finest pictures in Europe congregated into one gallery; and of re-distributing them according to their original destinations, and places of nativity.

The PALAIS DE LUXEMBOURG, in which the Chamber of Peers now holds its sittings, though justly chargeable with heaviness, in common with all French edifices of the same date, is on the whole a majestic pile of building, much more so than the Tuileries. This is, probably, to be ascribed to its having been built on the Italian model of the Pitti palace at Florence: its quadrangular arrangement gives it depth; nor is its massive character injured by an intermixture of architectural flourishes: the Tuscan and Doric orders reign throughout, and the general effect is harmonious and imposing, if not graceful. Rubens painted his series of allegories to adorn this palace, while in the occupation of Mary de Medicis; but since these have been removed to the Louvre, the Luxembourg Gallery has been assigned for the reception of the works of living artists. It is here, therefore, in the absence of the annual *exposé* at the Louvre, equivalent to our Somerset-House, the stranger is to form his judgment on the modern French school of painting, and to consider whether the Davids, the Guerins, Gerards, and Girodets of the present day, have left Raffaello and Rubens as far behind them as their country-

men sometimes imagine. The first impression I felt on entering the Gallery was that of a brilliant and dazzling play of lights and colours, producing an effect novel, and therefore, to a certain extent, pleasing; but this pleasure always diminished as I more narrowly and repeatedly examined the productions which gave birth to it: it was clearly a pleasure not founded in an excelling delineation of natural beauty: the illusion was a species of stage-effect, or the brilliancy of an illumination compared with sunshine. I should mention, as the most striking and favourable specimens of it, No. 16. *The Interior of Julian's Palace*, partially restored, by Charles-Marie Bouton. — No. 23. *An Eruption of Mount Vesuvius*, by the Count Auguste de Forbin. The artist has selected the eruption of the year 79, which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum. — 29. *The Slumber of Endymion*, on whose beautiful countenance a moon-beam plays through the trees, by Girodet: and 33. *The Lightning of Divine Vengeance flashing upon Cain and his Family, after the Murder of his Brother Abel*, by Paulin Guerin. — In 20. *The Knighting of Francis I. by Bayard*, by Ducis, the glitter of the colouring confounds the subject.

In the drawing and expression of human lineaments, the modern French school seems to have fallen into two extremes. The one of waxiness and effeminacy; the other of overwrought ferocity. The simple energy, which

seems to flow from the deep fountain of the soul, and which Raffaello, Titiano, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, have infused into their portraits, seems altogether unknown to them: their heroes are either opera-dancers, or revolutionary bandits. The former defect is especially conspicuous in 32. *Eneas relating his Adventures to Dido*, by Pierre Guérin. The weather-worn hero, "*Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto*," has all the smooth roundness of limb and softness of features which might become Paris on Mount Ida: it is even more than the softness of flesh, and is less the picture of a man than of a waxen image. There are similar defects in a similar subject by M. Lafond, at the museum of Rouen. He has represented Eneas escaping from the sack of Troy,

> Like some gay dancer from the public show,

with sandals freshly embroidered, and a new blue ribbon to confine his drapery. Of the opposite defect, namely, of over-wrought expression degenerating into ferocity, we meet with several instances: the most remarkable are, 28. *The Revolt of Cairo*, by Girodet. What the artist could discover in this carnage, which should render it worthy of this triumphant record, it is impossible to imagine; but the execution is barbarous to the life, and might have served for the altar-piece of the goddess of Reason herself. — 35. *The Remorse of Orestes*, by Hennequin, is equally an over-doing of terror,

and is in painting what the French object to in our drama — a superfluity of the horrible.

The attitudes and groupings of several of the most prominent pictures seem not sufficiently free and natural, but look to have been produced by the joint efforts of a ballet-master and drill-serjeant. 12. *The School of Apelles,* by Jean Broc, and 18. *The Oath of the Horatii,* by David, are instances. The countenance of *Brutus after the execution of his sons,* in No. 17, also by the latter, is deficient in dignity, and looks too French to be Roman: it is not, however, unlike the Brutus of Mr. Kean. — The subject of the Deluge has been treated by Girodet with considerable effect in No. 27. A single family has climbed the summit of a rock, still peering above the flood; the husband has grasped the branch of a tree, which breaks in his hand; his wife and children have already lost their footing, and are sinking backwards in the waters; the lean form of his aged parent clings round his throat and shoulders with a convulsive struggle: the expression of both their countenances, is that of unmixed agony and terror. The figures are for the most part naked; but there is a loose drapery floating above them, which would probably have had a more apposite effect had it clung heavily round their limbs, as if drenched by the descending tempest. — 30. *The Burial of Attala,* by the same artist, almost redeems the faults of the whole collection. I know not how far the recollection of M. Chateaubriand's

affecting tale might influence my imagination; but to me this composition seemed full of natural pathos. The lifeless form of Attala, borne betwixt Father Aubrey and her lover, may be described in the words of Lord Byron:

> So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
> We start — for soul is wanting there.
> Hers is the loveliness in death,
> That parts not quite with parting breath;
> But beauty, with that fearful bloom,
> That hue which haunts it to the tomb —
> Expression's last receding ray,
> A gilded halo hovering round decay,
> The farewell beam of feeling past away!

What greater commendation can be given to the artist, than to say he has painted this description? Her lover, with his long raven hair, bends over her knees with

> A grief which knows not consolation's name;

while nature struggles with devout resignation in the countenance of the bearded anchorite. — I applied a criterion to this picture which I have found rarely fail: each time I considered it, I felt my first impression of its merits strengthened. — 54. *The Convalescence of Bayard*, by Pierre Revoil, is highly interesting both for the subject and execution. At the taking of Brescia, Bayard was wounded, and lodged in the house of a lady, whom, with her daughters, he had protected from the horrors to which a town taken by a assault is subjected. He is reclining

on a couch in the midst of this grateful family: the two young ladies are diverting him with music and singing; their mother has suspended her occupations to listen to their song, which, from the chevalier's raised head, fixed attitude, and animated regard, is doubtless some strain of chivalry and knightly prowess. Armour is scattered about the room, and a standard is seen, to which are affixed these words, "*Conquestè en l'amour du roi notre sire, Louis le douzieme du nom.*"—57. Is a delicate and richly finished delineation of another interesting trait in French history. Ten years after the execution of the Duc de Montmorency, Cardinal Richelieu passing through the town of Moulins, sent a page to make his compliments to the Duchess, who had retired thither, and resided in the Convent of the Visitation, where she had raised a mausoleum to her husband's memory: her reply was remarkable—"Tell his Excellency," said she to the messenger, "that you found the widow "of Marshal Montmorency, after a lapse of "ten years, still weeping over her husband's "monument." She is represented seated near a *prie-dieu*, and pointing towards the tomb.

In the rotunda near the gallery, is a charming statue of a nymph preparing for the bath, by Julien, an artist of the Royal Institute, now deceased.—I have instanced a sufficient number of able productions to disprove every idea of treating the modern French school with contempt. Its faults may be generally referred to

over-ambitious attempts at excellence, pursued less with a patient study of nature, and the old masters, than with bold aims at novelty, and endeavours, sometimes to bully, at others to cheat us out of our admiration: the first by extravagant attitude and expression; the last by dazzling combinations of light and colours. But if something has been sacrificed towards the attainment of this meretricious excellence, much also has been effected, not only in this particular, but in those higher walks of the art, which alone conduct to the temple of immortal fame.

The façade of the PALAIS BOURBON, now the Chamber of Deputies, is classically graceful. The portico is formed by twelve Corinthian columns, supporting a triangular pediment, adorned with political allegories in *bas-relief*. A magnificent flight of steps leads up to it, at the foot of which are two colossal statues, of Gallia and Minerva. The colossal figures of Sully, Colbert, L'Hopital, and D'Aguesseau, are seated on pedestals, still more advanced, on the line of the wall which surrounds the whole building. Viewed from the bridge of Louis XVI. which it faces on the left bank of the Seine, this front produces a very pleasing and even noble effect. Beheld laterally, the whole building is certainly defective: the façade is put on it like a screen, behind which appears a slender, naked pile, without mass or dignity. This is indeed too commonly the fault of modern edifices: it seems as if all our efforts would go no further

than something like a scenic representation of architectural grandeur.

The PALAIS ROYAL has a reputation too notorious to escape mention; though but for such notoriety it would neither make much figure among the traveller's memoranda, nor leave any very formidable impression on his recollection. Abroad, and in Paris, it is spoken of as a kind of syren's bower, or Armida's palace, from which wandering knight or squire, is rarely permitted to escape without foul discomfiture, and loss, both of cash and character. Why my phlegmatic spirit was so little wrought upon by its witcheries, it were bootless to enquire, if my feelings in this respect should be deemed mere idiosyncrasies: but no one is willingly accounted a monster in his species; so I shall endeavour, by a faithful delineation of the features and attractions of this paradisaical pandemonium, to show that the matter fell out naturally enough. Two small wings or pavilions two stories high, and adorned with Doric and Ionic columns, are united by a wall, pierced with arches and three gate-ways, which forms the front and principal entrance of the palace towards the *Rue St. Honorè*. The first court, at the time of my visit, was in a littered, unfinished condition, as might be expected from the many changes the palace has undergone in following the political destinies of the kingdom. The vestibule to the second court is supported by Doric columns. This court is enriched with Ionic pillars, and

rostra, in *alto-relievo;* nor is it by any means deficient in architectural merit. Here the palace, properly speaking, terminates: you now enter a low close bazaar, lined with petty shops, and divided into narrow alleys, with no pavement, but the bare earth, trodden into numerous inequalities: this is the entrance to the enchanted region: you pass through these gloomy *fauces* into the third oblong court, the centre of which is formed into a garden; if such a term may be applied to dusty walks, divided by meagre lines of chesnut-trees, with a few flower-beds about the middle, and a circular basin, from the centre of which the waters of the Ourcq are thrown up to the height of 50 feet, and descend in silver showers, which are the only real ornament of the place. The style of the building here is elegant: each of the three sides is four stories high, and present an uniform façade, pierced by lofty arches, between which are Corinthian pilasters supporting a frise and balustrade, decorated with urns. The interior of the piazza, which is not unlike that of Covent-Garden, is occupied by shops and coffee-houses: the former are small, in consequence of the excessive rents; but their windows are crowded with the most elegant *bijouterie*, and various articles of taste and luxury. One cannot, however, imagine that the brilliant exterior of a jeweller's window is likely to become a very fatal snare to the unwary, or that many men will ruin themselves

in trinkets, solely from the attractive manner in which they are displayed before them. Purchases here, as in Bond-street, are something *per cent.* dearer than in less fashionable quarters; but this is an evil of very minor importance to the class of customers by which they are generally visited. The coffee-houses, both in Paris and every part of France, are places of greater resort than in England; but this proceeds from causes unconnected with any peculiar attraction in those of the *Palais Royal;* nor, though the latter possess every seduction of looking-glass, gilding, marble tables, and frequently of elegant presiding females, is the rate of their *caffè, eau sucrè,* and *lemonade,* so high, or the commodities themselves of so intoxicating a quality, that much danger need be apprehended, either to the heads or pockets of those who indulge in them. Even the splendors of the *caffè de mille colonnes,* with the countenance of its presiding deity, who is really a very handsome woman, may be enjoyed at the ordinary charge of little more than half a franc. A more serious danger certainly exists in the gaming-houses, which are here to be found of all grades of respectability, and no respectability, from the cellar upwards; and it is certainly a peculiarity in the *Palais Royal,* that the resorts of dissipation adapted to all ranks are brought into immediate contact; that while dukes and princes scatter their fortunes on the first-floor, their lacqueys are accommodated with tables and sharpers, upon a

scale suited to their means, in the subterraneous *estaminets* of the same building. St. Giles' and St. James' are thus piled one above the other, with singular economy of space. The resort is certainly increased by this arrangement: but is the temptation also greater? I should think not. Every capital in Europe affords abundant facilities for gaming; but that the fatal spirit puts on any unusual form of beauty in the *Palais Royal*, will scarcely be affirmed by any who have taken the most casual survey of her temples. The unfurnished apartments, the suspicious precautions, the attendant *gens d'armes*, the distorted and passion-blighted countenances collected round the tables, though insufficient to deter those whom the strong need of excitement, or desire of gain, force into the vortex, are certainly accessories by no means likely to convert a novice, or debauch a saint. All these gambling-houses are licensed and farmed out by the government: a financial expedient bad enough, like that of lotteries, for professed politicians, because it argues ignorance; but worse for a pious government, because it argues both ignorance and hypocrisy. Remains it to consider another species of seduction abounding in, but not peculiar to the *Palais Royal*. This, inasmuch as it takes a female form, is certainly of a more dangerous complexion than any I have yet noticed; and here I cannot but wonder at the curious virtue of a very intelligent visitor of Paris, who has

unmercifully philippized the Parisian *filles-de-joie*, for being less immodest than our own stray muttons:—"Nay," observes he, in the vehemence of his indignation, "one can scarcely dis-"tinguish them from modest women." A serious charge; but certainly not applicable to the nymphs of the *Palais*, who are as much like our *lobbyades*, as the most domestic, fire-side loving John Bull could desire them to be. Whence I conclude, that this species of attraction is not greater in the *Palais Royal*, than in fifty places which might be mentioned in our own brick capital. Not that Mr. Scott has no ground for his remark: but what then?—Vice (say the saints, and it is always the saints who find vice so dreadfully attractive,) becomes less disgusting: the horror with which it should be regarded is diminished; the boundary betwixt the virtuous and vicious portions of the female community is broken down, until chastity and incontinence are made to look so much alike, that nobody will be at the pains to choose betwixt them; or the majority may be induced to choose the counterfeit commodity, because it looks as well for present use, and is infinitely cheaper.—In reply to these suggestions towards giving modest women a monopoly of modest manners, it may be conceded, that if deformity in the object were a preventive to the evil of incontinence, an act of parliament to paint all courtezans, and *femmes galantes*, of whatever rank or quality, with lamp-black,

would be a wholesome provision: yet, even in this case, to enforce them to assume brutal manners, would be a little hard and objectionable; but, as matters stand at present, we have striking proof in the examples both of Holland and England, that the demand (to continue our metaphor) for the commodity is not a jot lessened by the deterioration of its quality. Hence it may be very fairly doubted, whether, if from some unfortunate eccentricity of the public taste, a demand should exist for some unwholesome drug, which no legislative enactments could render so unpalatable as to diminish its sale, much would be gained by multiplying its deleterious powers. Besides, albeit the sentiment of the godlier sort runneth to a contrary opinion, it seems by no means certain, that a *naughty* woman is so absolutely a pure personification of vice, as our modes of expression commonly imply; on the contrary, I am disposed to the immoral heresy of believing, that though want of chastity in woman is by man termed vice, κατ' ἐξοχήν, it is in reality but a single moral defect, which neither necessarily involves all other vices, nor is in such natural antipathy with good qualities, as never to be found in their society. Should there happen to be any truth in this remark, the dangers of incontinence are susceptible of increase and diminution, according as this failing is found more or less united with other vices: as, if a woman should unite drunkenness to a want of chastity, a connection with

her would be far more dangerous to the moral habits of such as frequented her society, than if she had not been infected with this additional deformity. Why does not this observation extend to manners? If the manners of a courtezan be brutal, vulgar, and depraved, will not the society of such a one be far more injurious than if the contrary had been the case? The Greeks did not hold our orthodox opinion in this respect; since their gravest philosophers and statesmen professed to find not only pleasure but improvement in the fascinating society of the Aspasia, or Leontium of the day. As for the destruction of moral barriers, it is, like most metaphorical arguments, a little incorrect. An impure puts on, in public, the manners of a modest woman; she consequently excites less disgust in the virtuous part of the assembly. So she ought; — a human being guilty of one fault, is not so bad, and consequently ought not to excite so much abhorrence, as one guilty of several. — Aye, but the lookers-on will become imitators, unless thoroughly disgusted. — Why, to say vice must be rendered perfectly loathsome, before virtue is out of danger from its attraction, is to declare, that *cæteris paribus* vice is preferable to virtue. Here, however, is the secret: the truly virtuous among women, like the truly honest among men, are little in danger from a negative attraction; but there is always a quantity of spurious virtue abroad, which is worn, and regarded by its owners as a mere cloak of

convenience, and in fact sits so loosely that it is every moment on the point of dropping from their shoulders; and then, woe for the exposure! Besides, moralists of this complexion feel their situation a forced one, and cannot bear to forego, or even share, any of the advantages of character and opinion, which they regard as the indemnities for the privations to which they feel themselves subjected. This sense of their own internal quality begets a similar opinion of the sentiments of others, and makes them believe that unless hell, heaven, and all kinds of worldly sanctions to boot, be put into the scale of virtue, men will never be induced to trouble themselves with so uninteresting a commodity: — but this moral rambling is an infinite digression from the Palais Royal.

§ 6. Musée d'Histoire Naturelle et Jardin du Roi.

The Jardin du Roi was formerly the *Jardin des Plantes;* a name neutral enough, it might have been imagined, to have escaped proscription: but not so; churches, bridges, gardens, all alike submitted, on the restoration, to the purification of a second baptism; though a malicious Bonapartist is still now and then heard to stir up loyal bile, by the use of ex-appellatives. Thus the Pantheon still holds a kind of struggle with St. Genevieve: the *Pont de Jena* is disposed to keep its ground against the *Pont des Invalides;* and the *Jardin des Plantes* will not

unfrequently supersede the auguster title of *Le Jardin du Roi.* This, however, was its original name before the Revolution; and, call it as you will, it must always be visited with interest, for the facilities it affords to botanical and agricultural studies. Not only all sorts of trees, shrubs, and flowers, are arranged and classified in separate clumps and parterres, but samples are collected of every species of manure, of fences of all descriptions, together with basins for aquatic plants, and birds, and conservatories for the productions of foreign climates. One portion of the garden is allotted to the reception of wild animals, and birds, who are accommodated according to their habits and dispositions: the more furious kinds in dens, several bears in large pits or fosses, deer and goats in enclosures; the gentler quadrupeds in large stables; monkies of all kinds in a long room, full of cages, and birds in aviaries or small yards. One sees them with more pleasure than usually attends such exhibitions, because not only their confinement but their comfort is an object of consideration. *

The ground-floor of the museum is filled with fish and amphibious animals, well stuffed and preserved; shells, fossil bones, and minerals; among the latter is an aerotholite, weighing 127.27 kilogrammes, which fell at Ennesheim,

* The only menagerie I have seen managed on the same gratifying principle is that of the Duchess of York, at Oatlands Park.

near Colmar, in 1492; presented to the museum by Fourcroy: its size makes one feel such showers cannot be too rare. The upper rooms contain stuffed animals, shells, birds, and insects; a camel-leopard is among the former. The collection of birds is in excellent preservation: one imagines how readily many of the smaller species might be mistaken among their native groves for

Winged flowers or flying gems.

The museum of comparative anatomy contains in the upper rooms, skeletons of fish, birds, amphibious and other animals; different preparations in wax, by no means curious; and three anatomies in iron, one consisting of the veins only of the human body, a second of the arteries, a third of both. The lower apartments are filled with skeletons of the larger quadrupeds, and of the human species, in all its races and anomalies. Among them is that of the Hottentot Venus. The skeleton of El-Hhalaba, the Syrian who stabbed general Kleber at Cairo, is also here. An inscription tells the manner of his death, his impalement, the burning off of his right hand, and the tortures he endured for four hours, without uttering a word. It is difficult to conceive a motive for this disgusting yet triumphant recital of cruelties. That the assassin should have been punished with death, is neither extraordinary nor unjust; but to have thus eked out his death-pangs with inhuman

torments, was affording the inhabitants of Egypt a very sorry specimen of the superior civilisation of their European conquerors. It is curious to consider with what different feelings this action might not only be viewed by the countrymen of El-Hhalaba, but even judged of according to the most elevated rules and examples of European conduct. General Kleber was the leader of an army which had brought unprovoked desolation into the country of the Syrian, — a desolation in which it is more than probable some of his dearest kindred had been involved. Under such circumstances, may he not have believed himself acting no inglorious part when he devoted himself to avenge both kin and country? Assuredly it was no mean or selfish feeling which impelled him to brave, and supported him in enduring, a death of lingering torture. In Syria, may not the assassin be accounted a hero? In ancient Rome, would his conduct have been deemed ignoble? or might not the words of Scævola have been used with equal propriety by El-Hhalaba: "As a foe I sought to slay a foe; nor have I less "courage to endure my own death, than to at- "tempt that af an enemy: a Roman is equally "prepared to die or suffer bravely?" * But his enemies possessed not only the power of life and

* "Hostis hortem occidere volui, nec ad mortem minus "animi est quam fuit ad cædem. Et facere et pati fortia "Romanum est." Without discussing the authenticity of this incident, the manner in which Livy relates it is sufficient proof of the light in which it was regarded.

death, but of glory and ignominy. The instrument of havoc and ambition is mourned over by his compatriots, and celebrated by posterity. The avenger of his country's sufferings dies in tortures, and leaves his bones to be the butt and record of perpetual ignominy.

§ 7. Theatres.

Theatre Français. The merits and demerits of the French drama present a field of discussion not only trodden over, but pulverised by the host of disputants, to whom at various periods it has served for an arena of critical combat; there is therefore little probability that a fresh excursion will be productive of much novelty. Theatres are, however, too essential a part of Paris to be slightingly past over; the whole nation is eminently theatrical: dramatic amusements, which in London are only an occasional, and out of London a very unfrequent recreation, form, in almost every part of France, an essential ingredient of social existence. The consequence is naturally a mutual action and re-action of national character upon dramatic productions, and of these again upon the former. Hence, the mannerism of the French stage is any thing but accidental: it has ever been linked with nationality, and its existence depends on the fictitious train of circumstances from which it derives its birth. If it outlasts these, it is only by the mere force of routine

and prejudice, which are every-day weakened, like the kindred cause of legitimacy in government, both by the dying off of old votaries, and by the increasing craving for a species of gratification suited to the new developement of public taste. Both Schiller and Madame de Stael have plainly expressed their belief that the old dramatic taste in France is in a state both of decrepitude and disfavour. The changes which the national character has undergone since the Revolution must indisputably have influenced it: nor would the nation be probably more backward to admit a change in its theatrical, than in its political sentiments, were it not that a kind of pride is attached to the profession of liberal principles in politics; while a feeling of humiliation must accompany the confession that the French drama, so long insisted upon as the most splendid effort of the national genius, is, in reality, extremely deficient in the most essential points of dramatic excellence. When France dethroned her king, the crown was transferred to the whole nation; but after dethroning Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and Crebillon, the sovereignty would be altogether extinguished. The *chef-d'œuvres* of these writers are therefore still supported as a point of honour; and a certain countenance is even afforded to a few of their modern imitators, either for the sake of consistency, or from lack of something better.

In confining my observations to such pieces

as I saw acted, I shall attempt, by noticing their effect on the audience, as well as by a slight analysis of their several merits and defects, to strengthen the foregoing remarks, and render them further probable, by showing how little natural pathos, character, or power of execution, the most approved French dramas can lay claim to.

The *Cid* is Corneille's master-piece. What are the feelings its representation should, nay does, excite? The plot is, in its nature, in a high degree tragical: — a lover forced by honour to kill the father of his mistress. Yet the catastrophe is produced amid bursts of laughter, and the developement listened to with overwhelming *ennui* and indifference. The play opens with a quarrel betwixt two courtiers about a place, — that of tutor to the king's son. The Count, who is the ousted suitor, thinks kings, like other people, may sometimes commit mistakes, and that the monarch's choice, in the present instance, has been but a blind one; to which his successful rival, Don Diego, replies, that though this should be the case, it is a respect due to absolute power, to criticise nothing that a king has willed. * He, however, offers to unite his son Roderigo in marriage with Chimene, the Count's daughter,

* Ne parlons plus d'un choix dont votre esprit s'irrite,
La faveur l'a pu faire autant que le mérite;
Mais on doit ce respect au pouvoir absolu,
De n'examiner rein quand un roi l'a voulu.

and so bury animosities; but the latter continues to storm, and after a sharp specimen of hexametrical attack and defence, in no very courtly language, he boxes old Don Diego's ears, and disarms him, on his attempting to avenge the insult. Roderigo, who enters presently after the fray, is called upon by his father to be his champion, and fight a man accustomed to frighten a whole army, and scatter a hundred squadrons in battle *, and who, for his further comfort, is the father of Chimène. Don Roderigo, left to himself, exhales the combat of his soul in a long lyric ode, which, as well as the whole of the first act, has been happily parodied by Boileau. He, however, determines on the duel, and thus ends the first act; on which we must remark, the insipidity of deducing the tragical circumstances of the plot from a commonplace court squabble, altogether at variance, as are the sentiments of the piece throughout, with the simple manners and chivalrous independence of the days of the *Cid*.

The second act commences with a dialogue betwixt the Count and Don Arias, a courtier, dispatched by the king to bring him to reason. He thinks, however, that a slight disobedience to the royal injunctions may be well balanced

* Meurs, ou tue. Au surplus, pour ne te point flatter,
Je te donne à combattre un homme à redouter,
Je l'ai vu tout couvert de sang et de poussière
Porter partout l'effroi dans une armée entière;
J'ai vu par sa valeur cent escadrons rompus.

by his former services; upon which he is told by the right loyal minister, that however illustrious and important may be the services performed by a subject, they are no more than his duty, and give him no claim on the gratitude of his king*: the Count, however, continues obstinate, and Don Arias retires to report his unsuccessful mission, when Don Roderigo enters, and challenges his adversary in so gallant a style, as to extract a compliment from the Count himself, who feels so tender an interest for his young antagonist, that he advises him to turn poltroon, and give up the quarrel: which friendly offer being of course rejected, they go off to decide the contest. In the next scene we have the king in council, determining to be obeyed, and making a *lengthy exposée* of his resolution; at the end of which, by way of parenthesis, he observes that ten Moorish vessels have been seen in the river, evidently with an intention of making a descent: Don Arias observes, that a monarch like his majesty could have nothing to fear: the king, however, though he declines any considerable preparatives, for fear of *alarming the city*, (which of course had no eyes to see the hostile fleet, and must have thought nothing so alarming as the means of defence,)

* Quoi qu'on fasse d'illustre et de considérable,
Jamais, a son sujet, un roi n'est redevable,
Vous vous flattez beaucoup, et vous devez savoir
Que, qui sert bien son roi ne fait que son devoir.

orders a double guard on the walls, which, he says, "will be enough for that evening;" and having settled this very unimportant business, is at leisure to hear the fatal issue of the duel, in which the Count has been killed; and to attend to his daughter's complaints, who now first enters with an outcry for justice on her lover. The cause is pleaded on both sides, by Chimène, and Don Diego, when King Ferdinand sums up, by desiring the lady to be quiet, which she naturally considers a considerable aggravation of her misfortunes. *

The third act introduces Don Roderigo in Chimène's house, where he is concealed, or suffered to conceal himself, by her waiting-maid, while his rival Don Sancho enters, and offers his sword to avenge Roderigo's mistress on himself; an offer he has the satisfaction of hearing her promise to avail herself of, should other means fail: but his unpleasant feelings on this account are afterwards balanced by a dialogue betwixt the lady and her aforesaid maid, in which she deplores that "one-half of her life "should have buried the other †;" declares her love, her determination to punish the murderer, and die with him. Roderigo now appears, and after some natural expressions incidental to their

* Prends du repos, ma fille, et calme tes douleurs.
Chimène. M'ordonner du repos c'est croître mes malheures.

† La moitie de ma vie a mis l'autre au tombeau.

situation, they discuss their several duties in speeches of betwixt 30 and 40 lines each: Roderigo insisting on being killed by his mistress's hand, something like Richard and Lady Anne, but with much more logical seriousness, which is the more ridiculous, because no spectator for a moment doubts that Chimène will refuse his request, and sees that he runs very little risk in making it. The debate concludes by her desiring him to leave the house, with especial care *not to be seen*, lest it should create scandal*;—a frigidity of prudence which effectually destroys all our sympathy, by showing she has her wits too well about her, to be hurried by her feelings into any dangerous excess. The scene thus concludes:

Don Roderigo. O miracle of love!

Chimène. O load of woe!

D. Rod. What tears and sufferings will our fathers cost us!

Chim. Roderigo, who'd have thought it!

D. Rod. Chimène, who'd have said it!

Chim. That our bliss was so nigh, and so quickly ruin'd!

D. Rod. And that when so near the harbour a storm so unexpectedly should wreck our hopes!

Chim. Ah! mortal woes!

D. Rod. Ah! unavailing sorrows!

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* Dans l'ombre de la nuit, cache bien ton départ.
Si l'on te voit sortir, mon honneur court hasard;
La seule occasion qu'aura la médisance,
C'est de savoir qu'ici j'ai souffert ta présence:
Ne lui donne point lieu d'attaquer ma vertu.

Chim. Once more, go: I'll hear no more.

D. Rod. Farewell: I go to prolong a dying life, till your legal process shall deprive me of it.

Chim. If I obtain my suit, I engage my faith not to live a moment after you. Farewell; depart: and particularly, *be careful no one sees you go.*

This prudent caution, thus again repeated, has all the effect of farce: it is any thing but the confiding passionate spirit of the days of chivalry: like the courtiers' quarrel in the first act, it is the spirit of nothing but Louis XIV.'s drawing-room.

The succeeding scene brings in old Don Diego trotting about in search of his son, to find whom we must either suppose him to have introduced himself into Chimène's house, (which seems indeed throughout the play to be a very public place of resort,) or there must be a change of scene and place, in violation of the Unities. Roderigo now meets his father, who congratulates and consoles him; using for the latter purpose the apposite observation, "that we have "but one honour, but may find abundance of "mistresses."* He then proceeds to give news of the Moorish fleet, which is to arrive at the city walls in the course of an hour, without tumult (*sans bruit*): a circumstance not easily reconcileable with the following lines, which tell us, that "the court is in confusion, the

* Nous n'avons qu'un honneur: il est tant de maîtresses!

" people alarmed : nothing but cries to be heard; " nothing but tears seen."—We find, however, from this account of matters, that King Ferdinand's prudent resolution to *do nothing for fear of creating an alarm*, has by no means had a happy issue. No means of defence are at hand; but though the public force is thus lamentably deficient, and careless of the general safety, Don Diego, who seems to have taken pleasure in publishing his affront, informs us that 500 of his friends, who had assembled at his house to avenge his box on the ear, having now nothing better to do, will gladly try their hands on the Africans; and Roderigo, as being a young man who has never seen an enemy, is of course the fittest person to command them. They accordingly go off to prepare for battle.

In the beginning of the fourth act we find, by Elvira's account of the action to Chimène, that three hours have been spent in fighting since the last act; so that as much havoc is made in the beloved Unities, to all purposes of common sense and credence, as among the infidels. Chimène, who is at first moved to admiration by the recital of her lover's exploits, quickly rallies back her anger, sagely remarking, " If he has " conquered two kings, he has killed *my* father ;" and then, lest her resolution, or resentment, should fail her, like Bob Acre's courage, she apostrophises the several portions of her mourning dress, to keep her in mind of it : —

Vous qui rendez la force à mes ressentimens;
Voiles, crêpes, habits, lugubres ornemens,
Pompe qué me prèscrit sa première victoire,
Contre ma passion soutenez bien ma gloire;
Et lorsque mon amour prendra trop de pouvoir,
Parlez à mon esprit de mon triste devoir.

In the next scene, Roderigo is received by the king, honoured with the title of the *Cid*, and gives a very tedious account of the battle, which is, luckily enough for the audience, interrupted by Chimène's everlasting outcry for justice. The king, quick as lightning, bethinks him of a stratagem: Roderigo withdraws, and Ferdinand declares he has died of his wounds. Chimène, though she must have known the contrary, both from Elvira, and public report, immediately swoons: "Now then," says the king, "I've fairly caught you." — No such thing — Chimène is too good a logician. — She first proves how easily people faint from joy; but upon Ferdinand's demurring to this interpretation of her feelings, she proves to him, that if it was grief which overpowered her, it was grief that Roderigo should have perished so gloriously: finally, she insists upon being allowed a champion, and names Don Sancho: the king insists in his turn, as a condition of the combat, that she shall marry the conqueror: her complaint at this enactment (*Quoi, Sire, m'imposer une si dure loi!*) is followed by a general titter, from its gratuitous hypocrisy, by which, however, the king is no ways imposed on, but declares he knows, if Roderigo is victorious, she

will be very happy to accept him; and so the act closes.

The last act commences with the apparition of Don Roderigo before Chimène, who is immediately alarmed for her reputation, and desires him to be gone; but he is come to bid a last farewell!—and now, if we had previously been disposed to regard the lady's conduct as extreme in its rigour, we are agreeably relieved by perceiving the under-plot. Don Sancho has been made a champion merely from his lack of prowess, and Roderigo is reproached for dreading an adversary so little formidable: Don Roderigo explains, by declaring his intention to oppose no resistance to the sword raised in her cause; a design in which he is so wordy and serious, that did he not come to reveal it to the woman who has confessed her affection for him, one might really imagine him in earnest: Chimène actually takes him *au pied de la lettre;* so without more ado bids him do his best to rid her of the poor cat's-paw, Sancho, and take her for his pains*; on which Roderigo, in a fit of en-

* Puisque pour t'empêcher de courir au trépas,
Ta vie et ton honneur sont de faibles appas;
Si jamais je t'aimai, cher Rodrigue, en revanche,
Défends-toi maintenant pour m'ôter à Don Sanche;
Combat pour m'affranchir d'une condition
Qui me livre à l'objet de mon aversion.
Te dirai-je encore plus? Va, songe à ta défense,
Pour forcer mon devoir, pour m'imposer silence;
Et si tu sens pour moi ton cœur encore épris,
Sors vainqueur d'un combat dont Chimène est le prix.

thusiasm, declarés his single arm a match for the united forces of the Navarese, Moors, Castilians, and Spaniards, and so goes to combat. Chimène and Elvira remain to discuss the event, which is presently announced by the appearance of Don Sancho, with a sword, which he says "he is obliged to bring "to her feet;" but before he can proceed, she bursts into passionate lamentations for her lover's death: Don Sancho in vain tries to get in a word, while a general shout of laughter on the part of the audience announces the comic effect of her perverse misunderstanding. The king and *etceteras* enter; and she immediately harangues him under her first impression, which calls upon Don Sancho to explain, who observes with great *naïveté*,—

Elle m'a cru vainqueur me voyant de retour,
Et soudain sa colère a trahi son amour,
Avec tant de transport et tant d'impatience,
Que je n'ai pu gagner un moment d'audience.

He then adds, with a disinterestedness worthy of a better fate,—

Pour moi, bien que vaincu, je me répute heureux,
Et malgré l'intérêt de mon cœur amoureux,
Perdant infiniment, j'aime encore ma défaite;
Qui fait le beau succès d'une amour si parfaite.

Roderigo now appears; and the joke having been sufficiently prolonged, Chimène yields to her destiny, observing, "A king's commands

" should be obeyed" — (*Et quand un roi commande, on lui doit obeir*) — a piece of resignation received by the audience with a second peal of laughter, and thus merrily the tragedy concludes. To render the effect still more comic, Chimène was played by a lusty lady of about forty, who seemed far too much a matter-of-fact kind of person to fall into all these vagaries. M. Lafond performed Roderigo, as the right occupant of all such chivalrous and amorous characters as require a strapping, lover-like figure, and white satin breeches. He is besides of the proper heroic altitude; but "in " the very storm and whirlwind of his passion," there is an evident internal tranquillity, which assures us his feelings are only skin-deep.

Andromaque, though a composition of much sweetness, and some tragical effect, sets our notions of Grecian character and conduct so completely at defiance, that we must forget all our previous knowledge, before we can afford any tolerable degree of patience to the caricatures of Racine. The first interview betwixt Orestes and the King of Epirus is not deficient in dignity; but what can we say "to the " rugged Pyrrhus," who, in the next scene, addresses his Trojan captive with — " Sought " you me, madam? Can I allow myself so " charming a hope?" * His resolution to

* Me cherchiez-vous, madame?
Un espoir si charmant me seroit-il permis?

defend Astyanax at all hazards is consistent with his haughty temper and high courage; but "Oh! "how unlike to him," when, as in the following speech, he joins the tone of an Orandates of French romance, to that of a languishing *petit-maitre* of Racine's own times.

"Doubtless I have made many wretched, "and Phrygia has a hundred times beheld my "hands stained with your blood; but with "what effect have your eyes been employed "against me! How dearly have I bought the "tears they have shed! Of what remorse have "they made me the victim! I suffer all the "evils I have caused to Troy. Vanquished, "loaded with fetters, devoured by regret, burnt "with more fires than I ever lighted; so many "cares, so many tears, so many restless flames. "—Alas! was I ever so cruel as you are."— Act I. Scene IV.* To render the ridicule of this character more apparent, it is played by an actor of insignificant stature, mean presence,

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* J'ai fait des malheureux, sans doute; et la Phrygie
Cent fois de votre sang a vu ma main rougie:
Mais que vos yeux sur moi se sont bien exercés!
Qu'ils m'ont vendu bien cher les pleurs qu'ils ont versée!
De combien de remords m'ont-ils rendu la proie!
Je souffre tous les maux que j'ai faits devant Troie.
Vaincu, chargé de fers, de regrets consumé,
Brûlé de plus de feux que je n'en allumai,
Tant de soins, tant de pleurs, tant d'ardeurs inquiètes—
Hélas! fus-je jamais si cruel que vous l'êtes?

and feeble voice. So much for royal dignity on the French stage! The character of Andromache, though imagined with feeling, is developed in such an endless tissue of tears and lamentations, all in the same key, that she completely *overdraws* upon our sympathy; besides having an air of coquetry and ingratitude towards her benefactor, who makes nothing of turning a kingdom topsy-turvy to obtain a smile. Hermione, as played by Mademoiselle Duchesnois, is a part of considerable energy. Notwithstanding very disadvantageous features, this actress contrives to give the successive conflicts of jealousy, rage, and despair, with dignity and effect: she is a queen throughout, as well as an injured passionate woman; but the superiority she maintains is little favourable to the character of Orestes, who submits to be the dupe and instrument of her contending feelings, with such stupid and spiritless credulity, that his final dismissal seems to be no more than his just wages: it is indeed a great beauty of Hermione's character, that her love for Pyrrhus betrays itself, even in the moments when she seems most abandoned to revenge; as when she finds Orestes hesitating to assassinate him, and exclaims:—"Alone I go to the temple in which "their nuptials are preparing, whither you dare "not go to win me: there I shall find means "to approach my enemy; I will pierce the "heart I have been unable to soften, and my "bloody hands, straitwith turned against myself,

"shall, in despite of him, unite our destinies: "all ingrate as he is, 'twill be sweeter thus to "die with him, than to live with you."* In the scene when for the last time she addresses, and would still reclaim the lord of her affections, Mademoiselle Duchesnois paints the transitions of love, bitterness, and rage, with an energy worthy of Mrs. Siddons. The catastrophe is certainly grand. The anguish of Hermione, and the frantic despair of Orestes, are depicted with a master's hand. Talma is justly celebrated in the concluding scenes in which grief has disordered his intellect, and the furies, with all their serpents, rise in his imagination to claim their victim. It is, perhaps, to be regretted, that this madness has been assigned by mythology to another cause, which not only clings to our recollection, but is also more awful, as well as more suitable to the Grecian character.

The *Rhadamiste* of Crebillon has the disadvantage of a plot tediously developed, and difficult to be comprehended. There is a gloom of

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* Je m'en vais seule au temple où leur hymen s'apprête,
Où vous n'osez aller mériter ma conquête:
Là, de mon ennemi je saurai m'approcher;
Je percerai le cœur que je n'ai pu toucher!
Et mes sanglantes mains, sur moi-même tournées,
Aussitôt, malgre lui, joindront nos destinées:
Et, tout ingrat qu'il est, il me sera plus doux
De mourir avec lui, que de vivre avec vous.

thought and suffering about Rhadamiste highly tragical; but this is a pitch at which the French dramatists never long support themselves. The internal workings of a distracted spirit, too proud to complain, racked, but yet dignified, are by them rarely expressed. Their heroes make no scruple of weeping whenever they find themselves ill at ease: the business of the actor is certainly simplified by this conduct: a white handkerchief is a symbol of sorrow easily displayed, and readily understood. Rhadamiste desires his friend to judge of his misfortunes "by his tears:" the spectators judge not of his misfortunes, but his weakness: the tears which escape from manly eyes should be wrenched like drops of blood from the heart, when the excess of suffering is revealed by the efforts made to conceal it. Notwithstanding however this blemish, the dark feelings of Rhadamiste are powerfully delineated, and not unfrequently remind us of Monte's terrific Aristodemo, or the mingled remorse and tenderness which agitate the bosoms of Lara and the Giaour; but the play rather sinks than rises in its progress: a father, the rival, and jealous of his son, is a subject fitter for comedy than tragedy: the petty suspicions of Rhadamiste are inconsistent with the vehemence of his character, and destroy the mingled admiration and regret, which belong to high but perverted sentiments. There are touches of nature in the last scene: when the father of Rhadamiste,

who has ignorantly wounded his proscribed son, exclaims,

Nature, avenge thyself! 'tis my son's blood!

he replies,

Did not the thirst you had to shed it, tell you this? When I saw you so greedily seek it, I thought you indeed knew me.

Pharasmanes. Unhappy father! why conceal the truth?

Rhadamiste. You always made yourself so terrible, that your proscribed and wretched children could never regard you as a father." *

Voltaire seems to have given the French drama all the energy of which the old form is susceptible. His *Merope* is wrought up with great effect. The conflict and self-betrayal of the mother's feelings, when, after she has recognised her son, she is still obliged to feign she sees in him that son's murderer, are a considerable improvement on Maffei: so also is the revealing to Polifontes, previous to the catastrophe, that his most dreaded enemy still lives: his punishment is thus inflicted by a hand from which he feels its justice. But the French manner of describing, instead of representing the

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* Nature, ah! venge-toi, c'est le sang de mon fils.

Rhadamiste. La soif que votre erreur avoit de le répandre,
N'a-t-elle pas suffi, seigneur, pour vous l'apprendre?
Je vous l'ai vu poursuivre avec tant de courroux,
Que j'ai cru qu'en effet j'étais connu de vous.

Pharasmanes. Pourquoi me le cacher? Ah! père deplorable.

Rha. Vous vous êtes toujours rendu si redoubtable.
Que jamais vos enfans proscrits et malheureux,
N'ont pu vous regarder comme un père pour eux.

catastrophe, freezes all our previous emotion. Nothing can be imagined so flat and deadening, as to follow up an action of the highest interest with a long narration. The most vivid description falls lifeless on the ears of auditors, whose feelings have been roused by the visible image of the event. Narration is meant for the closet, where the imagination can take its time to fill up the picture of the poet; but the drama renders this operation of the fancy superfluous, by placing the action, with the feelings incidental to it, before our eyes: the effect is consequently expected to be more lively, and to approach the nature of reality; nor can any thing be more foreign to the dramatic intention than, when the action has attained the climax of interest, suddenly to remove it from our observation, and substitute a description for a catastrophe. Take a real event: let us be eye-witnesses to the first part of it; but when the interest attached to it is nearly worked up to the highest pitch, let us then be shut out, and informed of the sequel: should we be satisfied to have our expectations thus raised and frustrated? In addition to more serious objections, the catastrophical narrative of tragedy is always delivered by a messenger, or confidant, and acted by an inferior player, to whom we never feel disposed to listen any longer than is absolutely necessary for the understanding of the piece; yet here he is to supply the defect both of our eye-sight and of the talents of the first-rate performers. The

consequence is in *Merope*, that the interest expires with the queen's departure for the temple; and the audience, notwithstanding it may force itself to seem interested, feels in reality as if, instead of getting into the theatre, it had to content itself with reading the play-bills without it. There are perhaps no catastrophes on our stage more blameable, according to the rules of French criticism, than those of Othello and Hamlet; let us imagine, therefore, that instead of the complicated agonies of the one, and the tumultuous horror of the other, we heard a circumstantial narrative of them given by Mr. Creswell, or Mr. Cleremont, and we shall then be able to estimate what the French stage gains or loses by its delicacy of winding up its plots behind the curtain. I am surprised no ultra-critic ever imagined a play, the action of which was wholly invisible, and each act related to the audience. *Zaire* is not faulty in this particular; but its impression is weakened by a crossing of interests unfavourable to dramatic impressions. Whatever catastrophe the author may choose to give to his plot, the spectator should feel no doubt as to where to bestow his sympathy: but in *Zaire* we are sensible of a painful confusion in this respect: all parties are in the right, according to their several principles: Orosmane, Zaire, Lusignan, and Nerestan, all merit our respect and pity; so that we feel almost provoked so many well-disposed persons should create so much mischief. I

cannot agree with Schiller, that Lusignan and Nerestan pre-eminently claim our sympathy: their conduct is the result of motives perfectly honourable and consistent, but of such as can be sympathised with by those only who consider forms of faith as more important than virtuous conduct. The feelings of Orosmane and Zaire interest all hearts which have loved, and hoped, and known the bitterness of disappointment; yet the destinies of these two amiable beings are made wretched, in order that one of them should die a Christian, rather than a Mahommedan; a conversion purchased by two lives, and the moral guilt of a generous young hero. None but bigots can derive satisfaction from proselytes made at this price; nor do I believe it was Voltaire's intention that the impression produced by this piece should be favourable to Christianity. The part of the *superbe Orosmane* is filled by Lafond, whom I have already mentioned as wholly deficient in passion and deep feeling.

The *Spartacus* of M. Saurin is one of the few tragedies which have outlived their authors. It is written with political boldness, a hatred of ambition, and passion for freedom; and seems accordingly to have swam or sunk, as these sentiments were in or out of public favour. It was first produced in 1760, resumed in 1792, afterwards placed on the shelf, and revived in 1818. This is an honourable circumstance in its history. Looking however to its purely dramatic

merit, *Spartacus* is a very defective performance. It is true, its blemishes are such as it shares with many *chef-d'œuvres* of the French stage; such as a total want of individual character, the absence of every thing which can be called poetry, with the incongruous introduction and conduct of a love-intrigue. Spartacus, Noricus, Crassus, and Emilia, are mere personifications of a few abstract general qualities. The style is always declamatory and often frigid; but the love-story is the worst part of it. Not only is the gallant but rude captain of slaves and gladiators in love, but makes a confidant of the black-bearded Noricus, a chief of the Gauls; "a proper person "to entrust a love tale to," and who brings about the catastrophe by betraying Spartacus, he cannot well tell why, except it be from the excess of respect with which he regards him. The manner of the betrayal is highly ludicrous; the consul Crassus is surrounded, and the army of Spartacus drawn out to exterminate his legions, when Emilia, the consul's daughter, and fair object of the hero's flame, who had fallen into his hands and been sent back to her father, again appears in the insurgent camp, — a natural ramble for a young lady so situated, — and immediately opens a negotiation on her own pure motion with its general: we have now a long discussion betwixt her and Spartacus, on the benefits and evils of peace and war, seasoned with a sprinkling of sentiment adapted to the occasion; which profitable colloquy is, however,

suddenly cut short by the news, that while it has been going on, the insurgent army has been betrayed and routed, without the knowledge of its leader, who was enjoying a *tête-a-tête* ten paces off. — Spartacus of course now bestirs himself, and reproaches the lady for the trick he fancies she has put on him, in persuading him to talk sentiment instead of fighting. He goes out, and is presently brought back a prisoner. There is some pathos in this concluding scene. Talma, as Spartacus, sits on one side of the stage with clenched hands, and a brow darkened with despair: Emilia approaches him; he regards her at first as his betrayer, and when she proceeds to exculpate herself, requires, as a proof of her sincerity, either poison or a poniard, by which he may escape the disgrace of a Roman triumph: yielding to his reasons, she discovers a dagger; but ere he can seize it, as the last blessing of existence, she plunges it into her own bosom, saying, "Take it: it is from this heart you "should receive it*:"—then adding, "you see "if I loved you, Spartacus," expires. The hero dies with a sentiment worthy of his life: "Spartacus, with his last breath braves the pride "of Rome. He lived not ingloriously, and dies "a freeman."†

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* Prenez; c'est ainsi que j'ai dû te l'offrir.

† Spartacus expirant brave l'orgueil du Tibre:
Il vecut, non sans gloire; et meurt en homme libre.

La Harpe's *Coriolan* affords us an opportunity of comparing the different methods of treating the same subject, by a French and English poet. La Harpe opens his play with a long-winded dialogue betwixt Coriolanus and his friend Volumnius, relative to the insolence of the tribunes, before whom the former is summoned to appear. All his speeches are plentifully interlarded with his own praises.—The following lines are a specimen;

J'ai, dès mes premiers ans, rendu mon nom fameux.
Des remparts d'Antium aux murs de Coriole,
On craignait mes destins et ceux du Capitole,
Et de Coriolan le glorieux surnom
A rehaussé le lustre acquis à ma maïson.
Ce Tullus, des Romains adversaire implacable,
De mes heureux exploits rival infatigable,
Trois fois, en frémissant, a succombé sous moi.
Marcius est du Volsque et l'horreur et l'effroi.

And again, in the dialogue with his mother, who certainly in his case required "No charter "to praise her blood;"

Combien ont dû la vie à cet ardent courage!
Combien, sauvés par moi dans l'horreur du carnage!
Tout le prix de ma gloire en leurs mains fut laissé,
Et quand ils étoient grands, j'étais recompensé.

There seems an extreme want of judgment in thus making Coriolanus the herald of his own exploits: it destroys all those traits of grandeur both in sentiment and action, which in Shakspeare soften the harsher features of his charac-

ter, and render him, to such an extent as is necessary for tragical effect, an object of admiration. With what skill and nature has our poet displayed the mixture of his opposite qualities! First he extorts a grudging kind of praise from his enemies, the mob, who cannot but confess his great services, though they add:

> What he hath done famously, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

This is a rude sketch of character, which Coriolanus presently fills up himself. In his first interview with the citizens, he discovers all his worser parts of arrogance and disdain; but no sooner is he in the "tented field," than all his nobler attributes blaze out with a redeeming excellence, which half reconciles us to his contempt for the "moths of peace," who clamour round the Capitol, and hide their heads in danger; while the indifference with which he speaks of his own exploits, with his dislike to hear himself praised, or even have his wounds mentioned, make us the more willing to do his gallantry justice, and to resent the treatment he subsequently meets with. What more heroic than his reply to Cominius?

> Pray, now, no more: my mother,
> Who has a charter to extol her blood,
> When she does praise me, grieves me: I have done,
> As you have done, that's what I can; induc'd
> As you have been, that's for my country.

And again;

> For that I have not wash'd my nose, that bled, —
> Or foil'd some debile wretch, (which without note
> Here's many else have done,) you shout me forth
> In acclamations hyperbolical;
> As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
> In praises sauc'd with lies.

A touch of feeling is then introduced, to show the hero is not a mere gladiator, whose sole pleasure is shedding human blood. He requests the general "to give his poor host "freedom;" and this trifling boon, so removed from selfishness, is all the reward he craves for his great services. There never was finer portrait-painting than all this. In the French tragedy, on the contrary, Coriolanus is a mere braggadocio, of whose great doings we have no better proof than his own words; the most suspicious testimony which in such a case can be offered. He yields to his mother's entreaties with a piece of common-place declamation, fit only for a schoolboy's exercise:

> I submit but to the voice of my mother: for you I subject myself to this bitter shame. A son taught to yield to all your wishes will not begin to disobey you. Doubtless the people are not masters of my fate. No matter — I am ready to appear before them. Coriolanus, great Gods! before Licinius! . . . Come; you will it, I no longer resist — but to whatever abasement I force myself, I will neither entreat nor fear them, nor take the humiliating precaution of darkening my dress with the mourning of supplicants. They shall see if I can tremble in their presence. *Act I. Scene III.*

Compare all this with the mixture of poetry and character Shakspeare has thrown into the following lines;

> Well, I must do't:
> Away, my disposition, and possess me
> Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
> Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
> Small as an eunuch's, or the virgin voice
> That babies lulls asleep!
> A beggar's tongue
> Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
> Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
> That hath receiv'd an alms! — I will not do't;
> Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
> And by my body's action, teach my mind
> A most inherent baseness.—

Then his extorted submission, and strained compliance with his mother's wishes:

> Pray, be content;
> Mother, I am going to the market-place;
> Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
> Cog their hearts from them, and come home beloved
> Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
> Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul;
> Or never trust to what my tongue can do
> I' the way of flattery, further.—

It is unnecessary to carry the comparison through the whole of each play; I shall merely notice the manner of the two catastrophes. In the French piece, Volumnius, who is a kind of narrator-general, comes in, to give Veturia and her attendants an account of her son's assassin-

ation: this he does in the most circumstantial manner, relating all that was said and done by all parties on the occasion. Coriolanus is then brought in, and replies to Veturia, who upbraids the Volscians: —

Reproach them not with the death they have given me: they have but finished the work of the Romans. Ah! my banishers are my real assassins. See, what Rome has done, and you have saved her — you alone have preserved her from my power: and dearly do you pay for your fatal aid .... My last sacrifice is that of my life: it was yours.

Veturia. Spare Veturia; spare her grief.

Coriolanus. You, whom I have loved so much, live, my dear mother ..... and you, Volumnius, fear no more the Volscians .... there is no longer a Marcius. Their infamous assassination has stained their victory; and I carry with me both their fortune and their glory.

Volumnius. May Rome avenge your death on them!

Cor. Honour has attended my career to its close. I have seen haughty Rome at my feet. I have pardoned ..... and I die in my mother's arms.*

These sentiments are sufficiently dignified, and even pathetic; but they want individuality,

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* *Veturie.* Ils ont versé ton sang, ces monstres odieux!
Et j'ai livré mon fils à leur main forcenée! .....
Coriolan. Ne leur reprochez point la mort qu'ils m'ont donnée:
Ils n'ont fait qu'achever l'ouvrage des Romains.
Ah! ceux qui m'ont banni sont mes vrais assassins.
Voilà ce qu'a fait Rome, et vous l'avez sauvée;
Vous seule de mes coups vous l'avez preservée;
Vous payez cher, hélas! vos funestes secours .....
Mon dernier sacrifice est celui de mes jours:
Ils vous appartenaient.

or rather give it a false direction, by making filial affection the ruling passion of Coriolanus's bosom; which is either misunderstanding his character, or melting it into insipidity. Had pleasing his mother been his first object, he would never have joined the Volscians, or more properly, have never been banished.—Shakspeare has judiciously represented his filial love rather as an habit and instinct than as a feeling, which he willingly indulges: we see education constantly at war with will; he would be unrestrained, but maternal authority overmasters him in his own despite, and the struggle gives both piquancy to his character, and dignity to the sentiment to which it yields a reluctant submission. The French Coriolanus dies like a very good sort of man, worthy of being "sincerely regretted by all who had the felicity "of his acquaintance." In Shakspeare he expires like a blazing meteor, which has made the weal and woe of nations.

Vet. Epargne Véturie,.
Epargne sa douleur.....
Cor. Vous, que j'ai tant chérie,
Vivez, ma tendre mère! ..... et vous, Volumnius,
Ne craignez plus le Volsque.... il n'a plus Marcius.
Son infâme attentat a souillé sa victoire:
Et j'emporte avec moi sa fortune et sa gloire.
Vol. Puisse Rome sur lui venger votre trépas!
Cor. L'honneur a jusqu'au bout accompagné mes pas.
Je l'ai vue à mes pieds, cette Rome si fière.....
J'ai fait grace... Et je meurs dans les bras de ma mère.

Talma is certainly an able actor, and in this, as in all his parts, does his best to restore the dominion of nature on the French stage: but whoever has seen him in this character, and compared his action in the last scene with the fiery energy of Mr. Kemble, the sublime gesture with which he whirls aloft his arm, while he exclaims —

> Like an eagle in a dovecote, I
> Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli —

and finally drops amid hostile swords, like a majestic statue, thundering from its pedestal, — will feel the immeasurable distance at which our divine bard enables us to cast back, as well in dramatic acting as in dramatic writing, all foreign competition. There is one merit in French tragedy, of which few foreigners are competent to judge — the harmony of versification. But, to say nothing of the mannerism to which the uniformity of rhyme gives birth, there is one circumstance which disposes me to consider this beauty as not very important even in national eyes. — Talma, and all the best French actors, constantly do their utmost to destroy the rhythmical cadence, by carrying their period into the third line, even when the sense manifestly closes with the couplet: now it can hardly be supposed, that a good actor would take delight in diminishing an effect he either considered pleasing to the audience, or conducive to tragical dignity. The French

have been applauded for their attention to costume; I doubt their merits on this score. In Roman and Barbaric plays, their second-rate performers carry enormous beards; but the principal actors never encumber themselves with this Jewish appendage: either, therefore, it is a superfluity in the former, or an omission in the latter case: the Romans we know shaved, except such among them as affected a philosophic gravity; and though barbarian monarchs are *commonly* represented bearded, the custom even among them was not universal, as appears from the mounted Dacian warrior on Trajan's column: even Talma is scarcely classical when he flings a white cloke over his Roman armour, which, by the by, is rather plate-armour of the middle ages than strictly a Roman cuirass.

The Comedy of any nation is less easily appreciated than its Tragedy. The language of the comic muse is always, to a certain extent, artificial: she often relies for her effect on feelings purely national, local, or temporary: she is allowed to extract merriment from perishable forms of society, and even from individual eccentricities: thoroughly to enjoy the sallies of her wit, we must have grown up on, or at least have become intimately acquainted with, the soil on which she gathers it. There are still, however, points at which tragedy and comedy meet,—laws of moral nature which are common to both, and, consequently, beauties which are capable of being appreciated by every ordinary

judge of human conduct. It is moreover (and this is a fortunate circumstance) on the success with which he seizes these universal principles of humour, that an author must rest his claim to immortality: his wit, though it may use the passing foible of the day for its vehicle, must be rooted in those natural feelings, which never so much change as to make one generation wholly stranger to another, however distant. It is the glory of Shakspeare and Cervantes, that they have, in this manner, jested for all ages, notwithstanding the entire individuality of their portraits. Should we judge Moliere, the father of French comedy, by this standard, he would probably be found guilty of too much generalisation. His characters are abstract personifications of the particular vice or weakness he designs to ridicule; but they never link themselves to our imaginations like Sancho and Falstaff, whom we can scarcely forbear numbering among our familiar acquaintance. The names of *Tartuffe* and *Misantrope* may be given to a hundred ideal personages, all of whom may be conceived with features completely dissimilar: nor have we any stronger impression that they have really existed, than that Ariosto's *Orlando* and *King Agramant* performed the feats he has ascribed to them. It is probable that much of this defect proceeds from a sterility of the inventive faculty, which feels its funds barely sufficient for the shortest cut to its object; hence

there is no blending of qualities, no relief, no richness of portraiture: Moliere's *Misantrope* is only a misanthrope; his *Tartuffe* merely an hypocrite, or rather a personification of hypocrisy. Sancho and Falstaff, on the contrary, are themselves only, and altogether incapable of any exact moral definition: we cannot say that either of them is altogether coward, fool, or glutton; yet each has a mixture of these qualities, which all harmonise and unite into a prolific fountain of wit and humour: each of them, by a moral dissection, would furnish characters for a dozen of Moliere's comedies.

Regnard, on the score of generalisation, is still more chargeable than Moliere. His *Distrait* is a mere paraphrase of La Bruyere's *Menalque*: Leander's abstraction becomes both wearisome and improbable, from the want of relief; in fact, it approaches too nearly the nature of a malady to be altogether laughable: a few dashes of this infirmity thrown in to heighten, or contrast with other qualities, would be admirably comic; but when a man's life is nothing but a pitiable series of such blunders, we are rather disposed to provide for him in a lunatic asylum, than to imagine him a fair butt for ridicule, and still less the object of a sensible woman's love: his character is certainly maintained to the last; for on the evening of his nuptials he bids his servant prepare for a journey, totally forgetful of the

change in his situation, and the customary attentions of a bridegroom. * This is certainly painting with too coarse a pencil.

Les Plaideurs of Racine was one of the richest theatrical treats I met with at Paris. The action and characters are irresistibly comic.—The old countess, who places all the happiness of life in law-suits, and declares she has but four or five trifling processes, against her husband, father, and children still left on her hands: M. Chicanneau, who is infected with the same disease, and gives an account of an action he has been maintaining twenty years, for damage done to his meadow by an ass's colt, with the aggravation of a trespass by defendant's poultry, on which the court has ordered an estimate to be drawn out of the quantity of pasture a chicken can destroy in one day: even to Little John, the judge's porter—all are perfect originals. But all these are sketches in comparison of *Dandin*, the superannuated judge, whose mania for courts and trials is so strong, that he goes to bed in his judge's robe and square cap, and bestirs himself in the morning with such activity,

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* *Leandre.* Toi, Carlin, à l'instant prépare ce qu'il faut,
Pour aller voir mon oncle, et partir au plutôt.
Carlin. Laissez votre oncle en paix. Quel diantre de langage!
Vous devez cette nuit faire un autre voyage:
Vous n'y songez donc plus? vous êtes marié.
Leandre. Tu m'en fais souvenir, je l'avois oublié.

that he has had his cock's head cut off for waking him one morning later than usual, being convinced the animal had been bribed by an unsuccessful suitor. His nephew, who endeavours to confine him at home, proposes, to humour his passion, that he shall act the judge in his own family, and institutes a process against the house-dog, on the charge of stealing a capon: Little John and the clerk are charged to plead on either side: the nephew plays the audience, and *Dandin* takes his seat as judge. Nothing could be more complete than the acting of this scene;—the old judge's half-childish, drivelling exultation, as he prepares to fill the important office; Little John's pedantic exordium, wherein, in ridicule of many pleaders, both past and present, he opens the case of the abduction of a capon, by the vicissitudes of the universe, the downfall of the *Babibonians*, *Serpents*, *Nacedonians*, and *Lorrans*, and has arrived at Japan, on his way to the point in question, when he is interrupted by the opposite counsel, to the great mortification of the judge, who declares he was sweating blood and water, to see how the plaintiff's advocate could get from Japan to the capon. Little John's brief *exposé* of the fact, in his own *patois*, after he has lost the thread of his studied harangue, and his production of the fowl's head and feet as witnesses, are most ludicrously met by the eloquent common-places of the opposite counsel, who fixes the judge in a sound nap, while he expatiates on

the confusion of chaos: — but the climax of drollery seems attained, when the latter introduces a litter of puppies as the defendant's children, and proceeds to excite compassion for their forlorn condition.

Defendant's Counsel. Come, desolate family,
Come, poor children, whom they would render orphans!
Come, let your youth and innocence find speech!
Yes, gentlemen, you here behold our sorrows,
We are orphans. Restore to us our sire!
Our father who engender'd us!
Our father who .....
Judge. Take 'em away, take 'em away. —
Counsel. Our father, gentlemen .....
Judge. Ah, phoo! ..... take 'em away,
They have wetted me all over (*ils ont pissé partout.*)
Counsel. Sir, behold our tears!
Judge. Phoo! .... I feel compassion already:
What it is to touch the feelings suitably!
I dubitate exceedingly. — The crime's confest —
Defendant has admitted it: — yet still I pause,
Since to condemn him, were to send his
Children to the parish .....

It is sufficient to see *The Litigants* once acted, to be convinced that Racine would not only have proved a formidable rival to Moliere had he applied himself to comedy, but would in all probability have earned a more durable reputation with posterity than he will finally derive from his tragedies, when the mannerism of the old style yields to a new dramatic school, founded upon poetry and natural feeling. — Regular French comedy is always acted in the costume

of the age of Louis XIV.; with embroidered suits of silk and satin, flowing periwigs, feathered hats, and swords. This fashion of dress is not unpleasing with reference to the style of the pieces usually acted at the *Theatre Français*: it resembles the best characters of the best French comedies; brilliant, sparkling, and gentlemanly, though finical and unnatural. Any depth of feeling, or energy of action, would derange their whole costume; but there is no danger of such an accident, and it contributes to our amusement to see how a race of beings, at present happily antiquated, looked, talked, and moved in the sunshine of its butterfly existence. It must be owned, too, that French actors are admirable in this walk of comedy. They flutter before our eyes with all that ease and grace of *badinage*, which constituted the essence of the species they represent.—I mention one specimen of "the weeping or sentimental comedy" (*la comedie larmoyante*) of the present day, because it is a subject which has been treated by one of our first dramatic writers. *Le Médisant*, (The Slanderer) of M. Gosse, produced in 1816, is a composition of such desperate insipidity, that I shall attempt no further analysis of it, than to mark the opposite paths by which the French and English writers have chosen to bring out the moral of their story. *Le Médisant* is a pretending wit, whose delight is in universal slander, for which he is punished by a plot to make his own family seem victims of a similar

disposition in another. Nothing can be more serious than the developement of this design: the moral is inflicted in heavy sententious speeches, as if folly were to be beaten out of human nature with a moral sledge-hammer, as Thor battered the head of the snake of Misgard: the consequence is, that nobody makes application of a lesson so tremendously exaggerated. Slander causes sufficient mischief in society, to be an excellent mark for the satirist and comedian; but to join the cap of folly with the bowl and dagger of tragic guilt, is to take from it the ridiculous, which makes it contemptible, without giving it the atrocity which may render it an object of horror. Sheridan, on the contrary, by exhibiting the slandering appetite in a truly ludicrous and natural point of view, and giving it the range it usually takes in real life, has rendered his moral of such universal application, that Mrs. Candour's *sincerity* is a proverb which tells as soon as uttered: the line of practicability is thus hit upon; and as far as any evil moral propensity can be checked by comic ridicule, we may venture to assert that the *School for Scandal* has eminently done its duty.

A new comedy, entitled *La Famille Glinet*, had extraordinary success while I was in Paris: it was played above 80 nights successively, and equally well received in other parts of France. It is of the declamatory and sentimental cast, yet less nauseously so than *Le Médisant*. The scene is laid in a distant province, during

the fermentation of the League. A *roturiere* family of substance is divided into parties by the intrigues of Senõr Paghera, a Spanish agent! two of the brothers have a son and daughter between them, who are meant to be united, and fall in love with each other accordingly: meantime they are nearly separated by the political differences of their parents; differences fermented by the zeal of Paghera, and the termagant spirit of the young man's mother: a discovery of the machinations of the Spaniard produces a reconciliation and marriage. These incidents are treated with little comic effect: there are, however, some attempts at character, and the dialogue is easy and natural: the sudden change which takes place in the politics of one of the brothers, upon a change in the fortune of his party, is ludicrous enough, and can scarcely fail of effect in France: he has been a violent Leaguer, when a royalist army approaches the town of which he is Mayor; upon which he hastens with the keys, and a speech of congratulation, to meet the General of the prevailing faction, with whom he returns in triumph, and assures his family, who had been fearful for his safety, from an ignorance of his versatility, that he had long before felt an *inward* inclination towards the side he has now found it convenient openly to espouse.

In accounting for the popularity of this piece, political feelings must be taken into consideration. It inculcates a species of *quietism* in po-

litics, by endeavouring to show that contests and disputes on matters of government, are of no importance to the lower and middling classes of a nation, whose situation is in no respect affected by the political ascendancy of this or that party in the state: a doctrine not altogether unsound, when the question is only which of two factions shall stride over the backs of the people to the possession of power; but of the most dangerous tendency, as far as it seeks generally to persuade the citizens of a state they have no concern with the management of its government, nor any direct interest in the course of its political movements. No nation ever acted on this principle without dearly paying for its simplicity, and no nation has paid more dearly than France.

The Minor French Theatres confine their exhibitions to pieces generally of one or two acts, written in prose, and mixed with songs and couplets. These are always of a humorous kind, and generally turn upon some folly of the day, or popular anecdote: like Summer insects, they are scarcely expected to outlive the season; yet, for their lively sallies, strokes of real comic humour, and brilliant gaiety, well deserve to flutter through their brief existence with applause. *Les Anglàis à Paris*, are favourite subjects of these ephemeral authors. The Parisians, not content with sucking John Bull's substance, must enjoy a laugh

at his expense into the bargain. It must be owned, however, that both in the composition and acting of these pieces, they hit off our eccentricities of gait, manner, and pronunciation, with inimitable drollery. As a specimen I subjoin a scene from *Les Anglaises pour rire*, performed at the *Theâtre des Variétés;* a piece which has enjoyed a more durable existence than most of its brethren, having been first represented as early as 1814. The plot presents us with two lovers, *M. Menu* and *M. Coclet*, who disguise themselves as English ladies, to get admittance into the house of *M. Copeau*, of whose niece one of them is enamoured. *M. Potier*, and *Brunet*, who have acquired a deserved reputation in broad farce, perform the disguised inamoratos, who appear as aunt and niece, newly arrived from England: the old lady wears a close cottage-bonnet, and a riding habit, buttoned stiffly round her triangular bust; the niece is drest in a pink silk spencer, hat, and feathers. The look of starch prudery assumed by the matronly aunt, and the girlish hoydenness of the buxom niece, are admirably put on; and though the actors are large men, we really fancy we see two English dames "of some quality," and not very exaggerated dimensions. The scene represents a room in M. Copeau's boarding-house. *Goton*, his servant, introduces the two ladies.

Goton. Donnez-vous la peine d'entrer, mesdames les myladis.

M. MENU *et* M. COCLET, *entrant et regardant de différens côtés.*

Où est-il, le maisonne.... où est-il?

M. Copeau. Des sièges, Goton.

M. Menu. Est ce veau, messer, qui etaite la maitre de cette épertemente?

M. Copeau. Oui, myladi, j'ai cet honneur-là.

M. Menu. Où est-il le épertement? Je voulais me mettre dedans avec me petite nièze que voici.

M. Copeau. Justement, j'en ai un pour deux dames.... Vous n'avez pas de femmes-de-chambre avec vous?

M. Coclet. Nonne. Nous avons laissé la maisonne de nous à Londone.

M. Copeau. Londone!.... Ça veut dire Londres. Ah! comme je sais l'Anglais! Asseyez-vous donc, myladi.

M. Menu. Vous êtes bienne honnette, beaucoup.

M. Copeau. Je vais vous fair voir l'appartement, mais si vous voulez vous reposer, nous ferons avant nos petites conditions.

M. Menu. Des conneditionnes!

M. Coclet. Nous sommes tout justement des femmes de conneditionne.

M. Copeau. Je n'en doute pas à votre air.... puis-je savoir à quelles aimables ladys j'ai l'honneur de parler.

M. Menu. Yes, yes! Je suis, moi, Lady Krekmerott.

M. Copeau. Krekmerott!

M. Coclet. Et moi, Lédy Bibembrock.

M. Copeau. Bibembrock! (*A part*) Voilà de drôles de noms. (*Haut.*) Ces dames sont-elles dans l'intention de prendre des leçons de langue Française?

M. Menu. Est-ce que je parlais pas bienne jolimente la Français?

M. Copeau. Si fait.

AIR. — *Du partage de la richesse.*

Avec des bouches si jolies,
On doit parler très-joliment.

M. Menu. *Voilà de les galanteries.*

M. Copeau. *Ce n'est pas correct cependant :*
Il faut ici, quand on s'exprime,
Suivre le régime, entre nous. —

M. Coclet. *Vous voulez nous mettre au régime !*
Nous ne mangerons pas chez vous.

M. Copeau. Ce n'est pas cela.... Le régime grammatical. Vous aurez chez moi l'avantage de réunir le logement, la table et la langue.

M. Coclet. Vous étaite professer?

M. Copeau. Yes, professeur d'Englisch pour le Français.

M. Menu. Vous serez bonne pour mé niaizè, qui la parlaite fort peu.

M. Copeau. Myladi Krekmerott, permettez-moi, par exemple, de vous reprendre sur la prononciation. Vous appelez Mademoiselle votre niaise.... ce qui donnerait mauvoise opinion de son esprit.... C'est nièce qu'il faut dire.

M. Menu. Niai....

M. Coclet. Niai....

M. Copeau. Nièce, par un é ouvert.

M. Menu. Vous voulez dire par lé bouche ouverte?

M. Copeau. Non, un é avec un accent.

M. Menu. Un accent sur lé nez?

M. Copeau. (*A part*) Oh! j'y perdrai mon Latin.

M. Menu. (*jouant la pudeur.*) Messer l'hote, est-ce que nous serons seules dans le maisonne avec vous?

M. Copeau. Seules? Non, mesdames; j'ai ma nièce aussi qui aura l'honneur de vous tenir compagnie.

M. Menu. Je voulais l'avoir toujours.

M. Copeau. (*allant à la porte de sa nièce.*) Aspasie! — (*Revenant.*) Elle n'est pas encore prête: mais elle viendra tout à l'heure. J'ai de plus quelques voisines fort aimables qui seront enchantées, myladis, de faire votre société.

M. Coclet. Bien, bien, faites venir toute de suite les voisines. Nous voulons.

M. Copeau. Je cours les inviter de votre part.

The PARISIAN OPERA is supported on a scale of great expense and magnificence: the orchestra is full to abundance; the chorusses form an absolute crowd; the ballet is the first in the world. Connoisseurs are tolerably agreed in assigning to French music a rate below *par:* their bravura singing is piercing, and very disagreeable; but the general effect of their serious operas is imposing, from the care and skill with which they are got up. — The first act of the *Œdipe*, for instance, where the sacrifice is disturbed by terrific omens, the Delphic cavern rent asunder, the blazing tripods overthrown, and the chorusses burst into a crash of dismay and confusion, approaches sublimity: the second is not void of pathos, particularly the scene in which Œdipus rejects the repentance of his son: the recitative beginning, "*Antigone est ma fille,*" was delivered with a tenderness almost tragic. In general, the *acting* of the French Opera is much superior to that of the Italian in London, especially in the pains bestowed by the performers to help the author out, and connect the airs with the situation and feelings of the characters to whom they are supposed to have a reference: this is particularly observable in the by-play of Antigone in the *Œdipe*, by which she contrives impressively to

connect herself with the business of the scene, even when the airs are not immediately addressed to her. The contrary negligence frequently renders our operas unnecessarily ridiculous; as when a singer, by addressing his notes to the pit, leaves the partners of his grief, joy, or commiseration, to dispose of themselves as they best can, which is generally in the awkwardest way possible.

The regulation of the French theatre, as indeed of every thing in France, belongs to the government. * The actors are held in a state of bondage and humiliation, not easily reconcile-

* As a specimen of this superintendance, take the following articles, selected from one of Napoleon's imperial decrees: they present an odd mixture of the ludicrous and tyrannical.

1. An officer of our household is charged with the superintendance of the four great theatres of the capital, with the title of Superintendant of Spectacles.

2. No alterations can be made in the subsisting regulations of *the Theatre François, the Theatre Feydeau,* or *the Theatre of the Empress,* without his authority.

5. The repertories (stock plays to be performed) proposed by the committees or councils of the theatres, to be submitted for his approbation.

7. Every transaction passing in the theatres, or through the medium of their agents, must be approved of by the superintendant.

8. No performer at the four great spectacles can quit either of those theatres without the permission of the superintendant.

10. No performer can absent himself without leave of the superintendant, which cannot be granted, even by him, be-

able with the respect the nation pretends to pay to genius, and artists of every description. Public opinion (as too frequently happens in France) seconds instead of counterpoising legal tyranny, and the genius of Talma is deemed unworthy to associate with the dregs of a *noblesse*, principally distinguished by childish fanaticism on one side, and ignorant ferocity on the other. This surprising misconception of real dignity by a nation of *philosophers*, makes us little wonder at the priestly insolence which would deny a

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tween the 1st of December and the 1st of May, nor for a longer period than two months.

12. Every performer who shall make default, either in refusing, without sufficient excuse, to perform a character, or in not being present at the time appointed, or for any other fault of disobedience to his superiors, shall be condemned, according to the nature of his offence, either to make an apology, or shall be put under arrest.

16. The administration of the Imperial Academy of Music (the Opera), to consist of a director, an accountant, administrator, and an inspector appointed by us. There is to be also a secretary-general. They are to take an oath to execute faithfully their functions.

23. The pieces to be performed to be decided by the council of administration, the 14th and 30th of each month, for a fortnight. If any dispute arise, to be referred to the superintendant.

24. When new pieces, or ballets, shall have been admitted by the jury, the estimate of the expense shall be decided on in the council of administration, and presented for our approbation by the superintendant. The mechanist shall be admitted to the sitting of the council, and shall declare, on his responsibility, whether the decorations already in store can or cannot be used for the new piece.

spot of such earth as it is pleased, from the formula muttered over it, to call *holy*, to individuals who have been the delight of their age, and who have spent their lives in

Holding a mirror up to Nature.

It is not improbable that this bigotry of priests and laics may have contributed to the sterility of the French drama. When reputation and profit are so separated, that one must be sacrificed to the other, though there will be no want of competitors to pocket the pelf and ignominy together, yet much talent of a more elevated cast, and such as is connected with a liberal education, will certainly not be brought to such a filthy market: but we know how much dramatic writers are necessarily influenced by those who are to act their productions: plays are always written with reference to the histrionic genius of the times; and if actors are not at hand in whose sympathy, and sense of excellence, the dramatist can feel confidence, talent will run into other channels, and the stage be supplied by the post-horses of literature.

I have thus endeavoured to give some idea of the principal objects of curiosity in Paris, without pretending to do more than touch upon the most prominent. The public libraries are alone a mine of interest. They were unfortunately closed during my visit. That of the king, in the *Rue de Richlieu*, is said to contain

358,000 printed volumes, 72,000 MSS., 5000 volumes of engravings, besides a rich collection of medals and other antiques; among which the most careless observer could not view with indifference the Shields of Hannibal and Scipio, the Seal of Michael Angelo, and the Armour of Francis I. A manuscript Virgil, with the notes of Petrarca, is among those of its curiosities, which may be justly deemed

More precious than fine gold.

M. Denon's cabinet of medals and antiques is also politely opened to strangers, on addressing a note to the proprietor. Not to have seen this interesting collection, I account among the unlucky accidents of my tour.

Of the public buildings in Paris unconnected with royal state, the HOTEL DES INVALIDES, the church of which I have already described, holds the first place: it presents a façade towards the Seine of above 600 feet: the style of its architecture is eminently simple throughout: the arch of the principal entrance is decorated on either side with two Ionic pilasters, which support an arch containing a mounted figure of Louis XIV. in *bas-relief*: this is all the external ornament of the building, which is four stories high. Trophies surmount the piers of the iron gates, placed at the end of the bridge across the outer fosse, which is overlooked by cannon, as grim and peaceful as the veterans they seem to defend. The principal court is

312 feet long by 192 of width, and is surrounded by arcades. The number of veterans is at present 4000, but the building will accommodate 6000. Every attention is paid to their comfort: I saw them at dinner in a large hall: they ate in messes of a dozen at separate tables: their bottles of wine and napkins were placed with the greatest order and neatness. The officers have distinct mess-rooms, according to their rank, and are served on silver plate, presented to them by Maria Louisa. Their library was the gift of Napoleon. Marshal Serrurier was governor under the Emperor, but he has been deposed to make way for the *Duc de Crequi*, who served with much distinction *en emigrè à Londres*.

The HOTEL DE VILLE deserves notice merely as a specimen of the mixed Gothic and Grecian styles, prevalent at the period of its erection, betwixt 1533 and 1606. It faces the *Place de Grève*, famous as the scene of public festivities, and public executions.

The HALLE AU BLED (Corn Market), is conspicuous for its dome of peculiar lightness, raised in 1802. Adjoining it is a Doric column 97 feet high, which formerly belonged to the *Hotel de Soissons*, on the site of the present market, and was used by Catherine de Medicis for astrological observations, as if she would have made the stars accomplices in the devices of her dark spirit.

The BARRIERS at the entrances of Paris,

though sometimes grotesque, are not in general ill adapted to their situation and purpose. I particularise that of *Saint Martin*, or *La Villette*, for its peculiar architecture, which gives it the air of an Egyptian temple: the square basement story presents a porch on each front, resting on eight square columns, such as we see in the engravings of Thebes and Dendera: the upper story is circular, and surrounded with arcades, resting on double pillars, equally singular in style. Most of these barriers are of recent construction. I pass through them to visit the environs of Paris.

CHAP. V.

THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

The heaviest part of a French tour is a survey of the palaces round Paris; those objects of a loyal Frenchman's pride, the merits of which he estimates by the space they cover, and the *livres* they have cost. They are indeed highly characteristic of the age which produced them, nor while the stranger visits them as a point of duty, will his visit be without its profit, should his mind have ever laboured with an undue admiration of kingly splendour, or have been dazzled by the glare which the flattery of pensioned historians has thrown upon the age of Louis XIV. A slight survey of this monarch's proudest monuments will suffice to show him how little real glory a nation can derive from the most lavish efforts of royal extravagance; how circumscribed are the means of despotism to create even artificial beauty; with what elastic pinion taste, not less than genius, escapes from the iron grasp of arbitrary power, and leaves its costliest structures to cumber the earth with barbaric magnificence.

ST. CLOUD, ST. GERMAIN, and VERSAILLES, are placed at the three corners of an ideal triangle, the apex of which rests on the left bank of the Seine.

ST. CLOUD is at this apex, and so is nearest to Paris. A handsome stone bridge crosses the river to the town, above which the woods of the park and gardens wave along the slope, and crest a bold picturesque eminence. The palace is a heavy mass of building, surrounded by terraces, with stone balustrades, from which flights of broad steps descend into gardens, proud of a profusion of artificial *jets d'eau*, tritons, urns, and sea-horses, at the several intersections of their long stiff alleys. I visited St. Cloud on the Sunday of a *fête*, in honour of which the water-works were played off: a cascade was represented by a stream dashing down long flights of steps, into an oblong stone basin, surrounded by statues; the effect of which, if neither natural nor sublime, seemed something fairy-like, and had that charm which always accompanies the aspect and harmony of descending waters. — For my own part, I should have thought the whole show well exchanged for a wild nameless streamlet, hurrying over a few large stones, betwixt banks of birch and hazel, with an old oak here and there stretching his brawny arms across it. — The living groups were the best ornaments of these gardens. The principal walks were lined with booths full of toys and sweetmeats; other temporary edifices offered refreshments

suited to all tastes and conditions; shows, merry-andrews, wild beasts, and tumblers, presented, at intervals, the competition of their several attractions: circles and saloons were brilliantly illuminated for dancing: there seemed to be every where gaiety without extravagance, and mirth without vulgarity. All Paris on the Sundays of these *fêtes* is poured into St. Cloud: all classes alike seek and find amusement, without troubling themselves to investigate whether it be not of a nature too trifling to become the dignity of their condition, or the seriousness of the day. If I were to name the quality, moral or physical, by which the French nation is most happily distinguished, I should say it was its *amuseability*. It is at these *fêtes* the French character exhibits itself in the most pleasing point of view, and it is here the stranger who seeks to be favourably prepossessed, should take occasion to contemplate it. An Englishman will not fail to observe that parties of the *gend'armerie* are the never-failing accompaniments to every species of popular congregation in France: their tall commanding figures, and military air, rendered more impressive by their long swords and enormous cocked hats, literally answer every idea of *surveillance* over the well-trained populace, who, by the readiness with which they claim the interference of these masters of the ceremonies, seem, like the mastiff in the fable, to regard their log as a badge of distinction. It must be owned however, even by

those who, like myself, are least disposed to admire such perfection of order, that the behaviour of the *gens-d'armes* is for the most part highly decorous, steady, and inoffensive. *

St. Germain, a tall brick castle, surrounded by a fosse, has a venerable though gloomy aspect: the apartments are small, and for the most part unfurnished, exhibiting only the remnants of magnificence; but it is not without a feeling of interest we pass through the chambers in which the exiled James spent the last years of his life: the silence and nakedness, both of the castle and town, are in unison with ideas of faded grandeur; like the character of the fallen monarch, they look monastic, dark and unfortunate. A large town, half inhabited, seldom fails to give birth to melancholy: decay is in all circumstances abhorrent to our feelings, but especially the decay of human society. The principal *Restaurateur* still exhibits the sign of "The Prince of Wales;" and feeble as is this record of royalty, it would be difficult to find in any other corner of the world so considerable a mark of respect to the exiled Stuarts. The superb terrace, which bounds the park towards the valley of the Seine, is justly admired

* "En France, (writes M. Benjamin de Constant,) nos spec-
"tacles, nos fêtes, sont hérissés de gardes, et de baïonettes;
"on croirait que trois citoyens ne peuvent se rencontre,
"sans avoir besoin de deux soldats pour les séparer."—
Collection des Ouvrages, vol. i. p. 79.

for its extent of 7200 feet, and pleasing prospect over Paris and St. Denis. The park contains 8500 acres, and is still stocked with game, for the recreation of the royal family.

VERSAILLES is, in eyes loyal, *par excellence* the *ne plus ultra* of palaces; and if size be a fair criterion of magnificence, the compliment is not unmerited; for as I once heard said in commendation of a sermon that it would make six good sermons, so Versailles would well cut up into six good palaces. The apartments are reckoned at 6000; nor, considering the plot of ground covered, is this calculation, which of course includes rooms of every description, beyond probability. The stranger wanders through hall, and chamber, and cabinet, and state-room, in seemingly endless succession, all decorated like that splendid vehicle in which our sovereign, at the commencement of each session, rolls slowly to meet his expecting Parliament. The eye becomes dazzled and wearied with gilding, which constantly repeats the reproach of the Grecian artist; "unable to make "your Venus beautiful, you have taken care to "make her fine." Bonaparte, when "his hour of folly" was come, expended millions in renovating this frippery, which was to have been furnished with a live-stock equally fine and soulless. The theatre, once so splendid, looked as tawdry as splendour always looks in decay: some portraits were leaning against its walls; they had once represented the gay and powerful, but now, obscured with dust, and abandoned

to neglect, looked even like the memory of their originals in the picture gallery of history.

Le Grand Trianon stands in the park of Versailles. It presents a façade of a single story 380 feet in length, terminated by two pavilions, connected by a range of 22 Ionic columns; the whole surmounted by a balustrade and vases. The apartments are in better taste than those of Versailles. Among the works of art, are "a bending Cupid," in white marble, of modern sculpture; a fine picture of Melancholy; and *a Snow Piece*, by Vanloo, which places winter immediately before our eyes, and at the same time makes us feel the immeasurable distance betwixt the magic genius of art, and the tasteless efforts of mere power.

Le Petit Trianon exceeds neither in size nor decoration a moderate private house. The far-famed gardens of Versailles, are but a multiplication of the absurdities with which, under the name of beauties, the French every where torture nature. The stranger passively follows his conductor from one green pond to another, from a piece of shell-work to a noiseless fountain, and thence to a dry cascade, heartily hoping each may be the last of the sights he screws his courage up to go through with, and wondering whether the makers or admirers of these dainty devices be most deserving of pity. In the immense orangery, which is heaven knows how long! we regard with pleasure the orange-tree planted by Francis I. in 1421.

which is still in full health, and bearing. After this, there is nothing in Versailles so interesting as a speedy departure from it, with the fond hope, that the task of visiting it may be never again repeated. Betwixt Versailles and St. Germain are the useless aqueducts and waterworks of *Marly*. The park and chateau built by Louis XIV. have disappeared,

And smiling Ceres re-assumes her reign.

On the road from St. Germain to Paris is the modest MALMAISON, now the property of Eugene Beauharnois. It is a neat white house, with the air of a respectable English gentleman's seat, and is surrounded by shrubberies laid out in the English manner.

The neighbourhood of Paris on the right bank of the Seine, presents objects of more universal interest. Those I have mentioned are rather drafts upon the traveller's patience, than materials for his enjoyment.

The HEIGHTS OF MONTMARTRE will not be slightingly passed by. The martyrdom of St. Denis, from which they take their name, cannot indeed be expected powerfully to interest the foreigner, who usually thinks it sufficient to venerate the saints and martyrs of his own country; the reader of English history will, however, recall the meeting which took place here betwixt Henry II. Louis VII. and the arrogant Becket, who was destined to furnish England with a saint equal to St. Denis himself. A more re-

cent event for which *Montmartre* may claim to be remembered, is the foundation of the order of the Jesuits, laid in its church by the vow of Ignatius Loyola, and his seven companions, from which period the order dates its origin. The church is destroyed, but the tower has been saved by being made the station of a telegraph to which I mounted, and enjoyed a complete view of Paris and the surrounding country: the man who has the machinery in charge, furnished me with an accurate detail of the hostile movements preceding the two captures of Paris, during both of which he had continued to serve at his station. I give his sketch of these events.

In 1814, the heights of Montmartre (which are probably 400 feet above the level of the Seine) formed the left of Marmont's position, and were very slightly fortified: the right of the French army was on the *buttes*, or small hills of Chaumont, and the centre occupied a number of villages, spread over the intermediate plain. The allies manœuvred from St. Denis and its neighbourhood, directing their principal efforts towards the French right. One cannot glance over the relative position of the two armies, as thus marked out, without feeling a conviction of the possibility of Marmont's maintaining his ground, for many hours at least, against a very superior force *; but it is stated

* Bonaparte is said to have required him to make good his position for twenty-four hours.

on the other hand, that his troops, after repulsing an attack on their right, suffered themselves to be carried forward beyond their line of defence, and were consequently cut up by an overwhelming force of the Russians towards *La Villette*, so as to be afterwards unable to occupy their original position in sufficient strength. Bonaparte is reported to have wept when he heard of the capitulation of Paris: — well might he weep; it was for a lost world. — The allies, in their second advance to Paris, instead of encountering the heights of Montmartre, which had been lavishly fortified, crossed the Seine, and occupied the heights of *Meudon*, on which side Paris is completely defenceless, and even incapable of defence. Montmartre was afterwards occupied as a kind of citadel by our troops.

To such as prefer studying the revolutions of nature, rather than those of kingdoms, *Montmartre* is a geological object of great interest. It presents a perfect specimen, of what M. Cuvier terms *the gypsum of the first fresh-water formation*. This gypsum is divided into three strata or beds; the lower of which is thin and full of selenite crystals: it contains shells. The second bed is thicker, and contains petrefactions of fishes. The third, or upper, which is sometimes 60 feet thick, affords skeletons of birds and quadrupeds, among which are several species of the genera *Palæotherium* and *Anoplotherium*.

The Abbey Church of St. Denis, with its collection of tombs and monuments, is a chroni-

cle of the French monarchy. Dagobert is generally allowed the honour of having been its founder, nor is a miracle wanting to give due dignity to the occasion of the pious work. A monk of the abbey, who wrote the *Gesta Dagoberti Regis*, about 150 years after that monarch's death, relates, that, while yet a youth, Dagobert was taking the diversion of hunting, the deer he was pursuing took refuge on the spot where rested the bones of St. Denis, which, by their divine influence, checked the pursuit, and baffled the fury of the hounds; that Dagobert, several years after, when, like the deer, he too was hunted by his father's officers, for some real or pretended offence, remembered this miracle, and having sought refuge in the same place, found the bones had lost nothing of their protecting virtue; in gratitude for which, he afterwards had them dug from their obscure resting-place, and intombed in a magnificent church erected for their reception. This edifice is said to have been commenced about the year 629. Having become ruinous, it was rebuilt by Charlemagne in 775, sacked by the Normans in 865, and restored by the Abbot Suger about the year 1144. Eudes Clement and Mathieu de Vendome, finally completed it as it exists at present, betwixt 1231 and 1281. In assigning the several portions of the present structure to their several eras and architects, it seems agreed that the crypt, or lower church, beneath the chapel of St. Denis, is part of the fabric erected by Charlemagne in the 8th cen-

tury. The chapels of the *Chévet*, or round point, some part of the eastern arcade, and the western front, are attributed to Suger. The plain style of the western front, its circular arches, and a certain heaviness of proportions, are strong internal evidences that it is an earlier effort of architecture than to be ascribed to the Gothic period. If this observation be also correct with regard to the *Chevet*, it proves the use of the pointed arch in France at a date prior to its introduction into England; our earliest specimens going no further back than 1171 and 1184. The nave, choir, and transepts are referred to the latter period of the building: they are of the most delicate proportions, united with a boldness seldom equalled: the nave, though but 89 feet wide, is 90 feet high; the windows of the upper range betwixt the great arches and vaulting, are conspicuous for their size and grandeur: they are each nearly forty feet high, and divided by four perpendicular mullions, terminating in arches, which support three roses: the distance between each is only three feet. This admirable edifice, which had been ravaged and suffered to fall into decay during the Revolution, is now in great measure restored, and will shortly receive back all its monuments from M. Lenoir's collection. Of these, that of Dagobert is already placed on the left-hand side of the nave, near the western entrance, and merits to be described both for its design and antiquity.

The recumbent statue of the king, with his crown on his head, and his hands joined in prayer, is placed on a tomb within a superb Gothic arch: the statues of Matilda, his wife, and Clovis II. are standing beneath tabernacles, at his head and feet: angels, bearing censers, are placed round the inner circumference of the arch, the back of which displays a remarkable piece of sculpture in *alto-relievo*: it is divided into three compartments; in the lower, the naked soul of king Dagobert, still distinguished by his crown, is represented on board Charon's boat, and surrounded by ape-headed dæmons of no very friendly aspect: in the second compartment, he is kindly received by a saint, and the devils are tumbled in confusion into the water: in the upper division, Saints Denis, Martin and Maurice, are lifting him, as it were, in a sheet, towards the regions of the blest, whence an angel is stooping with a censer to receive him. The whole of the monument is richly finished with crockets, finials, roses, and other Gothic ornaments, in a style of delicacy and richness which evinces the progress of sculpture in France during the life of Abbot Suger, by whom this mausoleum was erected.

Among the most interesting monuments to be replaced in the body of the church, are the mausoleums of Louis XII., Francis I., and Henry II.; and the tombs of Sancerre and Sir Bertrand du Guesclin.

Louis XII. and Anne of Bretagne, his queen,

are represented reclining on a tomb, within a tabernacle, richly ornamented with arabesques. Paul Ponce was the sculptor and architect.

Sixteen Ionic columns support a canopy, under which recline the naked figures of Francis I. and Claude his wife, daughter of Louis XII. The Resurrection of Christ, and other personages of holy writ, are sculptured within the canopy, and are, as well as the figures of the king and queen, the work of Germain Pilon. The admirable *bas-reliefs* round the tomb, representing the battles of Marignano and Cerisoles, are due to the chissel of Peter Bontems, as well as the statues of the king and his family, which crown the top of the monument.

Sir Bertrand du Guesclin lies on his tomb in plate armour; his surcoat is sculptured with his arms, — *quarterly, Navarre, and per bend three fleurs-de-lis, two and one.* This valiant commander, recorded by French historians as *the good constable*, and one of the flowers of his country's chivalry, when warlike achievements were best understood and admired, died while besieging Chateau Neuf-de-Rondon, not far from Mende, in Languedoc. By order of king Charles, his body was interred in that monarch's own chapel at St. Denis, at the foot of the tomb intended for himself; with the same honours as if he had been his own son, the King's brothers attending the funeral. Charles himself died the same year (1380); nor will his tomb be regarded without interest, when we remember

he earned the surname of *the Wise*, by the efforts he made to renovate his country, and give life to the liberal arts and sciences: he first commenced the royal library, by depositing one hundred and twenty volumes in the tower of the Louvre. It was Charles who reduced the blazon of France to three fleurs-de-lis; a *bas-relief* exhibiting the ancient arms, was taken from St. Denis, and is to be seen among the *Monumens Français.*

On either side of the choir are iron folding gates, through which two flights of stone steps lead to the royal vaults. Here are to be placed in order the restored tombs of the ancient line of French monarchs, in a series from Clovis II. to Henry II. Many of them are already deposited, nor can we see without impatience, that these venerable tombs and statues have been daubed over with yellow paint! So miserably does the cloven foot of French taste discover itself even in such works as can command the judgment and antiquarian knowledge of all the *savans* of Paris.

This collection of monuments is not yet sufficiently arranged to enter into further particulars of it. *

My last excursion round Paris was well worth

* For a fuller account of the church of St. Denis, *Vid.* "*Histoire de l'Abbaye Royale de St. Denis en France, par Don Michel Felibien;*" "*Le Musée de Monumens François par Lenoir;*" and "Whittington's *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of France.*"

all the rest. It was to MONTMORENCY, a little town about ten miles north of the city, near which Rousseau passed many years of his unfortunate existence, and composed his most celebrated works; — his *Julie, Emile,* the *Contrat Social,* and *Letter to M. D'Alembert.* Montmorency stands on an eminence; the road to it turns from the main road, near St. Denis, and by its agreeable windings on the banks of the Seine, through meadows and orchards, interrupts the monotony of ideas which seldom fails to be produced by moving on an eternal straight road, betwixt two stiff rows of trees: something of the freedom of nature here smiles about us, and this feeling is further increased, when mounting the vine-clad steep, we enjoy a delicious prospect over this valley, of the wandering river, and feel quit of the dead flatness which generally marks the neighbourhood of Paris. Having arrived at the town, we walked through the woods towards *Mount Louis,* the former residence of Rousseau. The house is on the south side of a valley, to the bottom of which the eye is prevented from penetrating, by the number of trees scattered down its slope, which, though thick enough to make the bottom of the dell a matter of conjecture, are sufficiently apart to let in those gleams of sunshine and verdure, which woo on the loiterer to plunge into their recesses. Above the road, at the back of the few houses which constitute a diminutive hamlet, the forest rises in all its depth of shade, and seems in its prolongation to enclose the whole

valley, like a worm nook, into which no rude blast may find entrance. Rousseau's quondam dwelling is very small and simple, yet has been much enlarged and altered since his time, when he thus describes it, and the life he led there. "I was perhaps at that time the best and most "agreeably lodged individual in Europe. My "host, M. Mathas, who was the kindest crea- "ture in the world, had left me the entire "direction of the repairs of Mount Louis, and "would have me dispose of his workmen with- "out his interference. I contrived out of one "room on the first floor, to make a complete "*suite*, consisting of chamber, anti-chamber, "and wardrobe. The kitchen and Teresa's "chamber were on the ground-floor. The "summer-house, which I had provided with a "good glass-door and chimney, served me for "a study. While I was there, I amused my- "self with ornamenting the terrace, which was "already shaded with two rows of young linden "trees; I added two more, to make a saloon of "green leaves, in which I placed a table and "stone benches, and surrounded it with lilacs, "eringas, and honeysuckles. I also laid out a "handsome border of flowers parallel to the "two rows of trees; and this terrace, more "elevated than that of the chateau, with a "view at least as fine, and on which I had "tamed a number of birds, served me as a "drawing-room to receive M. and Mad. de "Luxemburg, M. le Duc de Villeroy, M. le

" Prince de Tingry, M. le Marquis d'Armen-
" tierès, Mad. la Duchesse de Montmorenci,
" Mad. la Duchesse de Boufflers, Mad. la
" Comtesse de Valentinois, Mad. la Comtesse
" de Boufflers, and other persons of the same
" quality, who condescended, by a very fa-
" tiguing ascent from the chateau, to make
" the pilgrimage of Mount Louis. I owed the
" favour of all these visits to M. and Mad. de
" Luxembourg: I felt this, and my heart re-
" verenced them accordingly. It was in one of
" these transports of feeling, I once said to
" M. de Luxembourg, as I embraced him: 'Ah!
" M. le Marechal, I hated the great before I
" knew you, and I hate them still more, since
" you have made me feel how easy it would be for
" them to make themselves adored.' " — *Confes-
sions*, lib. x. The terrace once so honoured by the meeting of nobility and genius, still exists, but its contracted dimensions, and neglected condition, leave little in it to admire, save the memory of the past. The garden is on the slope of the valley; it is very small; rather in the English than the French taste, but too contracted to have any decided character. A bust of Rousseau is placed in a hole in one of the walls, looking much like a Jesus-box, with a pane of glass before it. Under it are some verses written by Madame d'Epinay, reproaching the fickleness of her friend, who fled from her protection. Rousseau's conduct in hastily forsaking the hermitage, may have the air of

precipitance, and even rudeness; yet the protection of the great is too much like slavery, not to render an escape from it venial. If the philosopher seems sometimes extravagant in his bearishness, but too many of his literary contemporaries sinned in the opposite, and less honourable extreme. Besides this bust, a Portugal laurel is pointed out, under which Rousseau was accustomed to seat himself; brooding perchance on the bright creations of his impassioned thought, or, as was his peculiar delight, indulging that listlessness and mental vacuity, which lets the images of life float by as motes in the sun-beam, and regards more fixedly the gilded fly in his summer dance, than the weightiest interests of vanity and ambition. The house is at present occupied by a niece of the late *M. Gretry;* and 'tis a curious instance of vanity, to see the bust of Rousseau stuck in an obscure hole, while that of M. Gretry occupies the most conspicuous spot in the garden, and has near it a long piece of slate, on which strangers are invited to pay an elegiac tribute, not to the memory of one of the most astonishing men of all ages, but to that of M. Gretry, *ci-devant* musical composer, who still seems determined to play the first fiddle.

The valley of Montmorenci, about Mount Louis, presents an epitome of the loveliest features of nature. Majestic woods, glens, and copse-clad precipices, corn-fields, vineyards which seem to bask on sunny slopes, and luxu-

riant orchards, are all blended in pleasing confusion, combining at every turn into new forms of scenic beauty. The woods are much resorted to on Sundays for rural balls, under the spreading chesnut-trees, but they were now as silent as a Canadian forest: the sky was without a cloud, and the sun just so hot as to make the vicissitude of shade and exposure most engaging: it was a day which breathed health and harmony through the frame, and, if I felt its influence with a relish more than usually grateful, it was, that this excursion, unlike most of my solitary rambles, was made in the company of an old friend and school-fellow.—Whoever is happy enough to remember the

Πονοι κοινοι λογων,
Ομοσεγος τε και συνεσιος βιος,

will understand the difference.

CHAP. VI.

PARIS TO MORTAGNE, AND THE MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE.

WHOEVER designs to quit Paris by the unostentatious conveyance of a public Diligence, is wont to repair to the *Messagerie Royale*, or "Royal Stage Coach Office," in the *Rue Notre Dame de Victoires;* where he finds a large yard, surrounded by offices appropriated to the various coaches, and tolerably well filled by an assortment of these ponderous vehicles, some preparing to start, some unpacking their crews and cargoes, and some looking like old black luggers at anchor. It must be owned, however, that this enclosed space forms a much more convenient starting-post than either the White Horse Cellar, or the White Horse, Fetter-lane; or indeed than any London Horse, Bear, Angel, or Elephant, with which I am acquainted; but it is a curious circumstance in the relative locomotion of the inhabitants of the two capitals, that while London pours her flying conveyances from an hundred different offices, a single *Messagerie* almost of itself suffices for Paris, from which 10 daily coaches, 20 once in two days,

and about half a dozen at wider intervals of time, are dispersed over the extent of country betwixt the Rhine and the Pyrenees.

It may be taken as a general rule, that in France, (and I believe 'tis much the same in other countries,) whatever institution, or establishment, is honoured by the epithetical agnomen of "Royal," never fails to be conducted towards its point of destination by the longest and least convenient road which human ingenuity can contrive to hit upon: this observation applies with double force to the matter of Diligences, which, with the exception of those to Rouen and Calais, on which roads there exists some sort of competition, seem contrived upon the unaccommodating principle of completing a given distance in the greatest possible space of time. It was on the 15th of October, (one of the first of that succession of cloudless days, which made the autumn of 1818 a second summer,) that I repaired to this general rendezvous, about one o'clock in the afternoon; and having previously engaged a place, took my station near the Brest Diligence, which passes through Mortagne, whither my journey lay. In England, the experienced traveller will generally contrive to anticipate by a few minutes the time of starting, that he may thereby accommodate himself with a front or back, a corner or middle place, as may suit his whim, taste, or infirmity; but in France such an act of free agency is never tolerated in a subject: not only every

other part of your accommodation, but even the precise nook you shall fill, is settled for you by the government: *M. Le Conducteur* stands near the door, and in a loud voice calls upon each passenger to occupy the seat assigned him, much as a serjeant calls over his muster-roll, and with nearly the same air of authority. I was the happy *ninth* destined to be embosomed in the machine, and entered its dusty confine, while the sun was all hot and bright without, much as a ghost with an ill conscience may be supposed to step into Charon's boat. While the stowing and packing were going on, I had eyed with no cordial glance an immense Norman nurse, who, with a thumping child in her arms, just old enough to be mischievous, had been filling the coach pockets with a loaf of bread, cheese, pears, a bottle of *vin du pays*, and "such like gear," for the consumption of the journey. "I will not sit by that woman," said I internally; but the government of France had ordered I should, for the *ninth* place meant a bodkin seat betwixt her and a lusty young man, who looked much like what he proved to be, an officer of the French marine; a good-humoured man, and not deficient on the score of intellect. The ship, as he would probably have expressed it, having now all her cargo aboard, was on the point of weighing anchor, when the nurse cried out, "*Oh! M. Le Conducteur, arrêtez un moment, s'il vous plait; l'enfant veut pisser.*" — "Madame," said a raw-boned old gentleman

opposite to me, as he turned a long red proboscis, garnished with a pair of green spectacles, towards the fair claimant for delay, "you should have settled these matters before you set off." — "*Ah! Monsieur, c'est un enfant,*" pathetically interposed a young woman next him. "If it "were done when 'tis done," thought I; but the general voice determined that *le petit* should find fitter occasion: an attempt was indeed made to accommodate the affair by projecting him through one of the windows, but as he was a little too heavy to be supported at arm's length in a perpendicular, or nearly perpendicular position, the thing was mathematically impossible, so it stood over. Meanwhile we jogged on, with the tantalizing contrast of a brilliant sunshine without, and a hot, dusty atmosphere within, which was rendered more aggravating as the country increased in beauty, after we got quit of Paris and its suburbs; and, passing Versailles, descended the beautiful valley of *St. Aubin*, across which the road stretches on the crest of a ridge, which slopes off on either side in two green declivities. My fellow-travellers indeed exhibited no impatience on this account; a love of rural beauty being no French passion: they had besides fallen into a political argument — the age of Louis XIV. *versus* that of the Charter and freedom. A mild looking man, pale-faced and powdered, with much the appearance of an Abbé, maintained the cause of despotism, and *Louis le Grand*, against a little man, with

very harsh features, who, notwithstanding his professions of constitutional loyalty, had a mien and physiognomy altogether republican, at the least; but he had a logic as stern as his features, and pressed the gentle friend of tyranny, *a coups de marteau*, both with fact and argument, which went very far to prove that this golden age of kingcraft and peruke-making, was but a very so-so time for the swinish multitude.

We past through *Dreux* in the night, and about day-break found ourselves close to the little village of *Tellieres*, built round the foot of an eminence, on which stands a large gloomy-looking chateau, with many windows, and high roofs; the property of the lady of the manor, reputed to have been one of the greatest heiresses in France, and lately married to a son of the Duc d'Osmond. The Duc de Richelieu has a seat by the road-side near this village: it looks formal, and in the usual dry, tasteless style of a French chateau. Two leagues from Tellieres is the ancient town of *Verneuil*, with its ruined towers and crumbling brick walls, close under which the Regent Bedford won a hard-fought battle on the 16th of August, 1424, in which fell the Earl of Buchan, Constable to Charles VII., with the flower of French chivalry. Nor is this the only warlike achievement of this period of which Verneuil bears record:— while subsequently in possession of the English, a French miller, who had been beaten by an English soldier, took an opportunity of betray-

ing the town to his countrymen, by instructing them to fix their ladders to his mill on the walls: the garrison was forced into the castle, where a few of them long held out in "the grey tower," against the gallant Dunois, and at last surrendered on capitulation; after which king Charles entered the town amid the shouts of the inhabitants, who, according to Monstrelet, "made "bonfires, and strewed the streets with flowers "in the best manner they could, singing carols "day and night."—*Chronicles*, ix. p. 20.—Soon after mid-day we were at *Mortagne*, and alighting at the inn, I began to enquire for a conveyance to *La Trappe*. No sooner had I mentioned my intention of visiting this monastery, than my smug and loyal fellow-traveller made up to me with a face of congratulation:—"This," he said, "was the true way of travel-"ling:" he then told me I might rely upon the hospitality of the Fathers for my night's lodging, who would be sure to entertain me much better than I could be accommodated at the village *auberge*. This the *aubergiste* of Mortagne stoutly denied.—"Right," thought I, "the devotee sympathises with the monks, the "*aubergiste* with his brother inn-keeper; grant-"ing their opposite testimonies to neutralise "each other, I declare for the monks: inns and "*aubergistes* are commoner things than monas-"teries and monks of *La Trappe*."—With this decision I set off, myself on one post-horse, and a postilion, with my *valise*, on another, leading

the way. La Trappe is about eight miles north of Mortagne: the road to it traverses a delicious country, full of hamlets, orchards, and vineyards: the surface is not mountainous, but waving, and though generally cultivated, has here and there patches of heath and copse-wood, sufficient to give it a picturesque mixture of wildness: the road is literally a cross-road, in which any vehicle but a waggon would be ill at ease, it being narrow, sandy, and broken; but it deviates luxuriously betwixt hedge-rows, through woods, across fields, up one knoll, and round another, in a manner as unlike as possible the stately solemnity of a *chemin superbe*.

It was twilight when we reached the village. Having alighted at the *auberge*, I was directed to the door of the monastery, which had, as far as I could distinguish in the waning light, the appearance of a substantial farm-house. I rang the bell; a monk presently opened the door, and perceiving a stranger, prostrated himself before me: to my demand of a night's hospitality, he replied by leading the way to the refectory, with a courteous gesture of assent: here he again bowed himself at my feet, (a ceremony much more embarrassing to me than him,) and enquired if, while supper was preparing, I chose to attend evening service, which was now beginning: on my assenting he conducted me into a small chapel, near the altar of which a single lamp threw a feeble light on the white habits of the brethren, who, with their cowls

drawn over their faces, were kneeling down in attitudes of deep humility and devotion: this was by far the most solemn part of the service; the faint breathing of their whispered orisons was alone audible; nor could I refrain, as I stood in a corner of the chapel, from regarding the unwonted scene with a feeling of almost solemn interest.—The beings thus grouped around me, were so far removed from all ordinary pursuits, and habits of social existence; there was so little similarity betwixt their destiny and mine; nay, there was so little of general human sympathy betwixt us, that I found myself regarding them with almost as much curiosity and wonder as if they had been given back from the world of spirits, or had wandered into our sphere from some distant planet.—After having prayed some time in silence, they rose and chaunted the usual evening service, which was concluded by their again kneeling in the same attitude of devotional meditation; after which, they glided ghost-like from the chapel. Three persons had stood near me during the service, two of them young men, seemingly ecclesiastics, the third a rustic; these, I afterwards understood, were novices, in their year of probation: the two former had such wan, enthusiastic countenances, as denoted the inward sway of constitutional melancholy; but my skill in physiognomy afforded me no clue to the mental hallucination of the third, whose dull simplicity had been probably wrought upon by the madness of others, or the contagion of example.

From the chapel I was conducted to the refectory, where I found a table spread with fruit, vegetables, bread, cheese, butter, honey, and sweetmeats, good wine and cider, of which I was courteously prest to partake: the *Hopitallier*, who has the charge of entertaining strangers, apologised, that in consequence of its being a meagre day, he could offer me no better fare: an apology certainly superfluous, though I was no *Trappiste*.

After supper I was shown into a neat chamber, ornamented with a few pictures of saints, and a crucifix: the *Hopitallier* having desired to be informed of my wants, and the hour at which I wished to be called, bade me a good night, and withdrew. As it was yet early, I took up a volume of the Benedictine regulations, on which those of La Trappe are modelled: one precept struck me; it directs the brethren of the order to consider a particular friendship as more sinful and pernicious than the most deadly hatred, by directing the affections from the Creator to the creature. With what extraordinary logic has superstition subjugated the earth! I also looked over a life of the Abbé de Rancè, the reformer of the order, of which the brief history is this:—La Trappe is the *territorial* appellation of this monastery, which was founded by Rotrou, Count de la Perche, in 1140, according to the Bernardine rule; but much laxity had crept into its observances, when De Rancè undertook to reform it, about the year 1664:

since which time it is properly called "the Reformed Bernardine," or "Order of La Trappe." There is a portrait of the Abbé in the Stranger's Refectory: his countenance is mild and penetrating; he was a man both of learning and talents, and even translated Anacreon. Voltaire observes, that "he wrote with elo-"quence, and as a legislator, dispensed with "his own law, which obliges those who live in "the monastic tomb to be ignorant of what "passes in the world." His sincerity, however, can scarcely be questioned, since he spent the latter part of his life in the practice of the austerities he preached. He is said to have imbibed much of the gloominess of his spirit from frequent meditations in the Roman catacombs; which seem indeed to have so well accorded with his taste, that he has modelled the order of La Trappe upon the principle of a living catacomb, in which life is taught to represent death, a cell the grave, and breathing men, the silent, passionless anatomies of the departed. In the morning I was summoned to the refectory to partake of a breakfast, which even in Paris might have been called luxurious: the *Hopitallier* waited on me in modest silence, yet the gentleman was seen through the monk. On my plate I found a printed paper, containing an *exposé* of the principles and practice of the order, drawn up for the information of those who may be disposed to enter it. It was an odd commentary on an excellent breakfast, and not

at all likely to prove relishing from the contrast; but there was an earnestness approaching to eloquence in the style of it, and something even sublime, in endeavouring to make proselytes by a recital of mortifications and suffering: it begins; "Whoever you be whom God inspires "with the design of uniting yourself with us, "to devote yourself to repentance, do not "imagine, as the world commonly persuades "itself, that great strength and vigour of body "are requisite for this purpose. No, great "strength is certainly not requisite, since we "constantly see among us, persons in very de-"licate health, persevering with firmness; but, "with the help of grace, much courage, much "humility, and much good-will, are requisite. "Much courage, to support austerities; much "humility, to renounce yourself in every way; "much good-will, to surmount the obstacles "and temptations which will perhaps divert you "from your purpose." It then proceeds to exemplify the occasions which call for these several virtues: as, I. Courage, to endure the austerities of the order, which are classed under nine heads. 1. The endurance of cold in winter, when the use of a fire is permitted but for a few moments at a time. 2. Heat in summer, when the drops of sweat gathered by toil must not be dried by a handkerchief, but only wiped from the brow with the hand. 3. Early rising; before half-past one in the morning on Sundays and ordinary festivals, and before midnight on

great festivals. 4. Never to lean against the wall while sitting, however fatigued. 5. To make but one meal a day for seven months of the year, and that to consist of potatoes, herbs, or vegetables, without butter or oil, and seasoned with salt and water: the bread to be brown, and the only drink water: this too not to be touched but on a signal given by the superior. 6. To work fasting for five or six hours a day, or more, at laborious occupations. 7. To sing in the choir, or pray more than seven hours every day; more than eleven on Sundays, and above twelve on great festivals. 8. Never to sleep but on boards, with a pillow of straw. 9. To reckon all this nothing; and every evening to make a prostration before the cross, repeat the *miserere*, and entreat God's forgiveness for having done so little during the day, and that little so ill. Even, if necessary, some retrenchment is to be made upon this wretched subsistence, the better to provide for those who may wish to become inmates of the establishment.

II. Humility is to be carried to the extreme of a total annihilation of volition. Every species of blame and even calumny is to be endured without an attempt at defence, or even explanation: the head is to be constantly bowed, and the eyes cast down, in token of contrition. The will of the superior is to be regarded as the sole rule of conduct, and all previous knowledge is to be laid aside and forgotten, while the mind assents with implicit submission to whatever is presented

to it, whether of thought or action. This state of self-negation seems indeed to be regarded as the perfection of saintship, since, according to one of the fathers, "*cesset voluntas propria, et* "*non erit infernus;*" — but for self-will, there — "would be no hell."

III. Great good-will is essential, as may well be imagined, to bear all this, and defeat the machinations of the devil, who is constantly striving against such godly doings.

A notice is subjoined to this *exposé*, signifying that *property* is not required of those who present themselves for admission, though it would argue but little zeal in those who have any not to offer it; besides, that in the present circumscribed condition of its revenues, the order has no means of support, but such as each member brings with him. Neither age nor education are obstacles to reception; but the unlettered, as well as those whom age or ill-health will not permit to undergo all the austerities of the order, are received upon a different footing; the ignorant being made lay-brothers, while the weak or infirm are allowed some relaxation with regard to fasting, and are permitted to wear linen. There is also a school attached to the monastery, for gratuitous education, in writing, cyphering, and Latin; the scholars of which are boarded and lodged in the house, and afterwards either received into the order, or returned to the world. There is also a system of instruc-

tion for those who can afford to pay for it, on the usual plan of colleges, with the addition of the modern languages, mathematics, &c. After I had finished an excellent meal, and looked over this compendium of penance, the *Hopitallier* conducted me through every part of the building. The walls are bare, and every article of furniture suitably simple. Besides the refectory, dormitory, and library, there are several apartments used as workshops, in which tailors, shoemakers, and book-binders, were silently pursuing their respective occupations. Their communication with one another seemed to be almost wholly by signs; a few low words were now and then breathed, when any work or direction seemed absolutely to require it, but otherwise the bowed figures of the brethren glided about, or performed their several tasks with a spectral stillness. After having surveyed the establishment within doors, I walked into the garden, and adjacent premises. The former is neatly kept, and serves for a church-yard, as well as garden, in which one grave is always open: about half-a-dozen more were marked by heaps of turf, and crosses at their heads, with the conventual names and ages of the deceased, and the dates of their deaths, subscribed *requiescat in pace*; — an epitaph which, simple as it is, is yet more than enough, where the natural boundaries betwixt life and death are removed long ere the clay and spirit separate.

I found the monks busied in repairing their bakehouse, and other domestic offices: they reminded me, in their silent activity, of a swarm of ants, rebuilding their ruined domicile. The massive ruins of their ancient monastery are hard by their present humble dwelling: the roofless walls, and several broken arches of the church, are standing: it appears to have been about 130 feet long, and 50 wide, and built in the simplest style of Gothic architecture: many other apartments of the edifice are also distinguishable among the heaps of flint and rubbish spread over the area. The monks entertain a hope of one day restoring the whole to its former grandeur, and cast an eye of expectation towards the woods, which embosom the rich meadows round their convent: all which fair demesne was once their property, and produced an annual revenue of from 20 to 30,000 livres. The woods, which had become national property, have past into the possession of the crown; hence their hope of restitution: but it is doubtful if the present government can afford to be so costly in its piety. Close to the orchard is a delightful thicket, cut through with green alleys, in which, however, the monks are forbidden by their rule to walk, lest this harmless recreation should too far mitigate their state of penance. It is thus superstition would, if possible, put out the sun, and light the world with hell-fires, in honour of the God of Nature. It would, indeed, be difficult to make a purgatory of La Trappe, were its inhabitants allowed to taste the fresh-

ness and beauty of the scenery by which they are surrounded.

It is a common notion, and one natural enough to be entertained, that this Order is, for the most part, filled by men whom a sense of foul crimes has driven to such extremity of penance: I mentioned this idea to the *Hopitallier* as he was walking with me round the premises: his mild countenance was in itself a refutation of the notion; nor should I have felt justified in mentioning it, had I not stated it as a vulgar error:—"I do "not think," I concluded, "great criminals are "the likeliest persons to enter your order:" "Oh! no," he gently replied, "there must be "a *call* for that." The fact is, that great criminals are commonly men whose powerful minds are seldom dashed by the terrors of superstition, except it be when age or disease have enfeebled their intellectual faculties: in general, it is rather on the weak than the wicked Religion pours her chastening influence; which, when it lights upon imaginations of a cast more than usually fervid, or such as by constitution and circumstance are rendered unusually susceptible, blazes into the enthusiasm of saintship, or the madness of self-torturing bigotry. Enthusiasm, or a predominance of fancy over reason, being the basis of such feelings, it will by no means seem surprising, that among the monks of La Trappe should be found several of Bonaparte's Old Guard, whom disgust, and impatience for the lost idol of their affections, have impelled to a

seclusion, which, however contrary to their former habits, still affords nutriment to their souls' extravagance. The *Hopitallier*, I afterwards learnt, was once a captain of cavalry; — "and I, too, am an Athenian." Perchance we have been front to front ere now, but *his* worldly campaign is first over. At the conclusion of our walk he again conducted me to the refectory, where, on my declining to prolong my visit, a collation was spread, before my departure; he then produced an *album*, in which it has been usual for strangers to write their names, with such expressions of their thanks and feelings as the convent's hospitality well merits. Among the few English visitors, I observed the names of Mr. J. Weld, of Dorsetshire, and Mr. Fellowes, of Tivoli Villa, near Bath. Under my name, and compliments, I wrote the following lines:

Within these walls the sovereign power of will
Triumphs o'er nature, bidding her be still,
With all her host of passions, good or ill.
And blessed are the votaries who dwell,
In the drear confine of each silent cell,
If penance, fast, or midnight pray'r may win
Tranquillity, to bide a guest within;
Nor is it madness for such end to keep
Their rule's austerity; and sternly steep
Their bread in bitterness. — Alike in this,
Monk, or philosopher, pursues the bliss
His fancy images, and wisely deems
That good the greatest which the greatest seems.

I now took leave of my polite entertainer, who with much courtesy, begged I would not fail to visit them, should I again pass that way. He insisted on carrying my *valise* to the inn, where we separated, — he to the monotonous tenor of prayer and mortification, I to continue my pilgrimage through France, — and through life, with all its chilling changes; in the course of which, it will be well for me, if I have never cause to think he has the better lot of the two.

John Bull will naturally desire to know if I *paid* for my entertainment; I answer, hospitality is a duty of the convent, and no stranger, or traveller, is denied a table and bed. Two poor travellers were received and entertained at the same time with myself; nor, were the monks still in possession of their lands and gear, would I so far have insulted their liberality as to offer payment for it; but in the present very reduced state of their finances, it would be meanness in a traveller, journeying for his amusement, to tax their slender means without some remuneration: this is never demanded, but is accepted when offered, as enabling them the better to show hospitality to such as need it. Payment being thus entirely discretionary, should not, I imagine, be graduated according to the actual value received, or the charges of an *auberge*, but express, as far as is consistent with the traveller's means, the sense he entertains of the hospitality

of his reception. Not far from La Trappe is a convent, for females of the same order; but being at once man, heretic, and foreigner, I conceived my chance of admittance, under this triple disqualification, too hopeless to think of visiting it.

CHAP. VII.

MORTAGNE TO TOURS.

MORTAGNE is an old town, built on a hill: it contains nothing remarkable; the walls are for the most part demolished; though a Gothic gateway or two, and a single tower, are still standing: but a better sight than feudal battlements were the marks of growing prosperity and improvement visible throughout the town; such as the roofing, repairing, and enlarging of houses; stone-masons, carpenters, and bricklayers in full employ, with a general appearance of ease and activity. There is a heathy hill, partly covered with copse-wood, just without the town, which commands a wide landscape of richly cultivated c[illegible] thick-set with trees and hedge-rows, a[illegible]l with villages. Nothing like t[illegible]s to be seen betwixt Mortagne

I engaged [illegible]e mail from Mortagne to Le Mans: that is, I [illegible]t in the same covered cart with the bags, and had my bones nearly jolted through my skin. As the country and

weather were both delightful, I made a start at each stage, and so ensured above an hour's walking for the sake of *rest.* The villages in this direction are numerous, and the site of each is marked among the trees, by the thin tapering spire of the parish church. One generally observes, both in France and England, each county or province to have its peculiar style of church-building: this sharp wooden spire is well suited to a thickly timbered country, where a tower would be completely out of sight.

Betwixt *Bellesme* and *Mamers* I overtook a decent, honest-looking man, who, though not of the lowest class, had evidently chosen his mode of travelling as much from motives of economy as of pleasure. Having entered into conversation with him, I began to praise the richness and beauty of the country:—"Doubtless," said I, "the inhabitants here are well "off?" "Some of them are," he answered.—"But "the majority?" "They are ill enough off;—"you may judge how they fare, when a man "earns but ten sous a day*, and wheat is from

* Without food: but I imagine this to be in winter only. In the neighbourhood of Angoulême, wages during the summer are twelve sous per day, with food; in the valley of the Gironde, fourteen sous, with food. In harvest they are sometimes twenty sous; but in winter the average of wages is but twelve sous, without food; though in some districts the cottagers live rent-free, in houses belonging to their employers.

"ten to twelve francs the bushel." — "But "wages rise with wheat?" "No; for the last "four or five years wheat has been extremely "dear; but wages have continued at the old "rate." — "How can a man maintain a family "upon ten sous a day?" "Miserably enough: "they drink nothing but water. I, myself, am "a master carpenter, employ four or five men, "and can earn twenty-five sous a day; yet, "though I have no children, I can put by no-"thing, and live meagerly enough," (*assez maigrement.*) — "There are, however, many "small proprietors among you?" "Very few. "In my *commune*, there are eight or ten pro-"prietors with a rental of from 5000 to 7000 "livres: the farms are all large, and the greater "part of the people in great poverty." — I continued my queries: "You find trade generally on "the increase since the peace?" "Yes, people "begin to build and improve, because they feel "some security in their condition. They are "not liable to be called upon by the conscrip-"tion, nor taxed to support endless wars." — "You are not, then, a friend to Bonaparte?" "No, I am not one of those who regret him. "I find more business stirring, and more "money spending, than there was during his "government, when people never knew what "might become of them." It had been well for Bonaparte had this honest carpenter been his prime-minister. The wearer is a better judge

than the maker where the shoe pinches; but in state-cobbling, Crispin fits all feet by his own last, and cures corns by cutting off the toes.

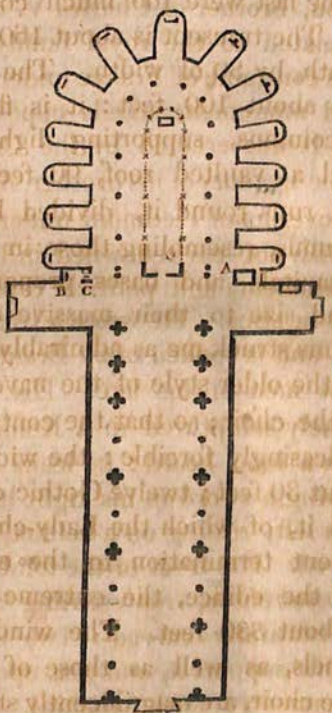
I dined at *Mamers:* it was Sunday, and I amused myself by looking at a company of the respectable towns-people diverting themselves with pitching sous through holes in a box, — an amusement more insipid than any that can well be imagined, except that of looking at them. I doubt if the Chactaws, or Tonga men, would not have called it very childish.

At *Bonnetable*, I found the farmers enjoying a jolly evening, enlivened by an auction, and the beat of a great drum — a tremendous in-doors accompaniment. The mail usually remained here all night; but the service was constructed on so liberal a principle, that the driver offered either to stay or go, as might suit my convenience: so I went on to Le Mans, and arrived at about four in the morning.

The ancient town of LE MANS, formerly the capital of Maine, is built on the *Sarte*, near its confluence with the *Huisne*. The old ramparts, and several of the towers, are still standing round the upper town, and look as gloomily ancient as an antiquary could wish them. The cathedral is a pile of antique beauty and magnificence, well worthy to arrest the stranger's attention. Its architecture is of two dates: the nave is said to have been a pagan temple; it is at least older than the choir and transepts: its external walls are without buttresses; its length is about

170 feet, breadth 75. The roof rests upon seven massive clustered columns, and four circular pillars, on either side; these form the lateral aisles: the windows of the lower tier are plain round arches; those of the upper are double, within a plain circular architrave; thus resembling, both in form and arrangement, those of the great hall in the Castle of Lillebonne: several monuments, effigies, and inscriptions, are visible against the walls, but the last were too much corroded to be legible. The transept is about 160 feet from north to south, by 30 of width. The length of the choir is about 100 feet: it is flanked by clustered columns, supporting light pointed arches, and a vaulted roof, 90 feet high: a double aisle runs round it, divided by sixteen Roman columns, resembling those in the nave, but with capitals and bases proportioned in richness and size to their massive character: these columns struck me as admirably contrived to connect the older style of the nave with the Gothic of the choir; so that the contrast should not be unpleasingly forcible: the width of this aisle is about 30 feet; twelve Gothic chapels are built round it, of which the Lady-chapel forms a magnificent termination to the eastern extremity of the edifice, the extreme length of which is about 330 feet. The windows of all these chapels, as well as those of the upper story of the choir, are magnificently stained with orient colours; nor can description do justice to the architectural splendour which breaks on

the eye from various points of the aisles round the choir. Were I to fix upon a spot at which the effect is most striking, I should place the spectator at A, in the plan, thence to direct his eye transversely, across the choir into the opposite aisle and chapels: the prospect here, combining the rich colouring of the windows with the various intersecting arches and columns, is truly sublime.



This church contains two remarkable monuments. The one near the spot marked B, con-

sists of the recumbent statue in white marble, of a warrior in complete armour; beautifully sculptured: a coronal of jewels is round his head, and another round his helmet, at his feet: his surcoat bears *fleurs-de-lis*. The tomb is inscribed, "*Hic Carolus comes Cenomaniæ obiit die* x. A. MCCCCLXII." This Count of Maine, was third son of Louis II., Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Sicily; and grandson of Louis Duc d'Anjou, brother of Charles V. of France; so nearly related to the royal family: his son Charles was constable of France under Louis XI. The second monument stands opposite to the first at C. It was erected by the Cardinal du Bellay, to the memory of his brother, *Monsieur de Langeay*, governor of Piedmont under Francis I., —a nobleman not less renowned in his time for literary attainments and political capacity, than for his skill in arms. He wrote a treatise on the art of war, and is spoken of by Brantome as one of the first men of his age. His recumbent figure is finely sculptured in a Roman military habit, with a long beard: he leans on his left elbow, having a sword in his right hand, and a book in his left, resting on a helmet, barred and richly carved. The front of the tomb is adorned with a *basso-relievo*, representing a battle of tritons, beautifully carved: two sphinxes of black marble support it, and rest upon a second, finely ornamented with trophies. The workmanship of the whole is admirable. On the upper tomb is a confused Latin inscription,

which contrives to say nothing in many words. Over the monument are the three following epitaphs:

1. Obiit IIII. Id. Januar. *Anno* D. MDXLIII. *in vico Sansapharino ad radicem Tararii montis.*
2. *Pallados invictus jacet hic, et Martis Alumnus*
Positum hoc mausoleum. MDLVII.
3. Arreste toi lisant
Cy dessoutz est gisant
Dont le cueur dolent jay
A renomme Langeay
Qui son pareil neut pas
Et duquel au trespas
Gecterant pleurs et larmes
Les lettres et les armes.

Brantome says, he was told this monument was erected in St. Julian's church: if so, it must have been moved hither since; but in a matter of hearsay, the historian may be inaccurate. He quotes the two following epitaphs, written by the wits of the day, which are only not quite so insipid as those on the tomb;

1. *Hic situs est Langæus — Ultra nil quære, viator,*
Nil melius dici, nil potuit brevius.
2. *Cy gist Langeay, qui de plume et d'espèe*
A surmonté Ciceron et Pompèe.

Near the western front of the cathedral stands a lofty iron cross, which would not have been worth notice, but for its accidental accompaniments. At the time of my passing by it, a wreath of roses had been offered at its foot: on the steps, at one side, knelt several children, performing their morning devotions, quite re-

gardless of the publicity of the situation: on the opposite side a bearded mendicant, with his long staff beside him, was kneeling for the same purpose. A painter could not have selected a grouping more picturesque, or one richer in moral allegory: the children personified the young hopes of life; the beggar its realities: the roses betwixt them shall bind the brows of neither, but wither near the emblem of suffering: if their young minds fashioned a wish, it must have been to live many days; he could have asked no greater boon than the grave: with his experience, they would have begged the same blessing:

> O blindness to the future kindly given!
> That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n.

The church of *St. Julien*, in the suburbs on the right bank of the Sarte, is entirely of corrupted Roman architecture: it is said to be more ancient than the cathedral; that is, I imagine, than the *Gothic* part of the latter, which is comparatively modern.

It was under Le Mans the last blow was given to the shattered Vendean army in 1793, after it had been forced to retire from before Angers. Mad. Larochejaqueline reckons this defeat to have cost the royalists not less than 15,000 men; most of whom were crushed to death in the streets, during the retreat, or massacred in the houses in which they had been left sick and wounded: she herself was very nearly trampled down

among the fugitives, after having vainly attempted to conceal her infant daughter in the bed of a lady of the town, who refused it her protection. One is astonished, in reading this, as well as other parts of Madame Laroche-jaqueline's memoirs, at the power of endurance with which the mind and frame even of delicate females, seem, on the spur of great emergencies, to be gifted.

I have little to observe on the road betwixt Le Mans and Tours, because I travelled it by night; but I ought not to forget my *compagnon de voyage*, a jolly, clerical-looking Frenchman, who, during our journey overwhelmed me with civilities, called me *bon Anglais*, and put no limit to the expression of his wishes to be, in any manner, of use to me. Accordingly, when we arrived at Tours, I thought it no trespass on his friendly disposition to ask his advice as to the best hotel in the town: I know not whether he smelt, in this question, an inchoate intention on my part to put his professions to some further test; but, without delaying to answer me, he forthwith tucked his umbrella under his left arm, caught his bundle from the *conducteur*, and hastened off with as much diligence as if I had attempted to borrow a franc of him.

Tours is a gay-looking town, at present half-peopled by English. The approach to it by the bridge of the Loire is very advantageous. This bridge consists of fifteen arches, each 75 feet in the span; its total length is 1532 feet; and

width 47. The river, though not deep, is wide and handsome; and its right bank, which is high and rocky, is covered with vineyards. At the foot of the bridge, the commencement of the High-street (*La Rue Royale*) is flanked by the *Prefecture*, a handsome modern edifice, and by a sham architectural front, of very mean appearance, which, without much judgment, has been erected to mask a very handsome Gothic church, now used as a stable. This street is broad, straight, furnished with *trottoirs*, and altogether, perhaps, one of the handsomest in France; but the rest of the town bears traces of antiquity, which, in the article of town building, seldom shews itself in a very favourable point of view. The walks laid out upon the old ramparts overlook a pleasant country, and the ex-ditches are profitably converted into gardens. The population of Tours, according to the census of 1790, is about 20,000 souls: at the end of the sixteenth century it was near 120,000.* A reduction, however, in the population of great towns, does not necessarily suppose any general diminution through the coun-

* In 1636, the silk manufactories occupied 20,000 workmen, 8000 shops, and 400 mills, besides 40,000 workmen employed in preparing the various articles for consumption. In 1672, the total population was about 80,000. In 1698, these were reduced to 34,000, of whom 1100 were ecclesiastics. There were then 1200 manufactories of silk, occupying 4000 workmen.

try: it is a natural consequence of the progressive security of social life, which induces men more willingly to disperse themselves in villages and isolated dwellings, than to crowd into a few fortified towns, such as were wont not only to engross the whole national trade; but, from their strength and privileges, to assume almost the appearance of small independent republics, confederated within the same social pale. In France, traces however are still left of this gregarious habit: the peasants are fond of collecting in villages, so that petty hamlets and single cottages are much less frequently met with than in England. A similar observation is applicable to Spain: in both countries it is common for peasants to walk, or ride on asses, five or six miles to their daily labour, so that about a third of their working time is frequently spent on the road. The same habit has adhered to the French Canadian, and forms a considerable bar to the clearing and settling of new lands.

Few cities figure more conspicuously in French history than Tours. Its records are especially rich in saints, and saintly actions. St. Gatien preached the Gospel, and was the first bishop of Tours, about the year 250. St. Lidoirus was bishop in 341, and was succeeded by St. Martin, who founded the first monastery in France, at Legugè, near Poitiers, and afterwards the famous *Majus Monasterium*, or Convent of *Marmontier*, (in old French *Maire-Moustier*,) to which appertains the legend of

the Seven Sleepers; and from which William the Conqueror subsequently borrowed a score of monks to stock Battle Abbey. St. Brice, who was obliged to purge himself by a miracle from the charge of adultery; St. Eustochius, St. Perpetuus, St. Baud, and St. Eufronius, together with the lady-saints, Clotilda, Monegonda, and Radegonda, are all celebrated by Gregory of Tours; to judge from whose history, a saint was in his times a much easier thing to meet with than an honest man.

The first Christian church in Tours was constructed by St. Lidoirus, anno 347, out of a house which had been given him for this purpose by a Senator: this is recorded to have been the first beginning of the cathedral. In 469, St. Perpetuus built a church in honour of St. Martin, which was, at that time, the most magnificent in all Gaul. Several others are recorded to have been built about the same period; but by their being repeatedly burnt to the ground, we may conclude they were little better than wooden edifices. Gregory of Tours tells us (*Historiarum*, lib. x.) that in the time of his predecessor St. Eufronius, the whole city was burnt down, with all its churches; that two of them were rebuilt by Eufronius, but the third remained in a state of decay. St. Eufronius also restored the church of St. Martin, which stood without the town, and covered it with tin, by the help of King Clotaire. Gregory himself rebuilt the cathedral, which he dedicated,

anno 590, to St. Maurice, commandant of the Theban Legion of Martyrs, whose relics he believed he had been fortunate enough to discover in an old stone chest. Whatever may have happened to this edifice in the intermediate centuries, it was burnt down in 1166. As it was probably soon restored, the most ancient parts of the present building may be reckoned to belong to the twelfth century: we find, however, that the towers, which were only of wood, were burnt in 1224; and that the present towers, which are not both of the same shape, were not completed till the commencement of the sixteenth century.

The interior of this church is of a very elegant Gothic. Near the choir there is a tomb, with the recumbent figures of two children, admirably sculptured in white marble: they are the sons of Charles VIII., who were buried in St. Martin's, on the destruction of which church their monument was transferred to the cathedral, in 1815. The sculptors were *John* and *Juste Leguste*, of Tours.

The *Church of St. Martin*, in consequence of its standing without the walls, was repeatedly burnt and plundered in times of war, as well as destroyed by accidents. Our countryman, Alcuin, is said to have once extinguished a fire in it, not as a man of judgment would go about such a business in these days of little faith, with buckets and fire-engines, but by prostrating himself before the devouring element, with his

arms extended in the figure of a cross. He was buried in the church he had thus preserved, in which there was a monument to his memory. Luitgarde, the wife of Charlemagne, happening to die while her husband was holding an assembly of the States at Tours, was also buried in St. Martin's, under *Charlemagne*'s tower. Here too reposed the famous Berenger, who had the good fortune to escape the crown of martyrdom, though accused of magic, and guilty of thinking reasonably. The tomb of St. Martin himself was surrounded with a grating of silver, by Louis XI., in a fit of gratitude, for the defeat of the Duke of Burgundy: this decoration Francis I. took the liberty of sending to the city mint, where it was coined into 6342 marcs of silver, nick-named *testons à la grille*. After the battle of Pavia, the queen-mother, Louisa of Savoy, came to implore St. Martin's forgiveness for this offence, to which she ascribed the king's disasters; though, as she had diverted all the money thus impiously obtained to her private use, there was no need of going to heaven to look for the author of the misfortune. The roof of this church fell in in 1797, and a street now passes over its site: the tower of Charlemagne, however, and the western tower, still exist.

The *Castle*, which is now used as a barrack, was built in 1160, by our Henry II., Count of Touraine, on the foundation of an ancient Roman edifice. It was an irregular square, flanked by four towers, of which one is still entire, to-

gether with part of a second, and a portion of the ancient walls. It was perhaps one of the sculptured stones of the Roman building, which, in some way or other, was long shown at Tours as the *Tomb of Turnus*. The castle, soon after its erection, was besieged and taken by Philip Augustus, in 1189; retaken by Richard Cœur-de-Lion in 1194*, and afterwards held by John. One of the remaining towers bears the name of the *Guise Tower*, from the circumstance of the Duke of Guise having let himself down from one of its windows, while a prisoner, in 1591.

Tours was the birth-place of several of the *preux chevaliers* of French history: amongst whom were Saintrè, and the two Boucicauts, father and son. A curious anecdote is related of the latter: when not seventeen, he was at the battle of Rosbecque with Charles VI., and having presented himself to engage a Fleming of extraordinary stature, the latter contemptuously struck his battle-axe from his hand, saying, "Go, suck, child! The French are in great want of men, since they send children to battle." On which young Boucicaut drawing his dagger, and nimbly rushing under his adversary's arm, stabbed him through his cuirass, exclaiming at

* Richard, before his departure for the Holy Land, received the pilgrim's staff and habit in the church of St. Maurice; the former broke as he was leaning on it, which was regarded as a bad omen.

the same time: "So; — do the children of your "country play in this fashion?" *

When the estates of the province met at Tours in 1789, to elect deputies to the States-General, the Marquis of Lusignan, a descendant of the kings of Jerusalem and Cyprus, was the first among the nobility to set a memorable example of patriotism, by proposing the following resolution, which was carried by acclamation: "The order of the nobility of the bailiwick of "Touraine, considering that its members were "men and citizens before they were nobles, cannot better indemnify itself for the long silence "to which the abuse of ministerial power had "condemned it, than by declaring to its fellow-"citizens that it purposes no longer to enjoy "those pecuniary privileges, which custom had "conferred on it. It makes by acclamation a "solemn vow, to bear with perfect equality, "each in proportion to his fortune, the taxes "and general contributions which shall be "agreed to by the nation; pretending to re-

* An English soldier, describing the *mêlée* of the Life Guards and Cuirassiers at Waterloo, said, the noise of the swords against the helmets and cuirasses resembled the clink of a number of smiths' hammers. Froissard, describing the battle of Rosbecque, says, "The clattering on the helmets "by the axes and leaden maces was so loud, that nothing "else could be heard for the noise. I was told that if all "the armourers of Paris and Brusselles had been there "working at their trade, they could not have made a "greater." — Chap. xliv.

" serve none but the sacred rights of property, " and those distinctions essential in a monarchy, " to enable it the better to maintain the rights " and liberties of the people, the respect due " to the monarch, and the authority of the " laws." The clergy moved a similar resolution. — Had all the privileged orders in France been possessed by an equal spirit of good sense and moderation, what miseries had been spared! what incalculable evils prevented! The privileged orders of Touraine at least, have consciences free from reproach (a rare privilege in such times of peril), while their noble sentiments will be long quoted, to show that all the French nobles and clergy were not culpable towards mankind of that obstinate and blind selfishness, which has drawn down ruin on half the civilised world.

CHAP. VIII.

TOURS TO POITIERS.

FIVE leagues from Tours, on the river Indre, is the town of MONTBAZON, with a ruined castle on the hill above it. It is so far remarkable, that Peter Savari, Lord of Montbazon, was one of the first knights-bannerets created in 1213, by Philip Augustus, in those provinces which had before belonged to the kings of England. Peter Savari displayed his banner at the battle of Bovines, in 1214: a lord of Montbazon was in 1360 one of the hostages for the performance of the treaty of Bretigny. Not far from *Chatellerault*, near the confluence of the Clain and Vienne, are the ruins of *Old Poitiers* (*le vieux Poitiers*). Antiquarians are undecided whether to see in them the remains of a castle, or of a temple of Roman construction: it is not for me *tantas componere lites*; but I mention the existence of *Old Poitiers* for the sake of future travellers, who may have an opportunity of visiting it.

The ancient city of POITIERS stands on the steep ridge of the left bank of the Clain. Most

of the streets are narrow, crooked, and miserably paved. It contains about 21,000 inhabitants, but is spread over an extent of ground which, if thickly peopled, would contain at least five times that number: it is indeed one of the most curious features of Poitiers, that if you stray but a few paces from the principal streets, you find yourself among gardens, vineyards, and even corn-fields, all within the ramparts, and as still and forsaken as if no town was within a dozen miles of them. There are many good houses in these depopulated districts, most of them tenantless; and a whole street sometimes looks, from the grass growing over it, as if it had been recently visited by the plague. Poitiers is little frequented by strangers; yet with all its disadvantages, it has, in my mind, more attractions than any provincial city I have seen in France, except Saintes: it is memorable in history, abounds with antiquities of all ages; the country round it is pleasant, and offers scenes and objects of high interest to the curious. The public walks are among the finest in France; they are laid out upon the ramparts at the south-east end of the town, and overlook the Clain, with steep terraces of limestone on its right bank, and on its left a bright green stripe of water meadows, from which ascend vineyards and corn-fields, diversified with woods, till the river is lost sight of in the distant windings of its channel.

On my way to the Roman Amphitheatre, hap-

pening to step into a bookseller's shop, near the market-place, I mentioned *Les Arènes* to the mistress of it, who immediately, with much politeness, conducted me through her house, and opening a back door, upon a sort of terrace, showed me I was within its area, and standing upon one of its vaults. The gigantic ruins were beheld here to advantage, from being contrasted with the diminutive aspect of the houses, which had been built among its arches. By passing through the yard of the *Hotel d'Evreux* I gained admittance into the area, to examine it more in detail. It is built with flat slabs of limestone, roughly hewn, and put together, as we see the flint walls of Saxon castles, without much attention to neatness or regularity; being doubtless originally coated over with small stones: the arched *vomitories*, or entrances, are about 25 feet deep and 12 wide: a vault runs all round the circumference of the lower story, and forms the cellars of the houses built over it. The height of the arches still standing no where exceeds 60 feet, and can be reckoned at so much only where, as in one or two places, the arches of the third story are still entire. The area may contain near an acre and a half of ground, and is divided into small flower-gardens.

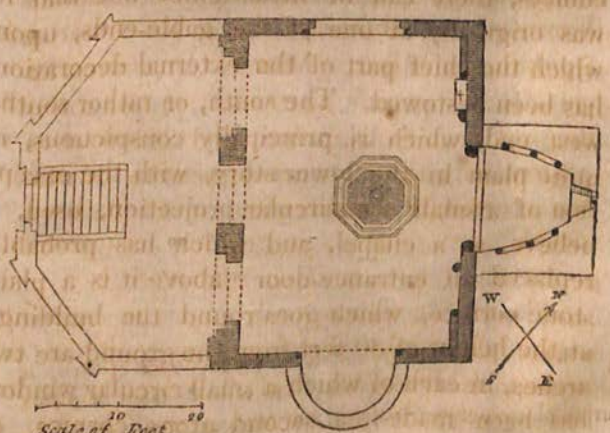
The building which in antiquity ranks next to the Amphitheatre, is the *Church of St. John.* Before I enter upon the use and origin of this edifice, I shall give a general exposition of its appearance and dimensions; —

and here I must observe, that though the antiquarian, M. Duradier, when about to describe this edifice, treats it as monks do their patron saint, (whom they extol above all the saints in the hierarchy,) and declares that while the Amphitheatre presents nothing but defaced and shapeless vestiges of Roman magnificence, this building offers a complete image of the grace and grandeur of fine architecture; yet, unless the traveller designs writing a treatise, or building a system upon it, he will see nothing in it but a contracted ruinous edifice, built and ornamented in the vilest possible taste:—its antiquity, however, gives it an indisputable claim to attention. It is situated near the south gate of the cathedral, and opposite the bishop's palace: it is generally kept shut, so that I speak of the interior from description only: I indeed attempted to gain admittance; and as a clergyman, in his flowing gown and cassock, and a bright cocked beaver, chanced to make his appearance while I was pondering on the means, it struck me that he was no unfit person to apply to for aid and counsel: I accordingly accosted him, and was not a little surprised on discovering him to be one of my fellow-travellers from Tours; but *quantum mutatus ab illo*, as I had known him in the Diligence! a little meek ecclesiastic, boyish and talkative with his companions, but modest before strangers, *a faire pitié*, and so unostentatious in garb as to despise even the luxury of a clean shirt,—now, on the contrary, he seemed

to feel the full importance of a cassock, and clean linen: he replied with lofty courtesy to my enquiries relative to the church, declared pithily he could do nothing for me, and concluding with, "*Monsieur, je vais visiter l'Evesque, et je vous salue,*" floated by me as if he had been at the least a cardinal:—but to get back to St. John's, from which indeed I have not yet budged an inch.—The body of the building is an oblong about 40 feet long and 25 wide. Its height, to the summit of the angle of the gable-end, is about 50 feet. The pentagonal addition to the western side, and the small porch to the east, in the opinion of all who have considered the subject, belong to a later period than the body of the building. Although the entrance is at present from the west, both from the disposition of the roof, and the analogy of other ancient edifices, there can be little doubt but that it was originally at one of the gable-ends, upon which the chief part of the external decoration has been bestowed. The south, or rather south-west end, which is principally conspicuous, is quite plain in the lower story, with the exception of a small semicircular projection, used, I believe, as a chapel, and which has probably replaced an entrance-door: above it is a plain stone cornice, which goes round the building; at the height of 30 feet from the ground are two arches, in each of which a small circular window has been made: a second stone cornice, or impost, here surrounds the edifice, upon which

rest four Corinthian pilasters, surmounted by an architrave. The two centre pilasters support the mouldings of an arch, within which is a Greek cross in Mosaic work. The frieze above is composed of small stones, divided by lines of tiles in the Roman method: it is ornamented with two triangular compartments of Mosaic work, and is surmounted by a cornice with carved modillions, supporting the triangular pediment, or gable-end of the roof, which is also decorated with small stars and triangles of Mosaic work. A similar style of decoration prevails on the east side of the building, which, from the mixture of its materials, the short clumsy pilasters, and puerile ornaments, has altogether a very mean appearance. Deducting

PLAN OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.



all the posthumous additions to the original plan, which leaves the body of the edifice a tolerably regular oblong; admitting, moreover, that the Mosaics are a late addition *, what date are we to assign to the primitive edifice? To what purpose was it originally applied? — In the cathedral there is to be seen a large oblong stone, seven feet perhaps in length, and not quite two in height, bearing an inscription, which M. Siauve (author of *Memoires sur les Antiquités de Poitou*) thus interprets: —

"*Claudiæ Varenillæ, Claudii Vareni consulis* "*filiæ, civitas Pictonum funus, locum, statuam,* "*monimentum publicum Marcus Censorinus Pa-* "*vius, legatus Augusti propræses provinciæ* "*Aquitaniæ, consul designatus, maritus, honore* "*contentus, suâ pecuniâ ponendum curavit.*"

"The city of Poitiers has ordered for Claudia "Varenilla, the daughter of the consul Claudius "Varenus, funeral rites, a place for a statue, "a public monument. Marcus Censorinus Pa- "vius, the emperor's lieutenant, proprætor of "the province of Aquitaine, and consul elect, "content with the honours decreed to his wife, "has erected this monument at his own ex- "pense."

* I have subsequently noted the resemblance of these decorations to some ornaments I saw on the front of a small brick-house betwixt Valence and Moissac.

Now the tradition generally received at Poitiers with regard to this stone is, that it was taken originally from the Church of St. John, where it incumbered the interior of the building; and from this circumstance, together with the style of the edifice, a conclusion has been drawn by Duradier, (author of *Le Journal Historique de Verdun,*) that this church was originally the mausoleum of this Varenilla, and subsequently converted into a Christian temple. M. Siauve took an ingenious mode of ascertaining the truth of this conjecture; he concluded, from the bulk of the inscribed stone, that the monument must have rested upon a suitable foundation of masonry; he accordingly began to search in the middle of the pavement for a substratum, and actually discovered what appeared a foundation of stone-work, which seemed to confirm Duradier's hypothesis: upon further examination however, instead of solid masonry, he excavated an octagonal pool, about four feet in diameter, with a descent of several steps into it, and a small subterraneous drain to carry off its contents. This discovery tended to strengthen the notion that the building had been *originally designed* for a Christian church, probably about the fourth century; though no positive conclusion could be drawn either way, since the monument might have been removed, and the baptismal pool subsequently formed in its place. A stronger argument against Duradier's supposition is the

meanness of the architecture, in no respect answering to the strength and dignity of a Roman public work, but answering well enough to the idea we have of the early Christian churches, previous to the introduction of the massive style of architecture we call Saxon, or Norman. We find the first church at Tours to have been originally the house of a Roman senator: the church of St. John has certainly marks of Roman construction, both in its general arrangement, and in the coating of the walls with small square stones: there are also about 30 pillars of marble still withinside it; some standing round the walls, others lying on the pavement, having probably been removed when alterations were made in the general form of the building, to suit the wants of an increasing congregation. The abundance of bones every where found, on digging beneath the pavement, seems to show it was erected on a burying-ground, and further invalidates the idea of its having been the mausoleum of a Roman family. If, however, it should justly be considered as originally a Christian church, it is perhaps, observes M. Siauve, "not only the oldest in France, but "in the whole Christian world;" — to which I add, that no other consideration could make it worth the investigation which has been bestowed on it.

The *Church of St. Radegonde* may rank next in antiquity to that of St. John, according to the date of its foundation, viz. about the year

559, by Radegonde, the wife of Clotaire I. The present edifice is in a style anterior to the Gothic, and probably dates as far back as Charlemagne. Before the choir, a few steps descend into a vault, containing the royal saint's body, enclosed in a stone coffin, well barred with iron: over the entrance a tablet records the vow of Anne of Austria, for the health of her husband, Louis XIII. Nothing but this saint's royal rank could, I think, have induced the queen to select *her*, on this occasion, in preference to so many, her elders and superiors in the calender: to judge, however, by appearances, she is still a useful person to apply to; for the vault is hung round with small legs, arms, and joints of wax, such as are usually consecrated, in gratitude for a miraculous cure. A young woman was praying before the tomb with much devotion while I was there; so that there is still *some religion left in France.*

The *Church of St. Hilaire* is said to have been built by Edgiva, a daughter of Edward the Elder, who married, according to Malmesbury, a prince of Aquitaine. The style is corrupted Roman. In one of the chapels are the figures of St. Hilarius, St. Maria, and St. Radegonde, with this inscription: "*Ces trois statues furent* "*erigées sur la porte de la tranchée au memoire* "*du miracle appellée le miracle des clefs qui sauva* "*la ville du danger qu'elle courut d'etre livrée a* "*l'armée Anglaise qui devoit par cette porte* "*s'emparer de Poitiers a jour de Pacques, 1202.*"

The most curious building, however, which I have seen, not only in Poitiers, but in France, is the *Church of Notre Dame*. My stay in Poitiers of two days did not permit me to explore its history, of which, as well as its date, the inhabitants in general are profoundly ignorant. Its internal length is about 180 feet; its breadth about 45; it has no transepts. The tower consists of three stories: the two lower square, the third circular, with a short pyramidical spire. The whole church is built of a reddish-brown stone, and is so corroded by time, that it looks very much like a ship after a storm; but what is chiefly remarkable about it is the western façade, which is entirely covered with statues, and sculptures laid on with a profusion and richness scarcely paralleled even in Gothic architecture. It presents a front of 60 feet, which equals the breadth of the nave, with the addition of the towers at each end. This is also, as nearly as I could estimate, about the extreme height of the building, reckoning to the summit of the pediment. That portion of the front which is betwixt the towers (about 40 feet) is occupied by three portals; of which the central arch is circular, and the two lateral arches pointed: these, with two small tabernacles on either side the central window, are the only traces of Gothic architecture to be found in the building: the form of the two portals probably originated in the contracted space betwixt the middle portal and the towers; the tabernacles may have been

later additions. These portal arches, which are low, rest upon clusters of thick short columns, with capitals grotesquely ornamented with leaves and animals. The soffit of the central arch is enriched with four mouldings, variously carved in imitation of flowers, leaves, and arabesques. The lateral arches have two mouldings, decorated with animals, nail-heads, and leaves; some of them very elegant. The lateral doors are double, being divided by a pillar, and surmounted by round arches, with the nail-head moulding. The spaces of wall betwixt the three portals are filled up with reliefs much decayed; but in which the history of the fall of Adam is readily to be distinguished. A rich band or impost terminates this lower story, above which is placed the west window, (the only one in this part of the building,) occupying with its mouldings a space of about 20 feet by 10: on each side of it are the Gothic tabernacles I have mentioned, which undoubtedly once contained statues: there are three broad mouldings round the top of this window; two adorned with elegant arabesques, the third with the nail-head ornament, very gracefully formed, with a small flower in its centre. The spaces betwixt this window and the towers, are filled by two tiers of arched niches, eight below and six above, containing statues of saints: they are divided by pillars, and finished with rich mouldings, and other decorations. Above them is a *corbel-table*, supporting the architrave of the pediment, which terminates the façade, with an irregular trian-

gle; in the centre of which is an oval, about 14 feet high, encircled with elegant mouldings, which form, as it were, a rich frame, round a statue of the Virgin, in a state of mutilation. There is a broken ornament on the apex of the pediment, which seems to have been globe-shaped; the coating-stones are here all disposed in the form of chequers and small circles. The towers are scarcely so high as the pediment: they are formed by a cluster of columns with capitals of leaves and animals, placed in an irregular semicircle, about 30 feet high, and supporting a circular story or tower, pierced with small arches, separated by clusters of short columns, and surmounted by a *corbel-table* and pyramidical spire, upon which crosses appear to have been originally placed. Neither the towers nor façade can justly be called either majestic or graceful, as far as regards proportions and principles of architecture; but it is impossible to view without astonishment, the profusion of rich, and even delicate carving, with which the whole front is covered: the variety and elegance of its decorations are worthy of the Grecian chisel, while the general plan and structure of the building are mean and insignificant. The date of this edifice must necessarily be fixed prior to the introduction of Gothic architecture, since whenever we find (as we frequently do in French churches) the Gothic style of decoration superinduced upon the massive edifices of earlier periods, we always perceive the first alteration to be that of changing the round for the

pointed arch, particularly in the doors and windows; while tapering pinnacles and rich tabernacles are introduced to give lightness and elevation to the massive heaviness of the original work; here, on the contrary, there is not a single window altered, not a pinnacle introduced, nothing in short, except the two tabernacles on each side of the west window, to induce us to suppose that any material change has been made in the primitive edifice, which may, with some probability, be referred to the *florid* æra of the corrupted Roman style, answering to the Norman period in England. This supposition, however, overthrows Mr. Bentham's assertion, that "they had (at this period) no tabernacles "(or niches with canopies), or pinnacles, or "spires: or, indeed, any statues to adorn their "buildings on the outside." (*Historical Remarks on the Saxon Churches, by the Rev. James Bentham*, at p. 70. *of* "*Essays on Gothic Architecture, &c.*") Now, though we should admit both the spires and two tabernacles of *Notre Dame* to be posthumous additions, it is little probable that a Gothic architect would have taken the pains to cover the whole front of this little church with statues and carving, without making the so much admired change in the form of the windows and other arches, not one of which appears to have undergone any alteration. The interior of the church is purely Roman, with no intermixture of later ornaments, except a Gothic shrine, in which is a group of figures, representing the burial of Christ; over it and on the

roof are two stone escutcheons; one bears *in 1st and 4th quarters a fleur-de-lis supporting two birds; in 2d and 3d a griffin segreant;* the other 6 *macles* 3, 2, *and* 1; there is also in one of the windows *a shield argent, with a double-headed eagle sable, armed or.*—Wishing to take a sketch of this extraordinary building, I applied at a linen-draper's, on the opposite side of the street, to be allowed to place myself at one of his windows, which was granted me with the utmost civility, and every arrangement made for my accommodation at the window which was deemed most suitable for my purpose.

The *Cathedral*, of which I had time but to take a casual survey, is a building of plain massive exterior, in the corrupted Roman style: the walls are without buttresses: the western towers are dissimilar: the portal is Gothic. The interior length is about 300 feet, by 110 of breadth; proportions which indicate an early date of architecture. We have but one cathedral in England which has so much absolute width,—that of York; but the same *relative* proportions are to be found in two or three of our earlier edifices. The style of architecture within is altogether Gothic, and extremely elegant; but the windows are almost all circular: the towers are low, and finished with conical spires, like those of *Notre Dame*, which resemble the turrets of the *Palais de Justice* in Paris, and were probably added as ornaments to almost all public buildings in France, at about the same period.

The streets of Poitiers descend steeply to the

Clain, over which there are two bridges, one a modern structure, the other an old work, on which there is still an embattled gateway. The limestone ridges on the opposite bank rise in perpendicular terraces, completely commanding the town, which must, after the invention of gunpowder, have become a very insecure garrison. About a quarter of a mile from the edge of these cliffs, on a spot overlooking the city, and valley of the river, stands the famous *Pierre-levèe*, or Cromlech, about which, as might be expected, antiquarians have written much and proved nothing. It consists of a flat slab of coarse limestone, about 20 feet long, 17 wide, and 2½ thick; and formerly rested on three upright slabs of a similar rock, about 3½ feet high, 2½ wide, and 1 foot thick, of which one only is in its original position; the flat stone is consequently raised but at one end; the other has fallen down, and is split across. With respect to the origin and purpose of this monument, M. Duradier, who has written expressly on the subject, (*Lettre sur la Pierre-levèe de Poitiers ; Journal de Verdun*, 1752,) believes it to have been a pagan idol, citing the passage of Leviticus, "Ye shall not place on the ground "any remarkable stone, to worship it." * This is certainly going a long way for a reason, which,

* The English translation of this passage refers to *Images*: though unshapen stones were certainly used for idols by many barbarous nations.

when found, amounts to nothing. Father Arcire, in his *Histoire de la Rochelle*, will have it to be the tomb of a Wisigothic chief, slain near Poitiers, *anno* 507. His analogical argument is extremely unlucky; for he cites the example of the American Indians, as raising piles of stones over the graves of their warriors; whereas there is not a shadow of similitude betwixt a cromlêch and an Indian barrow, though they may or may not have been raised for a similar purpose. The Count de Caylus conjectures it to be a Gallic tomb, raised anterior to the Roman invasion. M. Bourignon, in his *Recherches sur les Antiquités de la Province de Saintonge*, p. 255. gives in a note an enumeration of many of these *raised stones* to be met with in different parts of France. M. Siauve has entered into a considerable discussion relative to one of them near Old Poitiers, which he will have to be a Roman monument: it consists, however, but of a *single* triangular stone, about 9 feet high, 3 at its base, and tapering to a rough point: the following inscription is still legible on it;

RATN BRIATIOM
FRONV TARBEII No
IEVRV

M. Siauve's interpretation of these letters may justly be esteemed a model of antiquarian acumen. The first R he takes to signify *requietorium*,—not a very common word, but one which is to be found in the epitaph of *Scantius Philetus*,

preserved by Gruter. The next letter, A, in order to make, with the two following, the word *æternum*, ought to be an Æ diphthong: M. Siauve, after praising himself for not having told a *white lie* on so tempting an occasion, unwillingly confesses it is not one; but he has two methods of escaping the difficulty: first, says he, we may suppose the sculptor intended it *should* be one; but even if he had not, why should not *æternum* be written as well with an A as an Æ? and, to prove the extreme probability of such an usage, he cites an inscription in the church of *Civaux*, now indeed unfortunately invisible, quoted by M. Lebœuf, in the *Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, t. xii. in which *aternum* is actually written for *æternum*. The word *Brivatio*, being separated from the M, occasions no difficulty: it is evidently a proper name: so *Jurieu*; so *Tarbellino*: and thus far we might safely read, "*Jurieu has* "*consecrated this monument of eternal rest to* "*Brivatius, a native of Dax*;" but the remaining letter M, and the word *Fronu*, which M. Siauve reads *frontu*, were not so easily managed: the most obvious method was, to cut the knot, by making *Frontu* a proper name, as well as *Jurieu*; M, to stand for *Marcus*, though not quite in the usual order of *agnomens*; and so to read "*Jurieu consecrated this monument to Marcus* "*Brivatius Frontu*:" but two such Roman proper names as *Jurieu* and *Frontu*, were too much for the latinity of the *Societé d'Emulation*, de

Poitiers, to whom M. Siauve was addressing his memoir: the *M* indeed might easily enough pass for *Militi*, but *Frontu?* — not even Gruter could furnish a word commencing with *Frontu*. M. Siauve is, however, not a jot dismayed; M. Bourignon had, by a very simple deviation, converted *Frontu* into *Fromun*, which he interpreted by *Frumentarius*: thus making *Brivatius* a *commissary*, to whom some grateful contractor had erected a memorial of their mutual kindnesses; but M. Siauve, determined not to abandon the child of his discovery, *Frontu*, in spite of the trouble it gives him, sets himself to work upon Vegetius, and other ancient tacticians, to find some military occupation to which such a word might, with any convenience, be applied: not one Roman Dundas had, however, made use of this unlucky term: "What, then," says M. Siauve, "are we to suppose that all the "technicalities of the ancient art of war are "come down to us? Assuredly not;—but I see, "both in Ælian and Vegetius, that the *front* "of an army was its most important part; that "the Romans sometimes drew up their forces in "the form of a wedge, or *tete-du-porc;* and that "the extremity of this formation was called its "*front:* here too were stationed the bravest "men of their army; but to the intrepid file-"leader, who in some sort devoted himself to a "certain death, by first offering his body to the "weapons of the enemy, shall I not be per-"mitted to apply the name of *Frontuarius?*"

Certainly it is extremely difficult to refuse a request which might injure so many brave men, so far, as even to leave them without a name; but M. Siauve is not content with our cold assent; he insists upon rousing all our feelings to a sympathy with his discovery: "Thus then," he rapturously exclaims, "instead of seeing in "*Brivatius* but a mere individual, to whom "friendship dedicates a funeral record, let us "rather figure to ourselves a hero, facing death "with intrepidity, and sacrificing his life to the "safety of his country. The courageous *Velite*, "of whom we speak, here gloriously ended his "days: his name, his devotedness, had per-"haps escaped the notice of the conqueror "whose victory he had been the instrument of "preparing. A generous friend would save "both from oblivion: he raises over the grave "of Brivatius a block of stone, shapeless, it is "true, but which by its mass and hardness "will brave the *edacity* of time; and he en-"graves on this pyramidical rock, expressions "the more affecting, as they mark a sort of "contrast betwixt the painful tumult of a camp "and everlasting rest."—*Memoires, &c.* p. 128. I trust that none of my countrymen will henceforth visit the neighbourhood of Poitiers, without dropping a tear to the memory of the bold *Brivatius* and his friend *Jurieu*. But whatever might be the degree of credit due to this interpretation, it would go but a little way to prove the origin of such stones as the *Pierre-levée*

of Poitiers, (which differs from M. Siauve's tomb-stone, both in shape and position,) had not a cromlêch similar to the former, composed of a flat stone, supported by three slabs, been found in the department of *Deux-Sevres*, betwixt Bordeaux and Poitiers, on digging beneath which a skeleton was discovered, placed in a coffin of natural rock, and covered with flat stones; a circumstance, it must be confessed, which somewhat invalidates the received idea, that such structures were intended for places, not of sepulture, but worship. Whatever, however, may have been their destination, both reason and analogy strongly favour the idea of their Celtic origin. The *Pierre-levée* is, as nearly as possible, a fac-simile of two monuments in our own islands, which antiquarians have never hesitated to designate as aboriginal Celtic structures. One of these is the *Sleigh-grain*, or "Hill of the Sun," in the county of Kilkenny in Ireland, inscribed IEIICIUOƆI, *Beli Diu-ose*, "*To* "*Beli the god of fire.*" The other is the Lan-y-on cromlêch, in Cornwall, the covering stone of which is 19 feet long, and the three supports high enough for a man on horseback to ride under it. Sketches of both these are to be seen in *The Costume of the British Islands*, published by Samuel Rush Meyrick, and Charles Hamilton Smith, Esquires. The stone at present under consideration is remarkable for an inscription, (*vid.* the annexed design,) in which the letters of the Latin alphabet are mixed with

the more ancient Celtic characters; the latter being retained, it should seem, to supply the deficiency of the former in letters corresponding to the Gaulish Y and long E, the first of which has a resemblance to the ancient Irish, and the second to the ancient British letter. Laborde, in his *Voyage Pittoresque de l'Espagne*, has given two Celtic inscriptions, in which we may observe a similar practice. *

The famous *Battle of Poitiers* was fought in the plains of *Maupertuis*, two leagues from the city; but the bodies of many French knights and esquires were brought from the field, and buried in the convents of the *Frères Mineurs*, and the *Frères Prescheurs*, and had their arms blazoned over the stalls of the two churches, "in order," says *Bouchet*, in his *Annales d'Aquitaine*, "to keep them in perpetual remembrance;" but

The phantom knights, their glory fled,
Mourn o'er the field they heap'd with dead.

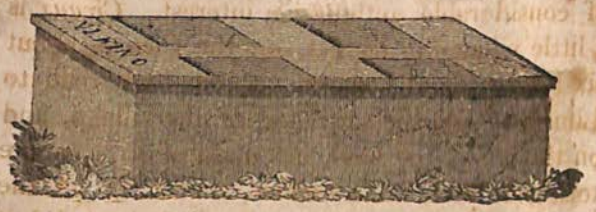
* I owe this remark to the kindness of Dr. Meyrick.

Convents, heraldic blazonry, and knightly renown, have all been rolled together down the tide of time, and mingled in oblivion.

The *Tombs of Civaux*, near Poitiers, are objects of considerable antiquarian interest. *Civaux* is a little village, or hamlet, on the *Vienne*, about six leagues from Poitiers, on the high road to Limoges. At the entrance of the village, and on the left of the road, is a plain of 3071 square toises, full of stone coffins, almost all on the surface of the ground; some a little buried, but very few covered by the earth. In several adjacent fields are also found tombs of a similar kind, but in less number. The principal plot of ground is reckoned to contain, or have contained, from 5000 to 6000 coffins. The Irish jesuit, Routh, was the first to notice these singular antiquities, in a dissertation published at Poitiers in 1737: since which time M. Siauve has been deputed by the *Societé d'Emulation* at Poitiers, to survey and report on the same ubject. The result of his researches was published in 1804, and it is from this source I borrow the chief part of my information. Most of the sarcophagi he inspected were plain, or simply ornamented in the manner represented in the sketches. They were full of bones, each tomb having apparently held two and sometimes three bodies. He discovered no kind of weapon, medal, or utensil, and but five short inscriptions, namely, *Ulfino*, *Sancta*, *Maria*, the letters *figa* and *Meantie*; of these, *Ulfino*, (fig. 1.) as there is no

stop betwixt the letters, would naturally seem to mean "*To Ulfinus*," or "*Ulfin*;" but M. Siauve,

Fig. 1.



or rather M. Savry, a fellow-member of the society, with a genuine antiquarian spirit, discovers it to signify *Ultimus finis omnium*. Above the word *Maria* is a monogram of Christ, common on tombs of the middle ages. The letters *figa*, graven on a kind of hatchet in relief (fig. 2.)

Fig. 2.

M. Siauve supposes to mean *figura*, and, with the hatchet, to denote an emblem of death. The last inscription he abandons to everlasting inexplicability. With regard to the decorations of these tombs, Père Routh saw, in the transverse bands of fig. 3. the form of a Lorraine cross; but M. Siauve more probably conjectures

them to be representations of the iron bands with which coffins were anciently secured. M. Siauve discovered few other traces of sculpture

Fig. 3.

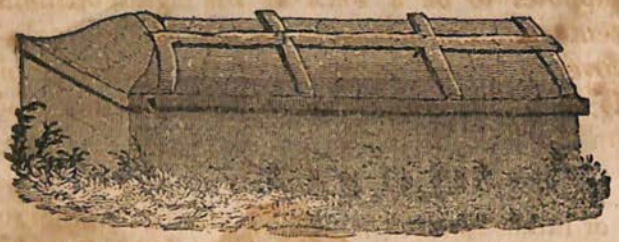


Fig. 4.

worth particular notice upon the tombs themselves; but in the wall of a ruined chapel, to the north of the cemetery, he found the rude alto-relievo, fig. 4., which, from its costume, M. Lenoir supposes to be a work of the eighth or ninth century. The sculpture, fig. 5. M. Siauve discovered in the court-yard of the parsonage of *Civaux*: M. Lenoir takes it to be a Gallic mo-

Fig. 5.

nument of the fourth or fifth century; a supposition he builds on the purse a common

emblem on Celtic monuments, and the tunic with long sleeves. It is needless to observe on the fallacy of such conjectures: there is one chance in their favour, and as many against them, as there are circumstances by which such designs and sculptures may possibly have been produced, — it is almost one to infinity. I have since seen a monument in the Museum of *Bordeaux*, which, both in style and design, bears much resemblance to this of *Civaux*. It remains to consider the date of this prodigious collection of tombs, and to account for their having been collected near a petty village, which there is no reason to suppose was ever much more considerable than it is at present. M. Siauve rejects the idea of assigning to these tombs an earlier date than the ninth century. His reasons are:— that during the earlier ages of Christianity stone coffins were of very rare use, and at any rate confined to saints and martyrs; that the harassed and devastated state of Poitou, during the period preceding the reign of Charlemagne, was little favourable to so expensive a method of inhumation. It was not till this reign, that both the political and religious state of France assumed that degree of security which was likely to give developement to whatever arts were then known and admired; and as the current of opinion in this respect was altogether towards superstition, it may be supposed more attention and pains were bestowed on forms of sepulture than had been before practicable. The shape

of these coffins is another argument in favour of M. Siauve's hypothesis; both the Abbé Lebeuf, and M. Lenoir, having decided that it was not till the eighth century that coffins ceased to be made in the form of trunks, or rectangular parallelograms, at the same time that the custom of burying within churches began first to take place subsequently to that period. To account for the number of these tombs, M. Siauve observes, that it was anciently a custom to have but one burying-ground to several parishes, and that to possess a cemetery was often a privilege conferred on a particular monastery, and therefore very probably conferred on that which anciently existed at Civaux.*

Not far from *Civaux* still exists, though overthrown by the Vandalism of the Revolution, the tomb of Sir John Chandos. This flower of English chivalry fell in a skirmish on the bridge of Lussac, in 1370: his death is described by Froissart, in that picturesque chronicler's best manner; and furnishes one of those pleasing remembrances with which the traveller delights to embellish his wanderings. The historian thus concludes his narrative: "These

* If any body would learn *unde derivatur Civaux*, M. Siauve will inform him that this village was anciently surrounded by the waters of the *Vienne*; hence it was called *Insula Vallis*, whence *Ileval* and *Ilevaux*, by corruption *Sivaux*, and finally *Civaux*. This reminds me of a derivation I once heard of "pickled cucumbers," from "*King Jeremiah*."

" barons and knights of Poitou were struck " with grief when they saw their sénéschal, " Sir John Chandos, lying in so doleful a way, " and not able to speak. They began griev- " ously to lament his loss, saying, ' Flower of " knighthood! oh, Sir John Chandos! cursed " be the forging of that lance which wounded " thee, and which has thus endangered thy life.' " Those who were around the body most ten- " derly bewailed him, which he heard and an- " swered with groans, but could not articulate " a word. They wrung their hands, and tore " their hair, uttering cries and complaints, more " especially those who belonged to his house- " hold. Sir John Chandos was disarmed very " gently by his own servants, laid upon shields " and targets, and carried at a foot's pace to " Mortemer, the nearest fort to the place where " they were. The other barons and knights " returned to Poitiers, carrying with them their " prisoners. I heard that James Martin, he " who had wounded Sir John Chandos, suffered " so much from his wounds that he died at " Poitiers. That gallant knight only survived " one day and night. God have mercy on his " soul! for never since a hundred years did " there exist among the English one more cour- " teous, nor fuller of every virtue and good " quality than he." Vol. iv. c. ix.

He was buried at Mortémer, with this epitaph, as preserved by Bouchet:—

wearisome assiduity. From the enquiries I have taken occasion to make, I believe that beggary in France is, to a certain extent, a mode of living taken up by choice, and upon system; but that it is still more commonly the result of want and necessity. Alms-giving is a species of charity insisted upon by the Catholic religion; it is also one agreeable to human nature; for it requires no thought, is little costly to individuals, and flatters the giver by its resemblance to active benevolence: it is, however, principally upon foreigners and strangers the French mendicant reckons for relief: *to give* is very far from being a general habit of his countrymen. I remember one evening stopping on the *Boulevards* of Paris, to hear a young woman sing; her voice was very pleasing, though somewhat overstrained; her figure genteel, and she wore a black veil, either because her quality did not correspond with her situation, or because she wished to have it supposed this was the case: at any rate, many well-dressed Parisians thought it worth while to stop and listen to her; but towards the conclusion of her song they all filed off, without bestowing any thing on the songstress, except a soldier and a poor woman, each of whom gave her a few sous; the soldier most probably from his cheerful sympathy with women and music; the female, because being herself poor, she was able to appreciate poverty.

ANGOULEME is built on a bold height above

the *Charente*. Some of the old gates and towers are yet standing; the streets, as might be expected on a confined fortified eminence, are very narrow, but the houses are built of white stone, and have a very clean appearance: the public walks command an extensive prospect, which must be dearly bought in windy weather. The principal church, *St. Peter's*, is an old building, evidently of the same date with *Notre Dame* at Poitiers, but it is ornamented in a much coarser taste. There is something singular in the construction of the roof withinside: it is crossed by five arches, between every two of which there is a low circular dome: that over the altar is more elevated than the rest, and lighted by a circle of arched windows: the effect of the whole is very awkward and unpleasing. I do not remember to have seen, or heard of any other instance of the use of domes in this style of architecture: were not the windows of the central cupola of the same character with the rest of the building, in which very few alterations seem to have been made, I should have suspected this roof to be a later addition; it is evidently not a modern improvement, but if it were a Gothic work, the arches of the windows would certainly have been pointed; besides that domes belong to no style of building less than to the Gothic. The church of the suppressed Benedictine convent is in the same style of architecture with that of St. Peter's, which is

indeed generally prevalent, both in *Angouleme*, and through *Poitou* and *Guienne*.

The road from *Angouleme* to *Saintes* descends the valley of the Charente, beneath vine-clad steeps, and through alluvial meadows, as far as *Jarnac*, famous for a battle fought betwixt the Hugonots, under Coligni and the Prince of Condé, with the Catholics, under the Duke of Anjou, in which the Prince, who was uncle to Henry IV., was killed by Montesquieu, captain of the guards to the Duke. Mezeray says this was done in cold blood, after the Prince had surrendered; but Davila describes him as still fighting upon one knee, when the pistol-ball struck him. Whoever would see a battle related with all the fire and picturesque accuracy of Walter Scott, or Wouvermans, should read this of Davila, in the fourth book "*Delle guerre "civile de Francia.*"

At *Jarnac*, there is a ferry over the Charente, after which the road follows the left bank to *Cognac*; a town haunted by more spirits than romance dreams of, or school-boys shake at; its old towers rise very picturesquely over the river, which flows round them towards the heights of *Saintes*, about six leagues lower down its stream.

SAINTES is conspicuous at the distance of several miles: the approach to it is over a handsome bridge, beneath a Roman triumphal arch, of imposing simplicity and grandeur. This arch,

the banks of the river planted with rows of trees, the cathedral tower rising above the town, and the turrets of another church cresting the elevation of the hill, give this ancient capital of Saintonge a magnificence of character, which few provincial cities can pretend to equal.

Saintes was among the free cities of the Roman Empire, and shared with Autun, Narbonne, Nismes, and Toulouse, the prerogative of having a capitol, and being governed by its own magistrates, called Capitouls. Considerable remains of the Capitoline temple and fort were to be seen when Henry IV. began the modern bastions, with which the town is at present surrounded.* A few remains of the old Roman walls are still here and there visible, while the soil beneath is almost a quarry of broken architectural ornaments, columns, cornices, inscriptions, altars, and coins. The inscriptions have been published and commented on by Bourignon, and other antiquarians; but there is nothing in any of them sufficiently peculiar or attractive to be inserted in the traveller's journal. The mo-

* I observed against these walls a stone escutcheon, bearing an urus's head ringed, surmounted by a mullet of five points between the horns: crest, a helmet barred. A very common medal in Saintonge bears also a bull's head, under a lion, and on the reverse side a head with the inscription CONNOVIOS, who was probably some Gallic chief or magistrate; but I do not believe there is any connection betwixt the medal and the arms, which are probably modern.

uments within the town which are most generally interesting are, the Triumphal Arch, the Amphitheatre, and part of a Roman edifice lately discovered.

The Triumphal Arch, though the limestone of which it is constructed is considerably corroded, is little injured in its general form and appearance. It rises from the centre of the bridge, on massive piers laid in the river, from which its elevation is reckoned at 60 feet: its breadth is 45 feet, equalling the breadth of the bridge; and its thickness 10 feet. It is pierced with two arches, and may be architecturally divided into four compartments: — the foundation or basis, which is unadorned: the façade, as high as the spring of the arches, which seems to have been ornamented with fluted Corinthian pilasters, the cornices of which form an impost to the double mouldings round the arches: the entablature above this cornice, as high as the attic, at each corner of which are small fluted Corinthian columns, resting on the lower cornice, and supporting an architrave of the same order, the frize of which is terminated by a bold projecting cornice, having its upper moulding, or *cima-recta*, inverted: the attic is composed of three rows of large stones, and also terminates in a cornice, the upper member of which supports a Gothic battlement; an addition of the middle ages. The stones of the arch are from three to five feet long, and two to three thick, brought from the quarries of the town, and laid without

cement, but they seem to have been mortised together with lead or iron. The following are the inscriptions on the attics and frizes of either façade, as they have been deciphered by M. Bourignon: —

Inscriptions on the attic towards the town.

1. GERMANICO:....RI·TI· AVG· F
DIV· AVGVST· NEP· D.....PRONEP· AVGVRI·
FLA· AVGVST· COS II. I·P· II.

2. CAE...DI. C·F·V.....
PONTIF· MAXS· COS· IIII· IMP. VIII. TRIB· P...

3. .....AESARI
AVG· NEP· DIV· IVLI
PONTIFICI· AVGVRI

4. Inscription on the frize.

.....VIDI· PRO.
C·I.LIVS· C·IVLI· O.TVANEVNI· F. RVFVS· C·L...
IS· NEPOS EPO...
SACERDOS· ROMÆ· ET AVGVSTI· AD.A....D·...
E.TEM. PRA·P. V... FABRV·

5. Inscription on the frize towards the suburbs.

C· IVLI· C·IVLI· O.TVANEVNI· F· RV...S· C· IVLI·
GED. DMON...NEPOS EPOTSOROVIDI·PRON.
...C.....GVSTL..AM·Q...E· EST· AD· CONFL.ENT
.....PRAEFECTVS· F...RV. ·D.

1.

Germanico Cæsari, Tiberii Augusti filio,
Divi Augusti nepoti, Divi Julii pronepoti,
Auguri, flamini Augusti, Consuli secundum,
Imperatori secundum.

2.

Tiberio Cæsari, Divi Augusti filio,
Augusto, Pontifici Maximo,
Consuli quartum, Imperatori octavum,
Tribunitiâ potestate.....

3.

Druso Cæsari, Tiberii Augusti,
Filio, Divi Augusti nepoti,
Divi Julii pronepoti,
Pontifici, Auguri.

4.

Caius Julius, Caii Julii Ottuaneuni filius, Rufus: C. Iuli Gedidmonis nepos Epotsorovidi pronepos, sacerdos Romæ et Augusti, ad aram quæ est ad confluentem Præfectus fabrum dedicavit.

1.

" To Germanicus Cæsar, son of Tiberius Au-
" gustus, grandson of the divine Augustus,
" great-grandson of the divine Julius, Augur,
" Priest of Augustus, twice Consul, twice Im-
" perator."

2.

" To Tiberius Cæsar, son of the divine Au-
" gustus, High Priest, four times Consul, eight
" times Imperator, ... times Tribune."

3.

" To Drusus Cæsar, son of Tiberius Augustus,
" grandson of the divine Augustus, great-grand-
" son of the divine Julius, Pontiff, Augur."

4.

" Caius Julius Rufus, son of Caius Julius " Otuaneunus, grandson of Caius Julius Geded- " mon, great-grandson of Epotsorovidus, Priest " of Rome and Augustus, at the altar at the " junction of the streams *, as Præfect of the " works has consecrated this monument."

Other antiquarians have, as may be imagined, read these inscriptions differently, nor will it be hereafter easy to rectify their aberrations, since, unless my eyes, even with the aid of a glass, are infinitely worse than those of M. Bourignon, a small portion only of the inscriptions he deciphered about the year 1780 is now legible.

It will be observed that this is not properly a *triumphal*, but a *votive* arch, raised probably by the army, or inhabitants, as a token either of their hopes or gratitude. What I find about it most incredible is, that it should not have been designed for its present site on the bridge, but that the bridge should have been subsequently built to it: yet this is the sentiment both of the inhabitants and antiquarians, and can only be made probable, by supposing the Charente to have entirely changed its bed, which is indeed generally believed; and an old arch is mentioned by Bourignon, as existing near the con-

* The Charente and Sevigne. Martial, lib. iv. ep. 40., mentions a Rufus of Saintonge.

Hac et Santonici genita est Cæsonia Rufi.

vent of St. Clare, in the *Faubourg des Dames*, as still going by the name of the *Pont-Amillon*, under which the Charente anciently passed. I confess myself inclined to doubt on this matter, though the lapse of 1800 years may as well have changed the course of the Charente as other things of equally seeming invariability.

The arches of this structure are said to be disproportionably low in their present situation, as viewed from the level of the bridge, but they would, perhaps, be still more out of proportion, if viewed from the level of the river. The general style of the monument is bold and simple, approaching to coarseness, nor do the small Corinthian columns and projecting massive cornices seem very well to harmonise; but it is not safe to decide on the minor architectural graces of a work which has been exposed to the attacks both of time and man, for eighteen centuries.

The upper town, or Citadel of Saintes, is divided on the south side, from a *faubourg* in the valley, by a road forming a bold terrace on the side of the hill. This road commands a view of the ruined Amphitheatre, situated in a hollow, in the midst of fields, which, though on the very skirt of the town, give it an air of seclusion, sufficient to leave the stranger in the uninterrupted enjoyment of his curiosity or admiration.

The dimensions of this amphitheatre are nearly the same with that of Nismes; viz.

The longer axis of the ellipse, in this of Saintes, 399 feet; of Nismes, 399 feet.

The smaller axis; Saintes, 324; Nismes, 309 feet.

The longer axis, measured within the arena; Saintes, 240; Nismes, 240 feet.

The shorter, do. do.; Saintes, 168; Nismes, 141 feet.

It seems to have been raised but upon one row of arches or vaults, probably about 60 in number, 12 or 13 of which are still tolerably entire: two of these are about a third wider than the rest; on one of them the two narrow staircases are still in good repair. The whole theatre would probably contain 5000 spectators. It is built, like that of Poitiers, with thin slabs of stone, brought from the adjacent quarries.

On one side of the arena is a fountain, called "The Fountain of St. Eustelle;" because, says tradition, and the Author of the Life of St. Eutropius, it was to this fountain the daughter of the lieutenant-governor of Saintonge retired to pray, when expelled from her father's palace for her attachment to the new faith of the Christians: it was here she was strengthened in her pious endurance by the holy Eutropius, first bishop of Saintes, who had concealed himself in a hut near the theatre, in the arena of which he afterwards testified his faith by the pains of martyrdom. It is true all this is not matter of authentic history: it is a tale of Christian mythology,

appertaining to the heroic ages of the Church, and has a right to the same indulgence with the tale of the Trojan war, and the labours of Hercules. For my own part, I freely confess my attachment to such legends; — I see the pious virgin steal shrinkingly along the silent arena, while the stars twinkle through the tall arches which surround it: the hoary Eutropius is sitting by the fountain's brink, to receive his neophyte, who is this night to be purified from her Pagan idolatries, by its baptismal waters. Mark, how she has glided to his feet, while, as he stands up to perform the solemn rite, a stream of moon-light falls upon his upraised countenance, investing it, as with a celestial halo; — but the wing of time brushes away the momentary vision, —

I return
To that which is immediate.

The inscriptions of the triumphal arch mention "*a priest of Rome and Augustus:*" a number of medals, discovered at *Saintes*, with the legend *Romæ et Augusto;* stones bearing inscriptions to a similar effect; together with various other records in the province, of the priests and divinity of Augustus, are circumstances which tended strongly to prove that a temple once existed at *Saintes*, consecrated with a similar formula. Recent discoveries have strongly confirmed this conjecture. In 1816, on clearing the rubbish from a spot of ground without the citadel, a building was discovered,

before which were the remains of two rows of Doric columns, five in each row, on a front of 50 feet: the bases, and part of the shafts, were standing; their diameter was 24 inches. The general form of the foundation indicated a parallelogram, after the manner of the *Maison Carrée* of Nismes. Medals of Augustus and Tiberius were dug up in great numbers, with abundance of architectural remains and ornaments. On this same spot a stone was formerly dug up, inscribed *Romæ et Augusto provincia Galliæ de publico*, evidently referring to the dedication of an edifice of which these columns are probably the remains.

Near the site of this supposed temple a cemetery was discovered at the same time, full of stone coffins, some containing one, some two skeletons; they were all without external ornament, but contained rings, trinkets, lacrymatories, medals, particularly of Augustus, and small pieces of money, which were for the most part found in the heads of the skeletons, as if they had, according to an old superstition, been placed in their mouths. Among the few inscriptions, the following is remarkable for containing the date of the foundation of Rome:—

D. M. ET M.
IVLIÆ. F. T. MARTII.
CENTVRIONIS. D.
A. ETATIS. XX.
AN. VR. DCC. LXXI.

" To the manes and memory of Tullia, " daughter of T. Martius, centurion; who died " at the age of 20, in the year of the building " of the city, 771."

Several of these tombs were marked with the *Ascia*, and some of them have been converted into watering troughs, which they resemble in shape: nor will it escape observation that this discovery tends very far to overthrow M. Siauve's theory of the tombs of *Civaux*. Here we have coffins of the same materials, bearing the same mark, and, from their similarity of shape, converted to the same use, but evidently belonging to the Roman period of Gallic history; and, from the consecration of them to the genii of the deceased, clearly not of Christian origin: it however must be allowed on the other hand, that unless traces of a Roman city should be discovered near *Civaux*, the existence of a cemetery of such extent will continue to remain a matter of much perplexity and speculation.

The Aqueduct of *Saintes* has been traced by M. Bourignon, from the fountain, called *Fongiraud*, issuing from the foot of a hill in the parish of *Ecoyeux*, three leagues east of the town. After being carried over the *Charente*, the water was distributed to the ampl theatre, probably for the purpose of exhibiting *naumachiæ*; to the Capitol; to the temple of Minerva, at present, as some believe, the church of *St. Saloine*; and to the edifice recently dis-

covered; the canals to all which places have been at different times traced.

I shall mention the remains of Roman edifices in the neighbourhood of Saintes, as they are noticed by M. Bourignon, that future travellers, who have leisure and taste for antiquarian researches, may know in what direction to turn their rambles.

At the village of *Les Arènes*, on the road from Saintes to Bourdeaux, are the ruins of a building, which M. Bourignon conjectures to have been a Roman villa. The façade is 40 feet high: the walls 7 feet thick, and built with small stones, alternating with rows of tiles, or flat bricks, in the usual style of edifices built in the decline of the Roman empire, when such a variegated surface was probably thought a convenient succedaneum for more graceful architectural decoration.

A ruin, four leagues to the north-east of Saintes, near the parish of Lisbon, is supposed to be a mausoleum: it is a square mass of rough stone, 50 feet high, and 16 wide every way, terminating in a cone.

Three leagues south-west of Saintes, near the road to St. Jean, is a pyramidical ruin, called the *Tour de Pirelongue*, 74 feet high, square at the base, and 18 feet wide on each front: its apex is in the form of a sugar-loaf, and 20 feet high. The reader may choose betwixt the two etymologies of *pyra longa* and *pila Longini*; the said Longinus being supposed lieutenant of Cæsar.

This building, like the former, was probably a mausoleum.

Within half a league of Saujon, near the village of Toulon, is the intrenchment called the *Terrier de Toulon*, a Roman camp. It is situated on a commanding eminence, is square, and surrounded by two lines of circumvallation: the exterior of these, which may be 800 paces in circumference, has a rampart 25 feet high, and a ditch 20 feet wide: the second line, about 200 paces in circumference, has a ditch 28 feet wide, and 30 deep. In the centre is a square tower 12 feet high, and 41 wide, built of small stones, and having a parapet 4 feet high, and 5½ thick. It is evident this camp was a kind of *castellum*, or fort to protect the coast, and keep the inhabitants in awe; but by whom raised, is both dubious and unimportant.

At Saujon there is a ruined edifice, which M. Bourignon conjectures to have been a *sacellum*, or chapel: he describes it as having been originally 50 feet long, and 25 wide. Some part of the walls is still 40 feet high: the entrance is an arch 15 feet high, and it has two arched windows, each about 10 feet in height.

There is a second Roman camp about three leagues north-west of Saintes, near *St. Saveniere*, consisting of a single line of circumvallation, about 1500 paces round, in the centre of which is a square tower, called the *Tour de l'Ilot*: it contains many apartments, and is 90 feet high,

and 42 feet 8 inches wide every way: the stones of which it is built are rectangular; nor, says M. Bourignon, has the mortar that degree of hardness which usually indicates Roman works.

At about a league from *Brouage*, a village near the coast, opposite the *Isle d'Oleron*, is *La Tour de Broue*, built on a tongue of land about 80 feet above the level of the neighbouring marshes. The ruin, which still exists, is about 75 feet high: its form is square: it is built of rough stone, and has on the side still entire five buttresses of hewn stone, 15, 18, 19, and 20 inches wide, with one foot of projection. There are round holes in the walls, 4½ inches in diameter, and on the eastern side are two arched entrances, leading into a corridor: above them are two windows of the same shape, and the inside of the top seems to have been intended for the chimney of a light-house. There are battlements on the walls; and the remains of a ditch and strong rampart are still visible at about 40 feet distance. It is near this tower M. Bourignon would fix the *Portus Santonum*, where, according to tradition, a port once existed, to which this tower might serve for pharos and fortress. It would not be very amusing or important to discuss the question of this port; but to show that it has great capabilities of enlargement, it is sufficient to observe, that Danville places it at the mouth of the *Seudre;* M. De La Sauvagere between the *Seudre* and *Le Pertuis de*

Maumusson, towards *Tremblade;* the Père Arcere at the *Isle d'Avort;* M. de Vallois, at *Brouage*, and somebody else at *Blaye*. The reader is of course free to make his choice, and enter which harbour he pleases.

The mineral waters of *Archingeay* issue from a slope betwixt the chateau of *La Vallèe* and the parish of *Archingeay*, three leagues from *St. Jean d'Angely*, and four from *Saintes:* near them are the ruins of a monastery, and a reservoir built in the Roman manner, in which two medals of Constantine and Licinius have been dug up: the remains of canals and pipes from the springs have also been discovered near it. Near the church of Archingeay was found a stone tomb, containing bones, and a variety of female ornaments: it was marked with a cross; and several other tombs of inferior workmanship were placed near it: M. Bourignon conjectures this to have been the tomb of some lady of rank, in the first ages of Christianity, which is probable; but it is a little hypothetical to suppose this lady to have been the sister-in-law of Ausonius, merely on the strength of the line —

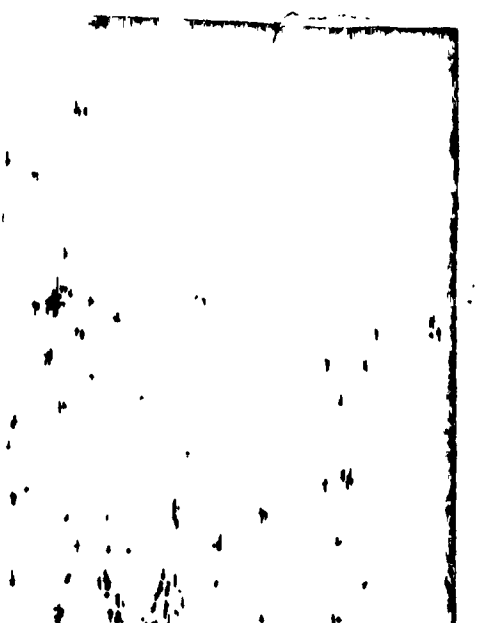
Quamvis Santonicâ procul in tellure jacentes.

It must be observed, however, that some commentators have fixed Novicus, the country-seat of Ausonius, a *Nouillers*, betwixt *Archingeay* and *St. Jean d'Angely*, in preference to *Novioregum*, supposed to be *Royan* or *Toulon;*

in favour of which emendation it certainly must be admitted that the lines —

> *Ter juga Burdigalæ, trino me flumina cœtu*
> *Secernunt turbis popularibus —*

can be applied only to a situation which is separated from Bordeaux by three rivers; as Archingeay is by the *Charente*, *Dordogne*, and *Garonne*.



CHAP. X.

BORDEAUX TO TOULOUSE.

I HAD comfortably settled myself in the *Hotel de France*, which is perhaps the best, and certainly the dearest, hotel in BORDEAUX, and was planning over my breakfast the ramble of the day, when a middle-aged, decent man entered my room, and announced himself as the *cicerone* attached to the house, and, by virtue of his office, at my particular service: I loath a *cicerone* more than a night-mare, and fancied it a very simple thing to reject my friend's offer of his head and legs, which I did with all due civility, and, as I flattered myself, with success; but no sooner did I open my door to [illegible] my walk, than I found my enemy at my elbow [illegible] had stationed himself on the staircase, he sa[illegible] to be always at my command. — I had no commands for him — no matter, I might have. — I was stepping out but for a moment to the post-office. — He would shew me the post-office; he had the honour of attending all the English who came to the hotel. — I found it necessary to submit; so bade him lead the way to all the sights in the city; consoling myself

by the reflection, that, if not the most agreeable, it was at least the shortest mode of sight-seeing I could adopt.

The Roman *Burdigala*, according to the poetical description of Ausonius, who was born there, was surrounded by a square wall,

With cloud-capt towers:

the streets were laid out with regularity, and so wide, as justly to merit the name of *plateas*: the city gates corresponded to the direction of the streets: the river flowed through the middle of the town, and at high-tide was covered with vessels: there was a fountain of Parian marble, of dark depth, which gushed from its basin through twelve apertures, which he thus apostrophises;

Salve, fons, ignote ortu, sacer, alme, perennis
Vitree, glauce, profunde, sonore, illimis, opace.

Of birth unknown, whose bounteous springs ne'er fail,
Blue, gl[illegible], deep, dark, stainless fountain, hail! —

A single monument of this ancient splendor [illegible]s in the ruined amphitheatre, known by the [illegible]me of "The Palace of Galienus." — It is an oval, of which the longer axis is about 400 feet, and the shorter 250. Of the corresponding portals, by which the spectators entered at either end, one is nearly entire, the façade of which is about 45 feet wide, and 55 from the ground to the top of the pediment. It is pierced by a lofty arch, 20 feet in the span, and about 30 in height; on either side of which

are two Doric pilasters supporting a rude cornice; above it the second story is also pierced by an arch, about 12 feet high, directly over the portal: the space on either side is divided by three pilasters, and relieved by two false arches: a triangular pediment surmounts this story, and crowns the façade. There are five entire arches to the right of this entrance, and I observed five more in the circumference of the oval; but the ground within and about it is too much encumbered by houses to trace the whole of the ruins. The style of architecture is very coarse, the only ornaments being cornices and mouldings of red tiles, which are also used alternately with the stone of which the building is constructed, in the manner I have had several times occasion to describe.

Among the ecclesiastical edifices of Bordeaux, the little church of *St. Saturnine* is remarkable for its ancient style of architecture, the same with that of *Notre Dame* at Poitiers, and St. Peter's at Angouleme; and for a magnificent *basso-relievo* over one of its portals, representing the Resurrection. The rest of the building is, however, mean and uninteresting.

The *Church of St. Michael* is an elegant Gothic edifice, the bell-tower of which stands apart, as is frequent in the south of Europe, and is conspicuous by its elevation and graceful proportions. The spire was destroyed by lightning.

The *Cathedral* presents an union of Gothic with corrupted Roman architecture. Its interior length is about 350 feet, without the chapels: the nave is 240 feet long, and 62 wide, with no side-aisles, so that it resembles a spacious hall. The transept is 150 feet across, and is continued round the choir, which is thus encompassed by a double aisle: the choir and transept I imagine to be Gothic additions to the edifice. The northern portal is very richly ornamented: on each side of it are six statues of saints and bishops, in fretted tabernacles: a seventh divides the folding-doors, over which is a relief divided into three compartments, representing the Last Supper, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Transfiguration. This façade is crowned by two pinnacles or small spires, curiously fretted and carved; but at a short distance their slender dimensions give them the appearance of two large needles.

The *Public Museum* possesses a very indifferent collection of paintings, chiefly of the modern French school: there are, however, two in the manner of Perugino, and two said to be by Sneyders: one of the latter represents a collection of hares, junketing over a dead lion: there is a kind of caricature expression in the countenances of some of these animals very comic. Among the antiques are many tombs and altars, dug up in the neighbourhood: a *bas-relief* on one of the latter represents the story of Leda:

there is also a very forcible comic mask, and a coarse *alto-relievo*, representing a man with a purse, much like that discovered at *Civaux*.

The *Theatre* deserves notice for its elegant Corinthian portico, which gives it the air of a Grecian temple: it stands in an open quarter of the city, in the neighbourhood of streets which are finer than any in Paris, except the *Rue de la Paix*. These, with a spacious exchange, the broad quays, which border the stately Gironde, and lastly, the river itself, with all its floating riches, constitute what is best worth the stranger's notice and admiration in the modern city of Bordeaux. Perhaps my remembrances of its beauties are less vivid than they would have been had I surveyed them more at my ease; but what dog ever remembered with delight the town through which he had dragged a kettle at his tail?

A steam-boat plies betwixt Bordeaux and *Langon*, in which I engaged a passage; but matters were managed so indifferently by our pilot, that the tide failed us at *Cadillac*, and the passengers had the option of spending an uncomfortable night on board, or of trusting to their legs to carry them on to *Langon* (about ten miles) before night-fall. I chose the latter alternative, and mounted the rocky brow of *Cadillac*, crowned by a ruined castle, at the foot of which there is a cavern, from which a spring issues beneath a Gothic arch: I paid my respects to the Naiad, and passing through the little town,

found myself on a bold terrace, looking over the valley of the Garonne; after which I crossed a level country to the ferry of *Langon*, whither I arrived soon after dark. The next morning I made my arrangements to walk to Toulouse: I consigned my baggage to a luggage-boat, packed up a change of linen, and grasped my walking-staff: had the same thing been to be done three centuries sooner, I should, most probably, have first heard mass, and promised the Virgin a trifling present to frank me through my journey.

Having re-crossed the ferry of *Langon*, I passed the old towers and battlements of St. Macaire, whence the road lay through a succession of cheerful villages, embosomed in vineyards. The adjacent heights followed the line of the road and river; their ascent was bold enough to break the tameness of the scenery, while their viny steeps breathed of *Medoc, Chateau-Margot, La Fitte, St. Emilienne*, and all the names dear to the Burdigalian Bacchus. The vines, on level lands, in this part of France, are generally trained on poles, and thus closely resemble hop-grounds; a form of cultivation much more pleasing to the eye than the common method of training close to the ground.

The heights of La Reole descend to the river's edge, and are crested by an old castle of some renown in the days of our valiant Edward. The town was taken in 1345, after a nine-weeks' siege, by the Earl of Derby, when the governor, Sir Agos de Banos, a Provençal knight, retired

into the castle, "which," says Froissard, "was "erected a long time since by the Saracens, "who laid the foundations so strong, and with "so much curious workmanship, that the build-"ings of our time cannot be compared with "it." — It cost the Earl eleven weeks to under-mine one of the courts, when Sir Agos surren-dered upon terms of honourable composition. A curious and romantic incident occurred dur-ing this siege: — Sir Walter Manny, who, of all English knights in those days, most truly merits to be styled "without fear, and without re-"proach," remembered that his father, on his return from a pilgrimage to St. James de Com-postella, which he had undertaken for the pur-pose of appeasing the kindred of a knight he had accidentally slain in a tournament, had been murdered by that knight's relations in this town, (whither he had come on a visit to the Earl Charles of Valois, brother to King Philip the Fair,) and had been buried in a small chapel near the walls: an old man undertook to point out the spot to Sir Walter; "for he had been "present," says Froissard, "when the Lord of "Manny was interred.

"When Sir Walter came to the spot where "his father had been formerly buried, with his "aged conductor, he found there a small tomb "of marble, which his servants had erected "over him; and the old man said, 'You may "be perfectly assured, that your father was "buried, and lies under this tomb.' Sir

" Walter then caused the inscription, which was " in Latin, to be read to him by a clerk, and " found that the old man had told him the " truth. Two days afterwards, he had the tomb " opened, took out the bones of his father, and " placing them in a coffin, sent them to Valen- " ciennes, in the county of Hainault, where " they were again buried in the church of the " Frères Minéurs, near the choir. He ordered " masses to be said, and continued yearly."

La Rèole overlooks a beautiful portion of the valley of the Garonne; but the road thence to Marmande runs along the flat alluvion, and is somewhat uninteresting.

MARMANDE is a long old-fashioned town: the church is Gothic, but with round columns: I observed *one*, clustered to about one third of its height, as if this decoration had been begun and discontinued. I slept at Marmande, and the next morning proceeded along a cultivated level to Tonneins.

" TONNEINS," observes the French itinerary, " has always been remarkable for its industry, " luxury, and love of pleasure," — It consists of a long street, well built, terminating in a *place* or square, one side of which is open, and formed into a public walk and terrace, on the edge of a precipice two or three hundred feet above the river: the prospect from this bold elevation is charming. I dined at an hotel lately established by *Le Sieur Cazanoles*, and would advise all who delight in woodcocks,

claret, and good cookery, all meriting a more scientific eulogium than I can bestow on them, to do the like. I do not know that *Tonneins* is otherwise famous, except that Cameron, the Scotch reformer and professor of Theology at Saumur, who passed the end of his life at Montauban, took one of his wives from hence.

The country betwixt *Tonneins* and *Aiguillon* presents some pleasing scenery. At the latter village I hired an old woman's poney to carry me to Agen, about twelve miles: a little boy attended me to bring him back, and ran by my side the whole way without the least appearance of fatigue:—to be sure my nag's pace was but a very hobbling sort of trot.

AGEN is an extensive irregular town, surrounded by old ramparts, turned into public walks; it is said to contain remains of Roman baths, and other antiquities, which is probable, having been the site of the Roman *Agennum;* but I had not leisure to seek for them: it was also the birthplace of Joseph Scaliger. Several of the old streets are built in the manner of bazaars; a fashion not uncommon in this part of the country, where the use of glass first begins to be discontinued in the poorer kind of cottages. In one of the streets of *Agen*, I observed a corpse laid out for burial, in a small open building: a poor man who was passing by entered, and kneeling down, repeated a prayer for the soul of the defunct: he had no-ways the appearance of being more nearly related to the

deceased than by the bond of our common nature; so his prayer was an action of pure Catholic charity.

VALENCE is an old town, with broad low bazaars; but not otherwise remarkable. At a league beyond it I quitted the main road to follow a footway to *Mossaic*, by the river-bank, which cuts off the angle of the heights. In the hamlet at which the roads separate, I observed an old brick-house, ornamented with mosaics exactly in the shape and style of those on the front of St. John's church at Poitiers: this house, which is mean, and built in the usual fashion of the country, can scarcely be above two centuries old, so that it is probable the mosaics of St. John's are a comparatively modern decoration.

On a steep hill above this village, I observed the likeness of a ruined castle, to which I mounted, and found workmen busy in destroying the massive ruins of a feudal fortress: it had been, I understood, the property of a gentleman of fortune, who had sold it, with the adjacent property, to pay a gambling debt; "but "surely," thought I, as I stood among its falling arches and dilapidated towers, "I would "in all extremities have still reserved the castle-"walls of my ancestors, though with but a "single narrow footpath, by which I might "reach them;" — but dissipation has no joy in the past. — The view from these heights is richly magnificent: half way down the steep there is

a stone cross, at which formerly perchance, the warrior stayed his clanking stride, "to patter "an Ave-Mary," as going or returning from a crusade or marauding; and on the lowest slope of the hill is a small ancient church, with its lonely church-yard, most probably the burial place of the family. These approximations of war and devotion strongly characterise the times of our forefathers, when cowls and crosiers, helmets and banners, were displayed on the same field of contest.

I soon found I had greatly profited by changing the insipidity of a rectilinear high road, for the shady windings of a pathway, betwixt willow hedges, through meadows, along cliffs, and thickets, from which I finally emerged close to *Mossaic*, where I ferried over the Tarn, and reached *Castel Sarrasin* in the evening.

There was probably once a good reason why this town should be named CASTEL SARRASIN, but the reason and castle have vanished: perhaps to have attempted an investigation of either would not have proved a more profitable occupation than if a French *savant* were to exercise a similar operation upon the Saracen's Head, Snow-hill. — From Castel Sarrasin to *Grizolle* is a flat uniform alluvion.

GRIZOLLE is a poor village; my fare was very indifferent; and I augured ill of my host's honesty, for he was excessively demure of speech, kept the sign of the *Petit St. Jean*, and read none but religious books. My prognostics did him no injustice:

he exactly doubled the charges made me at *Castel Sarrasin*, and accommodated me just half as well; but then my landlord at the latter place was a portly subject, who kept the heathen sign of a golden lion, red griffin, or some such monster, and was no ways particular in his literary appetite. On the present, as on many other occasions, I could not help observing the never varying tranquillity of a French *aubergiste:* an English landlord if accused of exaggerated charges, never fails to set up a defence of some kind, either on the ground of reason or sentiment; a French inn-keeper, on the contrary, whether male or female, opposes to your remonstrances the most invincible phlegm, and taciturnity: having pocketed his money, the feelings of the payer are suffered to vent themselves without interruption or remark, either as things perfectly indifferent, or as a due consolation in a case of irremediable necessity.

Betwixt *Grizolle* and *Toulouse* I overtook a lad who had been lately in the service of a *Milord Anglais*, but had been discarded in consequence of *milord*'s having had the misfortune to be pigeoned at Billiards at Versailles, which obliged him to cut down his establishment. My acquaintance, though he had no stockings to his legs, was a youth of some breeding, for he understood Latin, as he informed me, "but "neither Greek, Patois, nor English." — A most extraordinary classification!

The ancient city of TOULOUSE is attached in

our minds to a variety of historical recollections, of an interesting and romantic character. The noble Raymond of St. Giles, greater in history than in song, since he knew how to earn and refuse a crown; his grandson, Raymond VI. who so heroically defended his subjects against the tyranny of the church, and the fires of the inquisition; the Floral games and Troubadours of Provence, who once scattered the blossoms of poetry over Europe, are all remembrances which lead us to approach *Toulouse* with a kind of reverential interest, as if all these things had left behind them, not merely remembrances, but visible traces of their existence. It must be owned, however, that Toulouse is not calculated to gratify any high-wrought anticipations of this kind. — Of its Roman greatness, of the capitol, and amphitheatre, which Tolosa once boasted, I believe not a vestige has survived, except, perhaps, that some part of the foundation-walls of the castle may be considered as of Roman construction: the castle itself is a Gothic brick-building, which seems to have no claims to any high antiquity. The city-walls and gate-ways, which are also of brick, though old, and time-worn, are no ways striking: some of the streets have indeed an air of dull magnificence, from the number of large houses in them, embellished with stone escutcheons, and a profuse display of heavy sculpture, in the bad taste of Louis XIVth's time, by which we

recognise the town mansions of the Provençal nobility.

The *Town Hall*, which occupies one side of the principal square, is justly reckoned one of the finest buildings of this description in France.

The *Metropolitan Church of St. Stephen*, consists of a modern Gothic choir, added in 1608, to the old nave, but with so little judgment, that the left side of the latter is exactly in a line with the centre of the former. This church, like many others in France, is profusely hung with faded tapestry, which, with the other trumpery of saints, jesuses, and wicker chairs used by the congrégation, gives the building the air of a bazaar for rags and old furniture.

The *Church of St. Saturnine* has better claims on the traveller's attention. St. Saturninus or *St. Sernin*, as the French call him, who have an odd fancy for disfiguring names, first planted Christianity in Toulouse in the year 252, during the reign of the Emperor Decius. As Decius was "*execrabile animal, qui vexaret ecclesiam*," it is probable Saturninus attained the crown of martyrdom for his pains. A church was consecrated to his memory, by Saints Sylvius and Exuperius, fourth and fifth Bishops of Toulouse, whose statues are to be seen on each side of the entrance to the choir of the present church; a plan of which is in the hand of the latter.

"The *Annals of Toulouse*," make no mention of the *building* of the present edifice; but

they record its consecration about the year 1090, by Pope Urban II., who visited Toulouse for this purpose, after he had presided at the council of Clermont. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, and all the neighbouring nobility were present at this ceremony, which must have been rendered more impressive by the character of the actors, who were hereafter to figure with so much splendour in the annals of chivalry, and strains of Tasso.

This edifice, so memorably consecrated, is a very curious specimen of a style of architecture scarcely known either by name or specimen in England, but which goes on the Continent by the name of Lombard. It is in fact Roman architecture, unmixed with any of those peculiarities which are to be found both in France and England, in the styles we call Saxon and Norman.

St. Saturnine's is built of brick in the form of a cross, at the intersection of the branches of which rises a lofty octagonal tower of five stories; each story has eight windows, ornamented with slender stone pillars, supporting a cornice which divides it from the one above; the windows of the three lower stories are arched, those of the two upper have an angular termination: a stone balustrade, and spire surmount the tower, but as these have been recently repaired and partly renovated, their style is probably less ancient than that of the rest of the building. The extreme length of the interior is about

320 feet: the breadth of the nave 85. The external walls have very small buttresses, with little projection. The roof is slanting, with beam-ends appearing under the tiles, according to the primitive notion of modillions. The Lady-Chapel is semicircular, and all the minor chapels round the aisles are of the same form. There are three rows of windows all round the building: those of the upper row are simple arched apertures unglazed; those of the second tier are arched and ornamented on each side with a slender Corinthian pillar, supporting an impost, ornamented with a square billet moulding, which goes round the arches of the windows, and is continued all round the body of the church in both the lower stories. The windows of the lower tier, or ground story, differ from those above, by being larger, and having no pillars. The roofs of all the chapels are supported by stone cornices, ornamented with grotesque modillions: their windows, which are uniform all round the church, are separated by slender pillars, or slight buttresses. These pillars, the billet-mouldings, and the cornices with their modillions, are all the ornaments which are withoutside the church. The interior is equally plain, cold, correct, and naked: the architecture is uniform throughout; flat buttresses, with pilasters, are used in the place of columns; the side aisles are double, and the arches are all circular. Betwixt the nave and the choir are four

octagonal piers, which support the spire, the interior of which forms a lantern: there is a crypt beneath the building, and the foundations are reported to be of extraordinary depth and strength. This church is said to yield only to Rome in the abundance of its relics, which are placed round the choir and altar in a variety of fereteries, carved and gilt. Of course the bones of St. Sernin rank first in his own house: the body of this saint was once stolen by Dagobert, when, by a curious kind of justice, the offence was visited, not upon the offender, but upon the innocent inhabitants of Toulouse; there was neither harvest nor child-bearing during its absence: in fine they ransomed it with the bodies of three saints, who could be better spared, or were less particular about their place of residence; but it is surprising the Tolosans did not discover the possession of such a relic to be a very dubious blessing, since, unless while it was in their keeping, their harvests of all kinds were double, they had no set off to the calamities to which they were, by its accidental abduction, exposed. I was a little surprised to see on one of the bone cases, the name of St. Gilbert, *Abbé d'Angleterre*, but I am not sufficiently versed in legendary lore, to say how the good man, or his bones, got here: our early history mentions indeed two Gilberts of pious memory; one the successor of Vitalis, abbot of Westminster, whose epitaph is recorded by Mr. Thynn, in No. lxxvi. of *Hearne's Discourses;*

the other founded the Gilbertine Monastery at Sempringham in Lincolnshire, in the year 1148. The porch of the southern transept is a curious piece of architecture, in its style and decorations more nearly approaching the corrupted Roman, as I have described it, at Poitiers and elsewhere, than the general style of the church. It is nearly 80 feet high, and 20 wide. The arch of the portal is about 14 feet in the span, and 18 feet high: on each side of it are two marble pillars, the capitals of which are formed into groups of figures, representing, The Massacre of Herod, The Expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise, and two other subjects not equally intelligible. Above these pillars is a flat impost, elegantly carved, from which spring the numerous mouldings of the arch, all of them plain; but the space betwixt them, and the top of the folding doors, is divided into two compartments; the lower is a kind of architrave, on which are fourteen small figures in low-relief, seemingly of saints and apostles, surmounted by an elegant arabesque of roses: the upper is filled with a relief which seems to represent the image of God the Father, supported by two youthful figures, probably an emblem of the Trinity, and attended by angels: on either side of this arch are two other figures, of St. Peter and some other saint, trampling upon fiends, with sculptures under them, which I take to be the temptations of St. Antony; but these, as well as the two statues, from their awkward situations,

are probably posterior additions. Above the arch the porch is terminated by a cornice, with eight modillions, each carved to represent the head of some monster, or other quaint device; between every two is a star in relief, and the same ornament is carved on the soffit. There is a second gateway in advance of this porch, decorated with arabesques, executed so gracefully, that I cannot but think them the production of a comparatively recent period; probably of the time of Francis I. or Henry III.

The cemetery round this church was called "the Burying-ground of the Nobles," from its having been assigned in 1081 to receive the remains of the Counts of Toulouse, at a period when burying within churches was very rarely practised. The cemetery has been destroyed, but there is a garden on part of its site, round the east end of the church, in which, by the permission of the proprietor, I accommodated myself to make a sketch of the building. The stone coffins of several of the ancient Counts of Toulouse are still to be seen carelessly stowed in a little vault in one of the outer walls: I observed one of them to be sculptured to represent scales, and another to be entirely covered with flowers and other reliefs. The French *talk* about chivalrous feelings: surely it would be in unison with such feelings, to rescue from degradation the remains of the Counts of Toulouse: their *bones* must at the least be worth

as much as those of saints Exuperius and Sylvius, with my countryman the Abbé Gilbert's into the bargain.

Several of the other churches of Toulouse have evidently been built upon the model of that of St. Sernin; others are Gothic, a style which is not seen to advantage in brick buildings, such as are all the ancient edifices of Toulouse.

The Revolution necessarily made havoc among the antiquities of the city, but some pains have been taken to repair the destruction, by forming a museum, very much on the plan of M. Lenoir's at Paris. The Gothic cloisters of the *cidevant* Augustine Convent, have been consecrated to this use: one side of them is occupied by Roman altars, amphoræ, and other classical antiquities; the remaining three are filled with monuments, tombs, and pieces of sculpture, from the various monasteries, which have been suppressed, and converted into barracks. Among the Roman relics I noticed an altar inscribed DEÆ LAHE SACRVM, "*Sacred to the "Goddess Lahe,*" probably a Gallic divinity, with whom Tooke's Pantheon has left me wholly unacquainted. Another altar has a vase sculptured on it, with a plant resembling ivy, and these inscriptions on the two sides:

1. DEVS HERCVLIS INVICTVS SIGNVM ARGENTEVM PP XII. DE SVA PECVNIA FECIT.

2. CN POMPEIVS
CNL HYLA
HERCVLI
ILVNNOANDOSE
V. S. L. M.

The only difficulty here, with the exception of bad grammar, is in the barbarous word *Ilunnoandose*, which Dr. Meyrick, who has favoured me with his opinion on it, supposes to be a Celtic epithet of Hercules, and to bear the following interpretation; — the I standing for Y (pronounced É), is the article "The:" "Lunnoan" resembles the British *Lluan* or *Llugan*, which signifies "glittering with light:" "Dose" may be a contraction for *Duw ose*, "God of fire," as in the inscription already quoted on the Irish cromlech. The altar is therefore consecrated to Hercules, the glittering God of fire. Hercules was worshipped by the Celts under the name of Arcol.

Among the Gothic relics is a tomb, on which is carved a mounted warrior, with a long narrow buckler, bearing *six bosses, or besants, 2, 2, and 2*, (a style of bearing extremely ancient,) the same blazon is on his horses' trappings. But of all the monuments in this collection, we look with most interest on such as have reference to the "*Gay Society of Trobadours*," and their "*floral games*," once so famous in Europe. A square cenotaph, supported by four small Gothic pillars, and surmounted by a bust, daubed over

with red paint, bears this inscription, which may be called rather Spanish than French.

Souvenensa
den Guilhem Moliniers
trobador de Tolosa
que dictet las
leges damors.

" Remember William Moliniers, Trobadour " of Toulouse, who dictated the laws of love."

This William Moliniers was the first chancellor of the " gay society," established in 1323. The poem of Arnaud Vidal of Castelnaudari, who gained the first prize, may be still seen in the " Annals of Toulouse." It is a metaphysical *canzone*, in honour of the Virgin; for it is to be observed, that though the society gave its regulations the name of " The Laws of " Love," the subjects to be treated were always of a solemn cast, from which love of a terrestrial kind, was carefully excluded.

Towards the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century, Clemence Isaure, a lady of Toulouse, endowed the academy with the means of furnishing yearly three golden flowers, a violet, an eglantine, and a marigold, to be given as poetical prizes. Nothing is known of her history, but her statue is still in one of the rooms of the *Hotel-de-Ville*, where it is, or was, crowned with flowers on each third of May, when the prizes are distributed. There is also a bust of her in this museum: the coun-

tenance and drapery are Roman, but I know not what authority there is for the likeness: under it is written:

Clem: Isaur: lud floreal. restauratrix.
Sparge, Poeta, rosas: illis Clementia gaudet,
Atque tegi cineres mandat, Isaura, suos.

Strew roses, minstrel: Clemence lov'd their bloom,
And bids thee shed their sweetness on her tomb.

Near to this bust is an inscription to the memory of Bernardus Andreas, a Trobadour of Toulouse, who travelled into England, where he was made poet-laureat by Henry VIII., according to the inscription, but Mr. Thynn, in No. lxxvi. of "Hearne's Antiquarian Discourses," quotes an epitaph on Cadwallader as "delivered by Bernadas Andreas Tolosetanus, who wrought a compendious historye "of the reign of King Henry the Seventh, in "whose time he lyved, with whom he was "greatly in favour, and to whom he was poet-"laureat."

The *Canal des deux Mers*, (so named from its uniting the Mediterranean and Bay of Biscay,) surrounds Toulouse from east to north, and falls into the Garonne immediately below the town: regular passage-boats ply on it to Carcassonne, and thence to Beziers, affording an easy and cheap communication with the Southern Department. Beyond this canal, to the north-east,

are the heights on which the Duke of Wellington engaged and defeated Marshal Soult; the road to Alby crosses the end of the French position; the ground swells gradually from thence into a ridge, which was covered with redoubts and entrenchments: I walked over the field of battle in company with the proprietor of it. His farm-house formed the key of the position; it was here our columns succeeded in mounting the heights from the valley to the east of them, and carried the entrenchments, which were speedily abandoned by the French troops, many of whom were raw conscripts. The farmer informed me that General Harispe was giving orders to set fire to his house when a ball struck him on the foot, and the house was thus preserved. When the French lose a battle they always cry out "treachery:" they pretend that it was Soult's plan to hold these heights, until Suchet should arrive and attack our army in the flanks and rear, but that Suchet refused to march. Even Soult's officers are said to have betrayed him: the officer of engineers he had dispatched to take up and fortify the heights amused himself by the puerility of barricading the town, and making loop-holes in the houses of the suburbs, so that the Marshal found every thing to do on his arrival. But when a general, occupying a commanding position, finds it necessary to protect his troops by redoubts and lines, his defeat can scarcely be a matter of

much surprise, or require to be effected by treachery.

I am sorry to remark, that the character of the people of Toulouse by no means answers to the ancient reputation of their country. It seems as if the persecution of the Albigenses had sown among them a spirit of religious and political bigotry, which time has never been able to eradicate. We recognise its lineaments in the murder of the virtuous and venerable Duranti, first president of the parliament; and of Affis, advocate-general, who supported the cause of Henry III. against the Guises and the League, and were torn in pieces by the mob; we remember the judicial murder of Calas, and have very recently witnessed a more atrocious exemplification of the same feelings. Soon after the restoration of the Bourbons, a corps was raised in this city, upon the principle of a devoted attachment to the most bigotted members of the royal family: they were called the *Verdes*, from their uniform, and intended as a kind of *ultra* police guard, to maintain the interests of fanaticism, as embodied in the Duke d'Angouleme. Their zeal was not long in finding an object: the commandant of the troops of the line, General Ramel, was suspected of Bonapartism; a party of the consecrated corps, principally officers, broke into his lodgings, and assassinated him, with circumstances of the most revolting barbarity. Their men were under arms before the general's house, during the acting of the mur-

der. The second in command of the troops of the line never stirred to defend his superior officer. The actors in the plot were well known, yet no enquiry was instituted, nor did any punishment follow the deed. It is just, however, to state, that the assassins are regarded with horror by many of their fellow-citizens, and excluded by the force of opinion from society. The popularity of the Duc d'Angouleme is said to have been lately on the decline, both in Toulouse and generally in the south, from his inability to gratify the feelings of intolerance, and revenge with which his faction is agitated.

It was with some surprise I observed the behaviour of the inhabitants of the two most loyal cities in France, Bordeaux and Toulouse, to be characterised towards the English, by evident rudeness and dislike. As far as regards the lower classes, this is but saying that a mob is a mob, both in France and England; but in Bordeaux, especially, I observed this petty and vulgar insolence in many well-drest young men, seemingly of the best quality in the city; it is true they appeared to be loungers, who are indeed but a mob *dandified*; but then a Frenchman without *politesse* is infinitely more disagreeable than any plumeless two-legged animal with which I am acquainted.

CHAP. XI.

TOULOUSE TO PARIS.

The knowledge of a country which can be acquired by being conveyed through it in a diligence, mail-coach, or any other public conveyance, is so very meagre, that, on an average, a page to each hundred miles is ample allowance of memorial. Something, indeed, may be learned on the score of character, which probably presents itself with less reserve and disguise in such situations than in any other form of social intercourse. Passengers are mutually in a state of too great independence and familiarity, while thus emboxed in a common vehicle, to make any attempts at cloaking their sentiments with regard to subjects on which they choose to be communicative. My fellow-travellers, betwixt Toulouse and Paris, were an elderly lady, and her son, a young officer of the line, about to join his regiment; a student in surgery, vulgar and good-natured; a woman with "no character at "all;" and a gentleman, such as could be met with no where but in France: he was a man, seemingly about forty, of a gentlemanly ap-

pearance, and (as I learnt during our journey,) both in family and connection, above the middling classes of society: he was, moreover, well informed, even scientific, and combined perfectly easy manners, with a fund of humour and vivacity. Such elements should have constituted a very agreeable fellow-traveller, and so, doubtless, he would have been, had he had as much taste as wit; but this was not the case; he was an intellectual Yahoo, in whom Dean Swift would probably have admired the discussions, ingeniously filthy, and scientifically obscene, with which he uninterruptedly amused us during the two days he was our companion. It is to be observed, that all this went on in the presence of a lady, not only of respectability, but of rank and good breeding, to whom he frequently addressed his observations, without any seeming intention of giving offence, or even consciousness of overstepping propriety. The lady, though she once slightly remarked the licentious freedom of his conversation, exhibited no symptoms of indignation, even when it was addressed to her, and usually joined in the laugh it occasioned; nor did her son appear to feel he was in any respect called upon to resent what our notions would interpret most indelicate familiarity. In England this could not have occurred without mastering three impossibilities: — First, the impossibility of finding a gentleman of education, who would indulge in such conversation before a lady, or a decent female, or even before

any female: secondly, that of finding a lady or female who would unconcernedly listen to it: thirdly, that of finding fellow-passengers, who would not conceive themselves bound to repress such behaviour in a woman's presence. I wished to ascertain the political sentiments of an individual, who was evidently not only a thinking being, but one endowed with considerable strength of intellect: I found them to be such as are usually embraced by those who seek to disguise the shame of submission under an appearance of philosophy, and to erect despotism into a law of necessity. "The French," he said, "required to be governed by a rod of "iron." Thus individuals exculpate themselves at the expense of human nature: the rulers of the earth cry out, "Mankind are wicked and "must be governed by force;" the reply naturally is — "Granted; but you also are men, "and as such, need the rod as much as any of "us: how then do you pretend to wield it?" — But the timid and indolent dreaders and admirers of power assent to this shallow sophism, and flatter themselves they are philosophers when they are only cowards. It was of a piece with his general system of human nature, that my fellow-traveller, who had visited and admired the comforts of England, should be utterly incredulous as to the general fairness with which justice is, in our country, administered betwixt individuals. He could not imagine an uncorrupt judge. His reasoning was simple, — "Human

" nature is every where the same: it is impos-
" sible, therefore, but that in England, as well
" as in France, a pretty woman must be able
" to influence the judge before whom her suit
" is tried." Probably, had he *seen* several of our judges, he would have been less incredulous of the impotence of female attractions.

So much for the dramatis personæ of my journey; now for the scenery, which will merely suffice to form a back-ground.

The road from Toulouse to Paris by way of *Limoges* traverses a tract of country which forms the extreme boundary of the mountainous departments of *Aveiron*, *Cantal*, and *Puy de Dome*, in which almost all the rivers which intersect France have their sources. Its hilly ruggedness commences betwixt Montauban and Cahors, and continues as far as Argenton, and the vicinity of Chateauroux. CAHORS, the Roman *Divona*, is built on a steep above the *Lot*: its grey walls, and square towers had a very picturesque effect, as we mounted the adjacent hills, round some of which clouds of mist were sweeping before the wind, and descending in heavy showers among the valleys.—As winter was now setting in, the scenery had an air of bleak and Scottish wildness; but in summer when the vines which clothe the numberless steep monticles to their summits are in their bright liveries, and the narrow valleys below them look like green streamlets, the scene must be delightfully soft and pleasing, especially as

there is abundance of streams, massy cliffs, wild grottoes, and dingles full of copse-wood, and fine chesnut-trees. — The towns and villages are built of grey-stone: most of them are ancient, with little beauty or convenience when approached, but adding much to the beauty of the landscape by their old towers and picturesque situations. DONZENAC is one of these; — the road to it from *Brive*, winds along the crest of a deep glen, down which a torrent rushes to the *Creuse*: about half way up there is a fountain cut in the rock; and a ruined Gothic church, almost buried in ivy, is the first object at the entrance of the town. I had *walked* from *Brive* to *Donzenac*; a kind of relaxation I generally managed to procure after breakfast, — if the first daily meal you make, when travelling by a diligence, may be so called, consisting, as it always does, of two courses, with fruit and wine. Fortunately for me, the French have no idea of hurrying over their meals; partly, because they believe, with Dr. Johnson, that few things are really more important than dinner, and partly because they would consider it bad economy to pay for a meal without eating as long as they possibly could, besides pocketing some of the relics. — This disposition I accounted fortunate; first, because, like themselves, I consider a hurried mastication as neither pleasant nor profitable; and secondly, because it gave me half an hour's start of the vehicle, which, in an uneven country, and according to

the French rate of travelling, secures the enjoyment of a whole day's pedestrian exercise, should the traveller be inclined for it. I had wandered on in this way when night overtook me beyond *Donzenac*, and I entered a cottage by the road side to request leave to sit down, and wait the arrival of the diligence: the owner, however, very coolly told me there was an *auberge* not far off, where I might wait if I chose it. The proverb says, "One swallow "makes not summer"—I considered it unsafe to conclude any thing generally against the hospitable character of the French peasants from this single specimen; so I went on to another cottage, and seated myself on a stone bench near the door; but I had scarcely done so when the owner of the house came out and invited me to enter. I found a roomy cottage which seemed, however, to consist but of the single apartment in which the family was collected: the floor was of earth, uneven enough; above were bare rafters, which served as a storehouse for a variety of domestic utensils and lumber: there were two large beds, with curtains; one near the fire, the other at the farther end of the room: a bench and two or three stools were round the hearth, on one of which I was requested to seat myself. It was supper-time; a coarse cloth was spread on a narrow wooden table, on which were arranged as many pewter porringers as equalled the number of the members of the family, who were to share the

meal: a large brown loaf was taken from a shelf, and cut into slices, with the only knife with which the cottage seemed to be furnished: a large three-legged kettle was next taken from the fire, and each porringer filled with a soup, very much like gruel, poured over the bread. The father of the flock, his wife, two sons, and as many daughters, placed themselves at table: the old grandam sate in the chimney-corner, and as she was in ill health had a few spoonfuls of wine mixed with her porridge: I was invited to join the party: after the gruel, a large kettle of chestnuts was served out, which concluded the meal. I found I understood very little of the *Patois* spoken by my host, who, on his part, understood so little of French as to be ignorant, from my pronunciation, that I was a foreigner. When the diligence came up, I wished the family good night, and was lighted to the coach-door, that I might not step in the mud round the cottage.

The village of *Pierre Bufiere*, besides being picturesquely placed on a mountain-stream, over which there is an antique bridge, is remarkable for its castle, in which the celebrated Mirabeau was confined for many years, by his father, and in which he probably first imbibed his dislike to bastilles and *lettres de cachet*. The tall, square donjon-keep is still entire, but the remainder of the building has been modernised into a gloomy-looking farm-house. It stands at the bottom of the dell,

towards the end of the village, and is washed on both sides by the torrent which divides round it.

The city of LIMOGES is connected with an incident in English history, which would be better forgotten, were not truth essential above all things, and historical flattery proportionably deserving of reprobation. Mr. Hume has thus drawn the character of the Black Prince: —

"The Prince of Wales, after a lingering illness, died in the forty-sixth year of his age; and left a character, illustrious for every eminent virtue, and, from his earliest youth till the hour he expired, unstained by any blemish. His valour and military talents formed the smallest part of his merit; his generosity, humanity, affability, moderation, gained him the affections of all men; and he was qualified to throw a lustre, not only on that rude age in which he lived, and which nowise infected him with its vices, but on the most shining period of ancient or modern history."

I feel as if to undo this eulogium were almost

To pluck a jewel out of England's crown;

yet the following passage from Froissart's description of this Prince's treatment of the inhabitants of Limoges, after he had captured the city, will show how cautiously we must credit the praises with which kings and conquerors have been spangled by historians: —

"The Prince, the Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of

"Cambridge and of Pembroke, Sir Guiscard "d'Angle, and the others, with their men, "rushed into the town. You would then have "seen pillagers, active to do mischief, running "through the town, slaying men, women, and "children, according to their orders. It was a "most melancholy business; for all ranks, ages "and sexes cast themselves on their knees be- "fore the Prince, begging for mercy; but he "was so inflamed with passion and revenge, "that he listened to none, but all were put to "the sword, wherever they could be found, "even those who were not guilty: for I know "not why the poor were not spared, who could "not have had any part in this treason; but they "suffered for it, and indeed more than those "who had been the leaders of the treachery!

"There was not that day in the city of "Limoges any heart so hardened, or that had "any sense of religion, who did not deeply "bewail the unfortunate events passing before "their eyes; for upwards of three thousand "men, women and children, were put to death "that day. God have mercy on their souls! "for they were veritable martyrs."—T. iv. c. xxi.

The old town of ARGENTON, built on the steep banks of the *Creuse*, is remarkable for having been the residence of Philip de Comines, the massive ruins of whose castle seem to have grown to the colour and substance of the rock on which they stand.

The country beyond *Argenton*, quitting its

mountainous character, becomes undulating, till towards Orleans it sinks into an extensive level, several miles of which are heath and forests.

A conspicuous object, five leagues from Paris, is the tower of MONTELHERY, beneath the walls of which a battle was fought in 1464, betwixt Louis XI., and the Count of Charolois, "*Pour "le bien public:*" — but the castle of Montelhery had been long abandoned to solitude, when Boileau dispatched Night thither to fetch the owl, which was to be lodged in the *Lutrin.* The poet thus aptly characterises its appearance.

Les murs dont le sommet se derobe à la vue,
Sur la cime d'un roc s'allongent dans la nue,
Et presentant de loin leur objet ennuyeux
Du passant qui le fuit semble suivre les yeux.

Voiture too, in one of his songs, thus speaks of it:

Nous vimes dedans la nuë
La tour de Mont-le-heris,
Que pour regarder Paris,
Allongeoit son col du gruë.

CHAP. XII.

OF THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

We esteem it both pleasant and profitable to make ourselves acquainted with the character of a neighbour with whom we are in habits of frequent intercourse: we expect such acquaintance will both aid us to avoid giving offence, and gradually pave the way towards the intimacies of lasting friendship. We may fairly draw similar conclusions when the neighbours are not individuals, but powerful nations. — It must be admitted, however, that if the advantages in this case are equally obvious, the attainment of the necessary knowledge is by no means equally easy. It is difficult for one nation to fix a moral standard for another: the same virtues and vices are not equally influential upon the happiness of different nations; so that while each regards with prejudice or partiality the moral qualities most powerfully affecting its own social system, it is apt to exercise a Procrustes-like judgment upon those of its neighbours. There are difficulties too in estimating the character of

nations highly civilised, which more than counterbalance the facilities of judging afforded by increased means of information, and frequent intercourse. — When we read of the manners of the old Greeks, of the modern Tartars, and Arabs, of the American Indians, of the inhabitants of the Tonga Islands, or generally of any people in a semi-barbarous state of society, we are at first struck by the strong contrasts of their dispositions, by those fierce extremes of good and evil, so opposite to the blending and demi-tinting observable in our own characters; but a very little reflection not only renders us familiar with these seeming disproportions, but even compels our surprise into an opposite channel, by showing us the singular uniformity of the human character, in all climes and ages, when subjected to the operation of few and simple moral impulses. The case is very different, when we seek to estimate the character of a people grown hoary amid the whirling vicissitudes of civilised life. Moral habits are here the result of causes, obscure, remote, and contradictory. We have to calculate the influence of various and opposing tendencies; the working of passions, in all the stages of combustion, strength and decrepitude; the spirit of the age at war with existing institutions; together with the operation of those many minuter causes, which, though conjunctively they have great influence on the national character, have too little firmness for moral dissection. Under these cir-

cumstances, however steadily we may endeavour to steer our judgment, we are perpetually encountering under-currents, which often not only carry us wide of just inference, but leave us stranded in utter doubt and perplexity.

The consideration of the public or political character of the French nation may properly be referred to the head of government; in the present chapter I remark on it no further than is necessary to show its connection with, and influence upon, social and domestic habits. My object is to point out the characteristic moral differences betwixt a Frenchman and an Englishman, in the relations of private life: nor am I unaware of my personal disqualification for the undertaking. An individual must draw his conclusions either from individual experience, or still more fallacious sources; but the experience of an individual, even when it is much more extensive than I can pretend to, is limited in its range, liable to be warped by accident, and too commonly tinctured by prejudice, or distorted by theoretic preconceptions;—such as it is, however, its results, as delivered by various travellers, are the only sources from which, by a juxta-position of evidence, and cross-examining of witnesses, something like an approximation to truth may be expected;—and with this apologetic *proœmium* I proceed.

No Englishman (that is to say, no Englishman betwixt whose eyes and brains there subsists the most ordinary degree of intercourse)

can have amused himself by a quarter of an hour's saunter through the gardens of the *Tuileries*, or by a lounge of equal length about the Parisian Bond-street of the *Boulevards*, without having been struck by the great variety of physiognomies perpetually crossing his walk, and frequently arresting his attention. — I do not mean such simple varieties of features as go to the manufactory of mere sets of odd faces, but countenances displaying such marked opposition of habits and character, as to denote the generations of distinct social epochs; and such as may, without much hazard of mistake, be classed according to the different eras of French history. — Do we seek, for instance, the representatives of the old French character, the devoted and superannuated admirers of royalty, Corneille and Madame de Maintenon? — The race is, indeed, fast dying off: a remnant, however, which seems to have been preserved by being dried, is still visible; — straight, spare-looking-gentlemen, with their coat-collars glistening with the pomatum distilled from their queues, their cravats stained with snuff, and the order of St. Louis, at their button-holes: loquacious as grasshoppers, nor much unlike those insects in limb and feature; but polite withal, according to that school of manners, which once held the "glass of fashion," by which the *World*, in the Morning-Post signification of the term, was wont to "dress its carriage." — It may be supposed the court is the genial focus from which these

anatomies of legitimacy imbibe the vital warmth of existence; it is here, therefore, the curious in human entomology will do well to search for specimens: but to those who have no means of pursuing their researches within the hallowed precincts of the Tuileries, it may be interesting to learn, that it is individuals of this class who compose the male majority of the thin congregations assembled in each Parisian church: one of them, in particular may almost always be observed in the van of every religious procession, like an emblem of decrepit piety: they are the *cicerones* of almost all the palaces, and continue to fill such humble offices of church and state, as were below the blast of revolutionary changes. Of their moral character little need be said; they have outlived the ability to do either good or evil; their voices are, indeed, heard at intervals, like the feeble wailing of Ossian's ghosts, when they mourn over the evils of toleration and freedom: they are not, however, without their moments of exultation: Protestants are sometimes persecuted, and saints restored to their niches; his majesty dines with uncommon appetite; a royal duchess conceives, or the Virgin glitters in new-spangled petticoats.

A second class of characters may occasionally be distinguished in the crowd, consisting of men usually about the middle age, whose features, dress, and demeanour, bear a stern simplicity, be-

fitting republicans, who have survived a commonwealth; but these

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto —

and it is especially useless to seek them either at church or court.

A third, and important portion of the Parisian population consists of the military, and their imitators, who have grown up to manhood during the era of martial vanity and despotism. Their black stocks and soldier-like demeanour would become them better, if their countenances did not too frequently exhibit such an expression as becomes the gentlemen with smutted brows and whiskers, who perform the subordinate banditti in "The Iron Chest," or "Miller "and his Men;" — nor are their manners much at odds with their looks: the ladies complain of their *brusquerie*, and the more respectable among their countrymen, of their taste for low company, and vulgar debauchery. In whatever provincial city a regiment is quartered, the houses of the *préfet* and principal inhabitants are open to its officers, yet very few, I have been told, take advantage of this civility.— They lounge away their vacant hours in coffee-houses, at billiards, dominos, or some other petty species of gambling; drink drams, and frequent the society of such females as are best qualified to be trulls and camp followers.

Of the mass of *Bourgeois* faces, in Paris, as

elsewhere, it may be said, they are such as nature manufactures by the million, and affixes to the bodies of such as are designed to constitute the *vis inertiæ* of society, the ship's ballast of stones, or pig-iron; though with reference to their political conduct they might, perhaps, be better compared to that vegetation which grows at the bottom of rivers, and constantly lies in the direction of the stream, whether the tide set up or down. Altogether, however, I believe the present French *Bourgeois* both *look* and *feel* more rationally than their forefathers; and when acting as national guards, have given proofs of steadiness, activity, and good sense, highly creditable to them.

These same distinctions of face and manner are to be found in all the provinces of France, mixed in greater or less proportions according to circumstances. In the villages, and among the peasantry, old French queues, and sharp lineaments, have a comparative predominancy. In all great towns there is a dash of martial coxcombery; but the one thing most rarely to be met with throughout the kingdom is a *gentleman*.

In England there is a pretty numerous class of individuals who, whatever may be their general moral character, will feel that they dare not stoop to vices of a mean and petty description, towards which they may indeed be said to feel almost a physical abhorrence: such persons consider that there is a certain style, both of dress and manner, by which it becomes them

to be distinguished; and although in both these they may not unfrequently deviate into foppery and affectation, according to the ruling fashion of the day, they seldom fail to escape vulgarity, and by their appearance to give such an assurance of their sentiments and behaviour as very rarely proves deceptive. In France such a class can scarcely be said to exist. Indisputably there are many Frenchmen of sufficient honour to resent an indignity offered to their noses; but that moral delicacy which shrinks from the contagion of meanness is, I fear to say, little known among our Gallic neighbours. The nobleman, or man of property, who lets part of his hotel, as is frequently the case, will not disdain to take all the advantages, and employ all the disingenuity of a petty broker. In all cases of imposition the stranger would in vain look to be enlightened or protected by the French gentleman, even though the latter should profess to be his friend: to connive at the frauds of his countrymen is a piece of patriotism injurious neither to his purse nor his feelings.—If the old school of French manners be justly charged with professing much and meaning little, the new is more disgustingly characterised by coarse familiarity amounting to a levelism, far more radical than is to be found in the United States of America, where each man respects his fellow-citizen, because he respects himself; but in France nothing is respected but a *gendarme*.

There is something in the fate of the word *gentleman* which deserves a moment's reflection. It originated in France, where it was applied to such persons as, by their birth and accomplishments, were thought to merit the flattering epithet of *gentils*; and as property in feudal times always went along with the other advantages of fortune, it was a distinction necessarily confined to such as held lands by the most honourable kinds of tenure; such holding being courteously supposed to include all those moral qualities combined in the term *gentility*. With us, on the contrary, the borrowed term was never used but in its primitive sense, because territorial distinctions were determined by laws and customs peculiar to our own form of polity. As long, however, as holding lands by certain kinds of service and tenure continued in France to imply birth and breeding, beyond what could belong to the commonalty, a part of the old meaning of the word still adhered to it, and *foi de gentilhomme* was an engagement which no knight could violate with impunity: but when the last dreams of chivalry vanished with the laws and prejudices of feudal institutions; when moral qualities could no longer be imagined to have the remotest connection with this or that species of property, the word ceased to have any other than a titular signification, which neither includes moral qualities, nor imposes moral obligations. It would, however, be refining too far to infer, that because in France there is

no word answering to our term *gentleman*, there are, therefore, *no* gentlemen; albeit they are very rare: neither can I altogether assent to Lady Morgan's hypothesis, who supposes that the young Frenchmen of the present day are so deeply occupied by lectures and scientific pursuits, that they have no leisure for the trivial graces of dress and deportment. The following reasons will perhaps go nearer to explain the matter. The French are *par excellence* an imitative people: — during the ascendancy of Republicanism, the watch-words were "Liberty, Equality," by which the body of the nation unfortunately understood the right of cutting off the heads of their political opponents, and wearing their own, greasy and uncombed, on their shoulders. To make themselves good citizens, the young men of the rising generation found no shorter way than to divest themselves of good manners, and *fraternise* with every species of vulgarity. The evil, however, would have been temporary, had France continued free, but the equality of slaves is a common portion of degradation, destructive of every feeling of individual dignity. Then came the military mania, with all the graces of a camp and mess-room; so that one may say, French manners underwent the fate of their muskets; the old-fashioned polish was exchanged for a coat of bronze — an exchange serviceable in the field, but not equally becoming on the parade. In the progress, however, of habits of sound think-

ing, and in the diminution of that influence which the military spirit has assumed, to the degradation of the peaceful occupations of society; in the growth, in short, of political freedom and consequent self-respect, will be found a remedy for that unbecoming petulance by which the modern school of French manners is indisputably blemished.

That the ordinary duties of social life are less attended to in France than elsewhere, will reasonably be doubted by those who consider how powerful a guarantee self-interest is for their performance. The police is considered to act efficaciously in the prevention of great crimes; and probably there are fewer open robberies, and offences of a violent description in France, than in England; but the claims of a military police to the amendment of public morals must be received with much caution: it is more probable the compression of vice in one direction forces it into another, and not always a purer channel: to exchange a highwayman for a pimp or sharper is no great moral profit. If, however, France has any advantages in this particular, it is less probably because she is better *watched*, than because she is less *taxed* than our own country: taxation, when it encroaches on the necessary means of subsistence, is a wholesale manufacturer of vice and crimes.

The domestic virtues are not supposed to be highly cultivated by the French. The prevalence of conjugal infidelity is, indeed, so generally ad-

mitted by themselves, that they can scarcely blame a stranger for believing that, according to the old proverb, what every body says must be true. I have sometimes questioned females on this point, (which, by the way, may be done without any fear of giving offence,) "The French ladies, "Madam, sometimes play their husbands false?" "*Oh, mais oui, Monsieur, dix fois pas jour* — "*et les Anglaises? jamais, n'est ce pas? elles sont* "*glaceès.*" I confess the liberality of such concessions often tended rather to shake, than to confirm my belief, till I met with, what I must be allowed to call, the unexceptionable testimony of an officer of cavalry, with whom I happened to discuss the matter at a *table d'hote* at Angouleme. I urged the usual mode of exaggeration peculiar to moral declaimers, and worshippers of old times; instancing the debaucheries and corruption of the old French court, as well as that of Charles II. in England. He admitted the truth of this, but observed, that the contagion was then confined within the narrow circle of the court and capital, "*mais à* "*present,*" said he, with the air of an angry monopolist, "*tout le monde s'y mèle.*" The fact, after all, is too probable. Under despotic governments the action of despotism spreads, and is multiplied over the whole surface of society. Slaves are hard task-masters to one another, and children are sacrificed in marriage from motives of ambition and interest by parents who have been victims of similar inhumanity.

Nor is the remembrance of their own destiny likely to deter them from visiting it on their children: they suffered in the season of youth and romantic feelings: they inflict a similar suffering at a time of life when such feelings are either wholly forgotten, or regarded as childish follies. Use has made their necks callous to the yoke they prepare for others. Conjugal infidelity is the necessary result of such a system, and, most probably, is regarded by all parties as its natural remedy. Where mutual inclination cements the bond of union, there is little reason to doubt that the marriage vow is as purely kept in France as in England.

The French are a parsimonious people. A respectable Frenchman will haggle an hour for a *sou*, give the waiter of a coffee-house a half *sou*,—and pocket the overplus sugar after sweetening his cup of coffee. In their travelling, in their amusements, in their whole social system, economy is the dominant principle. To account for habits so little in unison with the national love of enjoyment, we must consider that frequent political changes may have generated a feeling of doubt and insecurity, which prompts every man to hoard a resource against a day of trouble, while the same feeling represses that spirit of commercial enterprise and expenditure, which would serve to correct it. Commercial men spend willingly in proportion to their gains, which being usually on the increase, the concomitant habit increases with them, and becomes

national. In France, on the contrary, few young men who start in life with a bare competence, think of enlarging their means by addicting themselves to commercial or professional pursuits: they are consequently forced into a mode of living suited to their scanty incomes: the numerous coffee-houses and billiard-tables to be met with in every country town, are supported by, and render supportable the existence of these idlers, who are ready, whenever a war breaks out, to be manufactured into heroes.

A feature of the French character, which merits the metaphysician's attention, is its want of simplicity. An end seems valued in proportion to the complexedness of the means used to produce it. The ephemeral constitutions got up during the Revolution are fatally marked by this defect; nor, till very lately, could the French people comprehend the advantages of plain and direct representation and election—but the same point is no less forcibly illustrated in matters, the trifling importance of which affords no apology for superabundant machinery: passports are a good example: the French government deem it essential to know who and what every man is who sets foot in the country — and how does it work towards this important end? You arrive with a passport from the French ambassador in London, who grants them to all applicants: on landing you give this paper to an agent of the police, and receive in return a permit to proceed to Paris, containing a full and

particular description of your person, a duplicate of which is dispatched to the Minister of Police: thus fortified, with a certificate of your own identity, you arrive at Paris, where you find your original passport has previously arrived, and is now re-delivered to you. When you have occasion to quit the capital, you again apply to the *Bureau de Police*, whence you are dispatched to the British ambassador to have your passport countersigned, after which you return to the office, where it is again several times signed and sealed; and if you are returning to England, you are dispatched to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom you pay ten francs, (a very intelligible part of the process,) but if you are continuing your journey through the country, the ceremony of signing, &c. is to be repeated at every great town by the Mayor, or other magistrate, and so on, till the whole document is stuck over with stamps and signatures. Now it is plain, after all this, the Minister of Police knows nothing more of yourself, and destination, than you choose to tell him, being yourself the whole and sole source of information; so that if you have any interest in misrepresenting yourself in the first instance, the whole subsequent formula must be a multiplication of the same falsehood: but a Frenchman could never persuade himself that all these formalities really amounted to nothing, except the Minister's perquisite of ten francs. The whole police system is in fact similarly ridicu-

lous: an immense engine is set to work, which with infinite labour, expense, and vexation, occasionally succeeds in catching a pickpocket, but never revealed a single important conspiracy, or prevented a revolutionary explosion: yet it is regarded in France as the *ne plus ultrà* of political mechanism. A trivial, yet ludicrous instance of this same love of the complex, may be seen in every coffee-house, where the newspapers are fastened to a flat board, and secured by a small bar of iron with a padlock: the Irishman laughed at a "lock upon leather," what would he have said to a lock upon paper? — In calculating national character, religion is an item which can scarcely be overlooked; yet if, in any case, the omission might be made, without any considerable variation in the result, it is in that of France. It has been justly observed, that though the churches are still open, the congregations are gone. In Paris, and all the considerable towns, the women, children, and a few aged relics of former times, form at least nine-tenths of the frequenters of Divine worship. The zeal of the reigning family is too well known to admit a doubt that,

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi posset, etiam hâc defensa fuisset —

And the priests might well add,

Sacra suosque tibi commendat Troja Penates.

But it is a much easier task to build a new religion, than to restore an old one. The Bourbons

have done all they could with prudence, and not a little more. A decree was issued, soon after their restoration, to shut up all the coffee-houses and shops of Paris on the sabbath, except those of apothecaries; upon which a caricature appeared, representing an apothecary administering a clyster, with the subscription, *Déjeûné de Dimanche.* In France 'tis a serious matter to have the laugh against you, and so the people have been permitted to keep the sabbath according to their own discretion, which leads most of them to make of it, if not a day of prayer, at least a day of rest and recreation. Assuming that the French people, or at least that portion of them which speaks and acts for the rest, are very bad Catholics, the next question is, whether it is to be wished, or expected, they should be good ones. It must be owned, our national sentiments towards the Catholics are a little whimsical. Of the creed of our Catholic fellow-citizens we entertain a devout horror, accompanied by a consistent degree of persecution; but for the Catholics in all foreign countries, with the Pope at their head, we have, of late years, entertained a very singular affection. During the period of Bonaparte's elevation, an accredited public journal went so far as to recommend a crusade in his Holiness's favour*; and

* "The people of Italy must, to a man, be enraged at "the conduct of Bonaparte towards the Pope. Raise the

ever since our great foe's downfall, we have not failed duly to rejoice over the resurrection of the Pontifical sovereignty, the restoration of the jesuits, and holy inquisition, with all and sundry fooleries, which our forefathers wasted their brains over the midnight lamp to teach us to despise. We can well understand how the resuscitation of idols is grateful to "the cause of priests all "over the world," but it is not equally intelligible how England is to profit by the growth of absurdity among her neighbours, unless, indeed, it could be shown that Roman Catholic kings never go to war without just cause, never break their words, nor commit any of those heathenish pranks, which constitute bad neighbourhood: but the contrary of this is somewhat notorious; nor does there seem to be any reasonable probability that infidels would be much worse neighbours than Catholics. We know, indeed, that among the latter, breaches of private and public faith, perjuries, and murders may, after penance done, receive due absolution, but that these things find no acquittal at the bar of philosophy.—I am not disputing the propriety of absolving repentant sinners, but in a mere temporal point of view, if the evil be great to have a neighbour who would have small scruples about cutting your throat, it is a little

"Papal standard, and invite all true Catholics to rally "round it." *Courier* of August 13. 1808.

greater to have one who believes he may commit the offence, and yet go to heaven.

But whatever may be our wishes, or supposed interests with regard to the restoration of religion in France, there is little probability of such an event taking place. — Could the Roman Catholic Clergy have been restored to the pre-eminence of wealth and intellectual dominion which they enjoyed during the ages of feudal barbarism, something perhaps might have been done, though even in this case the enterprise would have been difficult, and the event doubtful; or had they accommodated themselves so far to the better understanding of the times, as to have suffered the more prominent absurdities of their creed to fall into oblivion, have re-modelled their mode of worship, and suited the whole tenor of their system to that philosophised Christianity which, under various denominations, is still respected in Europe, they might probably have recovered a portion of their vanished influence; but in the nineteenth century, to erect crucifixes, Jesus-boxes, and Virgins, to restore relic-worship, penance and purgatory, with all the mummery of "candle, book, and "bell," was calculating too far on the imbecility of the human intellect. It is common to see notices stuck against the church-doors of Indulgences for so many days, granted to such as perform acts of devotion in honour of a particular saint, with a *nota benè* subjoined, "The "above indulgences are applicable to souls in

" purgatory;" — but more of these holy doings under the head of *Government.* For their effect on the reasoning part of the French population, I quote the sentiments of a gentleman of eminence at the Parisian bar, with whom happening to speak of these things, he produced a volume of Volney, which he had about him, saying, " Do you think, while men carry such books as " these in their pockets, they will return to " these antiquated absurdities?"

Of the state of Parisian society I can say little from personal experience: the remarks, however, I have to make, as borne out by unexceptionable testimony, may tend to dissipate the illusions of many of my countrymen, who are apt to regard a Parisian *salon* as a kind of *fairy-land;* of the wonders of which they entertain notions, exaggerated by the difficulties of gaining admittance. From whatever causes, political or economical, these difficulties may arise, Lady Morgan must be allowed to have, in great measure, overcome them, and trodden the enchanted circle,

> Unde refert nobis victor quid possit oriri
> Quid nequeat.

But in truth it seems to have happened to her, as was wont to befal the few adventurous knights who shared the Elfin banquets of old; and when they thought to bring back samples of the glowing fruits and flowers, by which their senses had been dazzled, found they had brought

nothing but dirt and stones. We learn little more from Lady Morgan's narrative, than that the ladies are passionate lovers of Cachemire shawls, and receive their company in a recumbent, instead of a standing posture, which is certainly less convenient. The testimony of Madame de Stael is much more important: she has testified to the decay of those social talents which she was so eminently able to appreciate*. Nor is there any thing surprising in this vicissitude. Society may be reduced to its elements, and the analysis will afford us means of judging of the compound. The old *noblesse* may indeed possess polish of manner; but besides that they are too few and little regarded to give a general tone to society, their intellectual powers have, in very few instances, kept pace with the progress of an age with which their feelings are rarely in unison. To say *nothings* with grace, is

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* "Les etrangers ne sauroient concevoir le charme et "l'eclat tant vanté de la société de Paris, s'ils n'ont vu la "France que depuis vingt ans: mais on peut dire avec verité "que jamais cette société n'a été aussi brillante, et aussi sérieuse "tout ensemble que pendant les trois ou quatre premières "annèes de la révolution, a compter de 1788 jusqu'à la fin "de 1791.—C'est la dernière fois, hélas! que l'esprit Fran-"çoise se soit montrè dans tout son eclat; c'est la dernière "fois, et à quelque égards aussi la première, que la société "de Paris ait pu donner l'idée de cette communication des "esprits supérieurs entre eux, la plus noble jouissance dont "la nature humaine soit capable." *De la Revolution Françoise*, i. 386.

no longer the secret of conversation. The new aristocracy is still less likely to contribute to social elegance. The best among those who compose it are soldiers of fortune; brave and skilful in the field, rude in the drawing-room, with very few ideas beyond the sphere of a profession in great measure mechanical. The professed literati, and men of science, besides that they have too frequently degraded themselves by habits of slavery and adulation, are too few, and too much occupied to supply the defects of all other classes.

That brilliant period of social existence in France, which immediately preceded the Revolution, and on which Madame de Stael has dwelt so delightedly, was the result of a happy concurrence of circumstances no longer in existence. The frame of despotism still indeed existed, but in a state of suspended animation; while a new life of freedom and philosophy circulated through the body of a nation, developing its noblest energies, and directing them towards the sublimest objects. The upper classes, in most instances, participated in the universal feeling: the intoxication of hope ran through the social system; and genius, taste, and enthusiasm, became the very elements of its existence. We know the issue: — the bright scene closed in blood; the superior planets were hurled from their spheres into the abyss of death and revolutionary madness; while the minor satellites remained sunk in oblivion and darkness, till

they were permitted to revolve, with faded lustre, round the centre of new-born power. Poets, rhetoricians, and men of science, lent their aid to degrade the sunken cause, and in this wreck of public feeling and good taste, all the nobler elements of social intercourse were absorbed and lost.

Despotism is necessarily suspicious, and was no sooner throned in the person of Napoleon, than society was placed under the police drill: *espionage* crept into domestic privacy, and conversation was so modelled, that it might be repeated without suspicion in the imperial anti-chambers. To flatter, or be silent, became thus the only alternative; and, had the system lasted half a century, the French would doubtless have rivalled the Ottomans in smoaking and saying nothing: *Un grand talent pour le silence,* once the object of their ridicule, was fast growing into a necessary accomplishment. Little can be expected to have survived so many changes, beyond an easy and graceful manner, and such superficial *agrèmens,* as may be called the common-places of good-breeding. Political freedom will, however, redintegrate the sinews of social life, by giving intellectual faculties a limitless field of exercise: the increased dignity of civil institutions will bring into discredit the affectation of military rudeness, and each man, by respecting himself, will learn to respect, and consequently seek to make himself agreeable to, others.

I would gladly finish off this feeble portraiture of the French character, with some brighter tints than I have as yet found occasion to employ on it. I have little doubt, that such Englishmen as have resided long enough in the country to obtain a footing of intimacy with its inhabitants, could furnish abundant proofs, that those virtues and mutual benevolences, "which are dead in no man," blossom as well on the genial soil of France, as in our own country *; but it is the ordinary fate of travellers to encounter the selfish side of human nature only: in the deserts of Arabia, and plains of Tartary, stranger is a sacred name: in civilised Europe, it is little more than a signal for plunder.

* I have heard officers who were quartered on the northern frontier, speak in very high terms of the polite hospitality of the gentry in the neighbourhood of their cantonments.

CHAP. XIII.

OF BONAPARTE.

It could scarcely be expected that the character of a man who has fired the passions of the whole civilised world, should be fairly appreciated during his life-time. Had Napoleon remained seated on the imperial throne, it would have been difficult to find an anchorite so divorced from the contagion of human sympathies, as to be able to bring a calm spirit of investigation to such a subject; but there is something in his present condition, which affords a vantage-ground to dispassionate reflection: he may be said to attend the obsequies of his own fame, as Charles V. did those of his mortal tenement; or, like the old Egyptian kings, to stand before the judgment-seat of history, before he has become, like them, deaf to her final sentence. — Is Bonaparte to be accounted a *great* man? will he stand among the giant statues which surround the throne of Fame, or be classed among those minions of Fortune, who have risen and sunk, like cock-boats, on her billows? — Before we attempt, presumptuously perhaps, to anticipate

the judgment of posterity, we must endeavour to affix some determinate notion to the word "great;" as, whether it includes the idea of *goodness;* whether it is referrible to talents, independently of actions; or whether it is applicable to such individuals as have been instrumental in the production of great events, rather as ministers of destiny, than efficient causes. — If authority be admissible in a matter so arbitrary as the signification of a relative term, it must be that of the common opinion of mankind, as set forth in examples which have stood the test of ages. Our school-books teach us to call Alexander "the great," nor when our riper judgment have taught us to analyse his character, do we feel justified in robbing him of this epithet, — not even when the blood of Clytus is on his spear, or his whole army perishing on the Libyan desert. — Pompey is still "the great," in spite of his Pharsalian overthrow; and Charlemagne, notwithstanding his bloody conversion of the Saxons. No one is ignorant of the utter want of heart and principle which distinguished Frederick III., yet the bitterest revilers of Bonaparte * have never scrupled to remind the Prussians of "the glories of the *great* Frederick." — Moral goodness is not therefore ordinarily implied by the epithet "great," the metaphorical acceptation of which seems constantly referrible to its original signification: — thus

* The Quarterly Reviewers.

objects are physically great, when they occupy a considerable space in our circle of vision; they are morally great, when they occupy a considerable space on the map of general events; and greatness becomes attached, in our minds, to such individuals as are most powerfully influential in producing or controlling them. But the exertion of such influence supposes a state of circumstances, both changeful and difficult: as long as the tide of events flows smooth and unobstructed, the helmsman can expect little praise beyond the approbation of his own conscience: he presents to the imagination no image of greatness; he creates no wonder; and must, consequently, be content to lack that general applause which builds up the fame of heroes. Nor does the performance of great actions in all cases constitute a great man. Universal opinion has refused to confirm the title of "the great," bestowed by flattery on Louis XIV. because the splendid events of his reign were clearly seen to be less owing to the commanding energies of his intellect, than to a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances. The ministers who wisely planned, and the generals who successfully executed, demand their share of praise, leaving the monarch little more than the merit of having employed wiser heads than his own; and even this merit he outlived. — But the case is very different with respect to Bonaparte. The architect of his own fortune, he raised it to a

height which it is probable his own imagination only dared anticipate. The balance of power in Europe had begun to be regarded as fixed on a basis no longer liable to great political changes: a system of perpetuity seemed established on laws as durable as those which limit the planets to their orbits. Bonaparte shattered this system to atoms, and made a footstool of thrones and old opinions. The dream of universal empire began to be regarded as a waking reality, to which France looked with confidence, and the rest of the world with dismay. He who did this was no born-king, but a stranger in the land he ruled; an obscure individual, with neither friends nor faction. Never did human being traverse the mighty span of ambition and earthly power with steps so gigantic. Nor was the close of his career less splendid. Like Patroclus, in the Iliad, it was not till he had been disabled by celestial interposition that the kings of the earth dared encounter him in combat: he sunk indeed,

> While banded monarchs gave the fatal wound,
> And hostile millions prest him to the ground;

but, in his lowest downfall, he was and is an object of terror and admiration; while his enemies gaze and gibber in the idiocy of wonder at their own triumphs. Assuredly this is not a man to suffer depreciation from the puny attacks of small statesmen, and their smaller secretaries: it is not by affecting to style him *General*, or

Mister Bonaparte, that they will reduce him to the vulgar level of their own insignificancy. The world will call him "great," when they, who now "strut and fret their hour upon the stage" of royalty, have been whole centuries mingled with the dust and oblivion of their forefathers.

When we consider Bonaparte as a moral agent, who has held in his hand the destiny of millions of his fellow-creatures, it is natural to demand some account of the manner in which power so exorbitant has been employed. The world rings with his ambition, and the crimes and miseries by which it has been attended; but who are they who shall judge him for this delinquency? Not, surely, the potentates of Europe, who, by the partition of Poland, set the first broad example of political profligacy: not the same powers, who, after hypocritically abjuring the sin of spoliation, have retained the spoil, divided Saxony, enslaved Italy, annihilated the ancient republics of Venice, Genoa, and Ragusa, and made the rights of mankind a jest and mockery. Neither can the people of France cast the first stone; for *they* triumphed in their champion's victories, and shared the full extravagance of his ambition: even those nations which have suffered under its scourge, have chronicled with enthusiasm, in their own annals, the same spirit of aggression and conquest which they reprobated in Bonaparte. Is it only when brought to their own doors that mankind learn

to appreciate the quality of an evil? Historians have flattered, and poets sung, the desolators of the earth; and if from time to time philosophy has ventured to protest against their sentence, her voice has been drowned in the obstreperous applause of successive generations, whose pæans have sounded round the car of victory.

It is to philosophy only Bonaparte is justly accountable for the pernicious employment of his great means to benefit mankind; nor has she left herself without a witness against him. It is a current anecdote, that, during one of his marches into Italy, he made a visit to M. Necker, at Coppet, and before his departure had a private interview with Madame de Stael, in the course of which she exhorted him, with the passionate eloquence of genius, to consult his true glory, by giving to his country freedom, and to Europe peace; he replied with that calm disdain, which the wisdom of selfishness deems most withering to romantic virtue, "Madam, who "looks after your children?" He considered it idle to argue against the empty names of patriotism and freedom, and feared nothing so much as that men should reckon him the dupe of generous enthusiasm. In *his* eyes there was nothing real but power; yet he has lived to feel, that, according to the phrase of one of our old dramatists, "Ambition hath one heel nailed down in hell, "though with her hand she stretcheth to the "heavens." It is not, however, surprising, when we consider the circumstances by which

the early life of this extraordinary man was surrounded, that he should not have chosen his political career more wisely. He was not nurtured in the lore and discipline of philosophy, but trained to a life of military adventure: his principles were naturally modelled by his education; and, as in war, right is but the slave of victory, he must early have been taught by the revolutions and factions which distracted France, that success was in like manner the sole touchstone of justice. In usurping political power, he might flatter himself he was about to remedy its abuses; in sacrificing freedom, he gave the last blow to a victim already stretched on the altar. His conduct after his elevation can scarcely be considered extraordinary. He followed the high road of glory, according to the most approved examples of ancient and modern times. He sought to subdue the world; and had he succeeded, he would have wept, like Philip's son, that nature had set a limit to his conquests. He was not cruel; for he had no delight in blood and persecution: but he had few human sympathies, —none, probably, which extended beyond the sphere of his personal connections; towards these he was kind and indulgent, but he regarded the rest of mankind with a disdain, which his own experience probably too well justified. If he meant their good, and 'tis possible he may have deceived himself into this belief, it was without regard to their feelings or convenience: he sought to fashion them, like

clay, according to his own conceptions, and cast them away like potsherds, when he found them unsuited to his purpose. He had a great political system, and 300,000 men left their bones on the frozen plains of Russia, because a part of it was, that the nations of Europe should drink no coffee, and eat no sugar but what was made from beet-root. What wonder men at length deemed his political experiments too costly?

A review of Bonaparte's internal policy shows us traits of littleness, which we find some difficulty in reconciling with his gigantic abilities. It provokes a smile, when we consider the victorious Napoleon gravely discussing the minute fooleries of imperial etiquette: it moves a deeper feeling to remember his persecution of Madame de Stael, because Freedom proscribed at court, found refuge in her drawing-room: yet all this was in harmony with his character: his mind was essentially systematic; and having laid down a plan of despotism, he pursued it through all its dark ramifications, while he probably loathed the features of the demon he had evoked: hence he deviated into the inconsistency of attempting to unite in his government the discipline of a barrack, with the intelligence of science and philosophy. He disdained to be lord of a Tartar camp, with no worthier homage than the adulation of ignorant soldiers; but he fell into the absurdity of supposing that science would deign to light her torch at the flame of arbitrary power, or that, when lighted, its rays

would never pierce beyond the sphere of his authority.

It is scarcely credible that the ex-emperor would have tamed himself into the first magistrate of a free state: yet he consented, on his returned from Elba, to re-assume the republican fasces, and listen to lectures on the rights of man. He was evidently ill at ease in this new character; yet two men at least, of undisputed talents and honesty, believed him sincere, — Carnot and Sismondi. The bulk of the nation thought otherwise; though many lent themselves to the farce of freedom, as the reigning novelty of the day. It is needless to enquire what would have been the consequence of his success. His re-appearance on the political arena, resembled the eruption of a volcano, which men have supposed extinguished. The burning torrent was stayed, and when the lava began to harden, old powers and abuses were seen tottering over it with an air of monkey defiance, heedless that they were walking

Parcentes
Suppositos cineri doloso.

But these have their day. — Napoleon, in the meanwhile, sits in his island-dungeon, teaching himself severe endurance. The eagle-spirit which spread its strong wing on the storm and whirlwind, is caged and cooped to prey upon its own fierceness. "The insolence of office" vents itself on his hourly occupations, and forces

him into a petty warfare of complaint and recrimination: the fable of the gnat and the lion is thus verified, — the lordly animal is stung to madness; while the insect, by its insignificance, escapes with impunity. That England, in constituting herself a gaoler for the rest of Europe, is acting a *necessary* part, will be slowly admitted by those who love their country with the jealousy for her honour inspired by real affection. To have successively afforded an asylum to the rival dynasties of France, would have filled a proud page of history. As it is, we barter fair fame and justice, for the dubious praise of prudence, — a virtue which may sometimes have enabled both individuals and nations to escape peril, but never gifted them with one glorious recollection.

CHAP. XIV.

OF THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

ALMOST all European states present, with respect to government, three distinct points of consideration:—1st, Their constitutions *de jure*, as existing in national records, and charters; 2d, Their constitutions *de facto*, according to present practice; and 3d, Their national spirit, which is frequently in harmony with neither the one nor the other, but like a magical mirror dimly shadows out their approaching destinies. I propose observing this triple distinction in the remarks I am about to offer on the present government of France.

§ 1. *Of the Charter.*

"Society," observes M. Carnot, in his Memorial of 1814, "as at present constructed, is "a perpetual struggle betwixt a love of domi- "nation on the one hand, and a desire to escape "subjection on the other." The charter is a result of this struggle in France. It was a capitulation betwixt two parties, neither of which was sufficiently strong to crush the other. It

contains the hopes and pretensions of each; the elements both of freedom and despotism, which time is to develope in favour either of the nation or the king, as each finally acquires the power of interpreting it. When Louis XVIII. instead of *accepting* the constitution, granted a charter, *by the free exercise of his royal authority*, (par le libre exercice de notre autorité royale,) and dated his reign from the death of the son of Louis XVI., he looked to establish the principle of hereditary, indefeasible right in its broadest, and most obnoxious signification. It is true, that when the Royal government was threatened by the apparition of Bonaparte, its friends wished to throw the folly of this preamble on the Chancellor Dambray.* Had this excuse been well grounded no time would have been lost in repairing an official blunder, insulting to the nation, and therefore pregnant with mischief to the royal cause: but not so—The king's proclamation of the 28th June 1815, declares "That the principle of the legitimacy of sovereigns is one of the fundamental bases of "social order;" adding, "this doctrine has "been proclaimed as that of all Europe." —Its assertion in the preamble was therefore part of a preconcerted system common to all the kings of Europe. But what imports it, it may be said,

* *Vide* "*Observations generales sur le Gouvernement actuel, &c.*" first published in the *Censeur*, and republished in London, 1815.

whether Louis had, or had not a meaning, when he declared all authority in France to reside in the king, and all the rights of the people to emanate from their monarch's liberality? Would an empty enunciation of arbitrary principles establish arbitrary power, or the vain formula of the preamble destroy the essential securities bestowed by the body of the charter? The natural reply is — Abstract political principles are never contended for on their own account, but for the sake of the consequences deducible from them. However extravagant and impracticable they may seem when promulgated, they constitute an armoury from which despotism, on fitting occasions, extracts her weapons. This was the old policy of the See of Rome: when its most extravagant pretensions encountered unfavourable times and circumstances, they were suffered to stand over, *with a protestation*, till an opportunity occurred for again reducing them to practice, when they were brought forward as incontrovertible, because they had never been formally abandoned. The principle of legitimacy is not, however, a dead letter in the code of sovereigns: "Time hath given it "proof," and it is at this moment arming almost all the established governments of Europe against the rights of nations. One obvious and practical deduction from it is this — If certain persons have inherently a right to command certain nations, then every right or charter conferred on the people must proceed, according to

Louis's phrase, *from a modification of the use of such authority*, according to the will and pleasure of the sovereign; but he who has the right to give, has also the right to refuse, recall, or withhold; so that, the principle being admitted, should Louis, "by the free exercise of "his royal authority," revoke the charter he has of his good will and pleasure conceded, the nation might indeed petition and implore, but resist they could not, without setting the admitted right at defiance: nor is this a light matter in civil contests: the name of "right" sways the most conscientious part of every community; so that when a government has once established the belief that it cannot *rightfully* be resisted, it may reckon with certainty, if not on the co-operation, at least on the neutrality, of the honestest part of the population.

Moreover, if all legitimate monarchs are the sole fountains of authority, no one of them can diminish the inherent authority of his successor; so that Louis XVIII. in granting the charter "for himself and successors," was prejudicing their right of absolute sovereignty; for as we say, one parliament cannot bind a succeeding parliament, neither can one king bind another his successor and equal. The people can consequently have no guarantee for rights and privileges conferred "by the free exercise of the "sovereign's authority."

When we examine the Articles of the charter, we find a spirit of Jesuitism running through them,

by which every provision in favour of liberty is capable of being explained, and modified into a nullity. — I shall presently show in what spirit the royal government has construed and illustrated them: I now consider the articles abstractedly.

1. Of personal Freedom. — By Art. 4*, "no "one can be prosecuted, or arrested, except in "cases provided for by the law, and by regular "process." Suppose, however, (which is the case particularly to be provided against,) an individual to be arrested, imprisoned, or otherwise persecuted, by an agent, or subaltern agent of government, what is his remedy? By an article of the Constitution of the year 8 of the Republic, no subaltern ministerial agent can be proceeded against, but by virtue of a decree of the Council of state; that is, the injured individual must obtain the sanction of ministers for proceeding against their own *employès*: should the attempt fail, or should the ministers themselves be the primary agents, the individual may, *if he can*, procure their impeachment by the Chamber of Deputies, provided he can prove against them either treason or violence, for in these cases only they are responsible. †

* 4. Leur liberté individuelle est également garantie, personne ne pouvant être poursuivi ni arrêté que dans les cas prévus par la loi, et dans la forme qu'elle prescrit.

† 56. Ils ne peuvent être accusés que pour fait de trahison ou de concussion. Des lois particulières spécifieront cette nature de delits, et en détermineront la poursuite.

Again, by Art. 62 *, "no one can be deprived "of his natural judges:" nor, by Art. 63 †, can any extraordinary commissions or tribunals be erected. Observe, however, the conclusion of the article: "Under this head court-martials "are not included, should their re-establishment "be judged necessary." So that if the government should design the destruction of an individual, who has either committed no legal offence, or one which the ordinary courts would not punish in the manner agreeable to the ministry, a court-martial is appointed, the members of which become by law, *his natural judges;* and the constitution suffers no violation.—A delicate distinction which has been liberally acted on since the restoration.

2. Religious Freedom.—Articles 5, 6, and 7, tolerate and protect all forms of religious worship: but the Catholic religion is that of the state; that is, it is the one patronised by the government, and professed by the Bourbons, emigrants, priests, and old women, with some thousands of fanatics in the southern department. It might have been readily anticipated, that *favour and affection* would not in this case be long exercised without *partiality*. A state

* 62. Nul ne pourra être distrait de ses juges naturels.

† Il ne pourra en consequence être créé de commissions et tribunaux extraordinaires. Ne sont pas comprises sous cette dénomination les jurisdictions prévôtales, si leur rétablissement est jugé nécessaire.

religion, where the members of the government are bigots, means a great deal.

3. Freedom of the Press. — By Art. 8*, "The French have the right of publishing and printing their opinions, conforming themselves to the laws which are to repress the abuse of this liberty;" — that is, the French shall have all the freedom in this respect the laws we intend to make will leave them. The intention of Louis was evidently to grant the *minimum*.

4. The royal or executive Power. — By Art. 14†, "The king is commander-in-chief by sea and land, makes peace and war, appoints to all public offices, and makes the regulations necessary for the execution of the laws, and safety of the state."

All this is according to received maxims, of the nature and extent of the executive authority; but in a country like France, trained to habits of military and domestic submission, and constantly maintaining a large standing army, it is impossible freedom should co-exist with

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* 8. Les Français ont le droit de publier et de faire imprimer leurs opinions, en se conformant aux lois qui doivent réprimer les abus de cette liberté.

† 14. Le roi est le chef suprême de l'état. Commande les forces de terre et de mer, déclare la guerre, fait les traités de paix, d'alliance et de commerce, nomme à tous les emplois d'administration publique, et fait les règlemens et ordonnances nécessaires pour l'exécution des lois et la sûreté de l'état.

such powers, provided the times admit of their being fairly put in action. Let us suppose the monarch, in full enjoyment of his prerogative, backing an unconstitutional act with 100,000 bayonets, what checks has the Charter provided to resist him? Does the composition of the two Chambers offer any thing like a guarantee of adequate resistance? We shall perceive that they are an inadequate counterpoise to the royal power, even in the ordinary course of legislation; but against the king, as the head of the army, supposing a king of France capable of placing himself with due effect in such an attitude, they are absolutely nothing. But the nations of Europe seem not yet fully sensible, that betwixt freedom, and large standing armies, there can be no coalition, which is not built on principles if possible more fraudulent than those of the Holy Alliance.

5. The Chamber of Peers. — By Art. 27*, "The nomination of Peers belongs to the king: their number is unlimited: he may vary their dignities, appoint them for life, or render them hereditary at his pleasure."

A House of Peers owing its existence to the royal pleasure, and forming a third part of the legislature, gives the Executive two-thirds of

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* 27. La nomination des pairs de France appartient au roi: leur nombre est illimité: il peut en varier les dignités, les nommer à vie ou les rendre héréditaires, selon sa volonté.

the whole legislative authority; and since by Art. 33*, the Peers constitute a court for the trial of high treason, and attempts against the safety of the state, the king has an engine constantly prepared to crush, by a constitutional process, the victims who may escape a court-martial, or ministerial commitment. If a House of Peers could, under any circumstances, form a barrier against the crown, it must be by resting on some basis, either of power or opinion, independent of the crown. The old feudal barons maintained a proud equality with the royal power, and even frequently overshadowed it, for they had vassals, lands, castles, and all the attributes of independent sovereignty: there was no illusion here; they were a substantial Aristocracy, whether for the good or evil of their country; but the present Peers of France are not only phantoms with respect to power, but phantoms unillumined by a single beam of popular opinion. M. Constant observes, "Of all "our constitutional institutions, the hereditary "peerage is perhaps the only one which public "opinion rejects with an obstinacy hitherto "unconquerable. No sooner does it acquire "liberty to express itself, or regain the hope of "seeing this institution modified, than it pro-

* 33. La Chambre des pairs connaît des crimes de haute trahison et des attentats à la sûreté de l'état qui seront définis par la loi.

" nounces against all hereditary privilege with " a strength and consistency which cannot be " mistaken." — *Ouvrages*, v. i. N. H. He subjoins Bonaparte's opinion on this subject, when the question was discussed of introducing a Peerage into the Additional Act: it is the quintessence of sound reasoning: " Take notice a " peerage is out of tune with the present state " of men's minds. It will wound the pride of " the army; it will deceive the expectations " of the partisans of equality: it will stir up a " thousand individual pretensions against me. " Where am I to find the elements of aristo- " cracy necessary for a peerage? The old for- " tunes are hostile to us, many of the new ones " are disgraceful. Five or six illustrious names " are not enough. Without recollections, with- " out historical *eclat*, without great estates, on " what is my peerage to be built? The English " peerage is quite another thing. It is above " the people, but has not been against it. The " English nobility gave England liberty: the " great Charter comes from them. They have " grown up with the constitution, and are one " with it. But for thirty years to come my " mushroom peers will be nothing but soldiers, " or chamberlains. People will see nothing but " a camp or an anti-chamber." — *Idem.**

* " Bonaparte lui-même, qui, sans avoir le sentiment " de la liberte, avait l'instinct de ce qui était populaire,

6. The Chamber of Deputies. — By Art. 35*, the deputies are to be elected by the electoral colleges, the organization of which was determined by a law of 1817, which gave all payers of direct taxes to the amount of 300 francs, a right of voting for the deputies of their department; an arrangement by which the mass of the nation is directly excluded from all share in the government, and the number of electors limited to about 100,000, in a population of 28,000,000.† The number of departments is

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" s'était apperçu de cette disposition generale. Il disait " sur la pairie: prenez garde, qu'elle est en désharmonie " avec l'état presént des esprits. Elle blessera l'orgueil de " l'armée, ell trompera l'attente des partisans de l'égalité, " elle soulèvera contre moi mille pretentions individuelles: " Où voulez-vous que je trouve les élémens d'aristocratie " que la pairie exige? Les anciennes fortunes sont enne- " mies, plusieurs des nouvelles sont honteuses. Cinq ou six " noms illustres ne suffisent pas. Sans souvenirs, sans éclat " historique, sans grandes propriétés, sur quoi ma pairie " sera-t-elle fondée? La pairie anglaise est toute autre " chose. Elle est au-dessus du peuple, mais elle n'a pas été " contre lui. Ce sont les nobles anglais qui ont donné la " liberté à l'Angleterre. La grande charte vient d'eux. " Ils ont grandi avec la constitution, et sont un avec elle. " Mais d'ici à trente ans, mes champignons de pairs ne sont " que des soldats ou des chambellans. L'on ne verra qu'un " camp ou une antichambre." — Page 235.

* 35. La Chambre des députés sera composée des dépu- " tés élus par les colléges eléctoraux, dont l'organisation " sera déterminée par des lois.

† I assume the greatest number, according to the political writers of the day. M. Sismondi says, " Scarcely 12,000

85, and these return 258 deputies, so that each deputy *virtually* represents, as some of our politicians facetiously term it, above 100,000 citizens. The payers of direct taxes to the annual amount of 1000 francs are alone eligible, so that the national choice is confined to a list of about 5000 individuals. The deputies must be 40 years of age (Art. 38*), and are elected for five years (Art. 37†). Such is the rampart provided by the Charter to secure the liberties of the nation against the Executive, and two branches of the legislature. There are several minor articles conceived in the same spirit, but it is sufficient to remark on such cardinal points as Personal and religious freedom, The freedom of the press, The extent of the royal power, and The constitution of the legislature, to show that the whole Charter was a compromise of opposite principles, accepted from necessity, and rendered acceptable by the hope each party entertained of interpreting it, like an old manuscript, according to its own sense and interest. It was probably with this view, M. Carnot de-

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citizens in all France would thus have the right of concurring in the election of the national deputies." — *Examen de la Constitution Française*, p. 41.

* Aucun député ne peut être admis dans la Chambre s'il n'est âgé de quarante ans, et s'il ne paye une contribution directe de mille francs.

† Les députés seront élus pour cinq ans, et de manière que la Chambre soit renouvelée, chaque année, par cinquième.

clared the Charter to contain guarantees sufficient for the general safety; but the number of provisoes with which he qualified the assertion, clearly shows that he understood the double-faced monster. *

§ 2. *Of the Practical Spirit of the present Government.*

The restoration of the Bourbons was hailed with general enthusiasm, not for the affection borne to their persons or character, but as the harbingers of order and free government. A very short experience dissipated these flattering anticipations, in which men of all parties, with the exception perhaps of part of the military, had cordially united. It was too speedily remarked "that they had learnt nothing, and "forgotten nothing during the period of their "exile." The emigrants who arrived in their train, regarded their country, and her acquired rights, as their lawful prey, and sought the revival of whatever was most odious in the ancient regime. A system of favouritism, with every tendency towards the most violent re-action, was set up at court: the most respectable members were expelled from the senate; the friends of freedom were religiously excluded from all of-

* C'est dans la charte constitutionelle qu'il faut chercher le salut commun; elle contient assez de garanties pour nous sauver tous, si nous ne souffrons pas qu'elle soit entamée: mais il faut, &c.—P. 30.

fices of government; the Legion of Honour, and regular army were studiously degraded; Vendean uniforms made their appearance at royal levees, and the smiles and affectionate salutations of the royal family were exclusively lavished on foreigners, emigrants, and insurrectionary commanders.

Of the provisions of the charter favourable to freedom, not one was carried into effect. The judges were not rendered independent: the responsibility of ministers was not fixed: the liberty of the press was not only not established, but placed under a severe censorship: the defenders of freedom and the charter were silenced and discountenanced, while the most flagrant assailants of the principles of the Revolution enjoyed a licentious impunity. Universal suspicion necessarily followed. When a censorship was once established, the public could not but conclude that while certain journals and articles were suppressed, such as were permitted to appear had the ministerial sanction: in some of these it was openly avowed that the charter was to be regarded but as *a provisional measure*, and even when such sentiments were attributed to the ministers themselves, they were found to pass the censorial ordeal. * Yet, as if the minis-

* The following is a specimen quotted by M. Carnot; — "Trois ministres assurent que ces changemens (*La Charte Constitutionelle*) ne sont que provisoires." Yet Chateaubriand, with the impudence of a quack and a courtier, writes,

ters, deemed it insufficient to leave the dispositions of the government to inference and speculation, one of them, M. Ferrand, who, for his generous devotion, was quickly created a Count, in a pamphlet entitled, "*Du Retablissement de la Monarchie,*" openly recommended above 80,000 citizens *to the baptism of the scaffold.* "All those," says he, "who took the "oath at the Tennis-Court, without exception, "betrayed the state, were guilty of lese-majesty, "and should be judged accordingly." P. 56. "The constitutionalists beheld the guillotines "raised for themselves, which they had believed "prepared for the royalists. Their impure "blood flowed without honour: it excited nei- "ther regret, nor pity, nor could even the "baptism of the scaffold wash away their "crimes." P. 77. "It is not sufficient to tear

"La censure généreuse que les ministres de Bonaparté "osent reprocher à votre ministre était bien plus éta- "blie pour eux que pour nous; elle forçait le public à se "taire sur le passè." — *Rapport de sur l'Etat de la France, &c.* p. 9., published during the 100 days. Even the defenders of the royal government are obliged to acknowledge the general distrust created by the language of the licensed journalist. "On ne peut se dissimuler que certaines feuilles "périodiques, telles que la Gazette de France, le Journal "Royal, et la Quotidienne, n'aient fait au gouvernement un "mal prodigieux, en excitant la méfiance des propriétaires "de domaines nationaux; et les ministres qui ont toléré "ces feuilles, pouvant les supprimer, ont de graves re- "proches à se faire." — *De l'Impossibilité d'Etablir un Gouvernement Constitutionnel sous un Chef Militaire,* Par M. Comte, p. 20.

" away the fruit of the tree planted by the con-
" stitutionalists: it must be cut down. If there
" be left the slightest germ of this execrable
" race, the lightest breath of discord or dis-
" content will scatter it where a thousand un-
" foreseen circumstances may develope it for the
" misfortune of the human race." P. 90. " What
" resource, just God! will France have left, if
" the atrocities of the jacobins procure pardon,
" or oblivion for those of the constitution-
" alists." P. 160. Is it surprising, that when the public mind had been thus alienated, not a sword should have been drawn in defence of the Bourbons, till they reached Ghent? *

The re-appearance of Bonaparte did but accelerate a Revolution, the natural progress of events could scarcely have failed to bring about. † It was unfortunate, however, because it rendered the cause *personal* instead of *national.* The consequences would most probably have been the same with respect to the conduct of the allied powers, but had the Bourbons been expelled by *principles* only, every attempt to restore them would not only have been a barefaced violation of the right of self-government, but might from this very circumstance have alto-

* It is impossible to forbear smiling at the campaigns of this family: they lead the van of each retreat, and form the rear of each advance.

† M. Carnot observes, " Cet etat de mal-aise ne saurait " subsister." *Memoire, &c.* p. 29.

gether failed of success. The princes of Germany, who found no difficulty in arming their subjects against the man by whose ambition they had been bruised, might have found it less easy to effect a crusade against liberty: France too in recovering her freedom would have recovered those republican energies, far more essential to her national independence than even Bonaparte's generalship, and the devotion of his soldiers. The Additional Act offered indeed securities on all those points in which the charter was defective, and thus far met the wishes of the nation: but the French had some experience in paper constitutions; they saw too a disposition to revert to the maxims of despotism, even at the moment of re-establishing a free government: the struggle was in consequence left to the general and his soldiers: the stage is once more cleared, and the Bourbons re-enter amid the enthusiasm created by 600,000 foreign bayonets.

While King Louis was under sequestration, he issued two proclamations, from Ghent and Cambrai, in which he acknowledged the errors of his government, professed his resolution of amendment, and promised to pardon "all misled Frenchmen," with the exception only of the "instigators and authors of the horrible plot" of Bonaparte's invasion.* — If a king's

* "My government was liable to commit errors — perhaps it did commit them. There are times when the purest in-

word were ever synonymous—with that of an honest man, this exception applied to such persons only, as could be proved, by some previous connection, plot, or intercourse to have been accessary to the return of Bonaparte; yet neither Labedoyere, Ney, nor Lavalette were in this predicament: no attempt was made to show that they had even a knowledge of the invasion before it happened. — How then had they *plotted* his return? If any persons were likely to have been previously aware of his intentions, it was those whom he appointed his ministers; yet the principal of these, Fouché, was made Minister of the interior, and signed the proscription of his late coadjutors.* If by any double dealing this able but wily politician had merited this "bad eminence," common decency required that the royal word should not be falsified towards

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tentions are insufficient to direct, or sometimes they even mislead. Experience alone could teach—*it shall not be lost.*" *Proclamation dated Cambrai, 28th June,* 1815.

"I promise — I who never promised in vain (*all Europe knows it*) — pardon to *misled* Frenchmen. I owe it to the dignity of my crown — to except from pardon the *instigators* and *authors* of this horrible plot." — *Ibid.*

* Fouche says in his letter to the Duke of Wellington: "The idea of a conspiracy was spread by those who wished for proscriptions. — I took the resolution to sign the ordinance of the 24th of July, in order to enchain re-action, and to lessen the number of those whom it wished to sacrifice. Then, as now, every one desired to see his enemy upon this list, the ministry left upon it only those names which it could not remove from it."

inferior agents; — but he "who never promised in vain," thought otherwise. If Louis kept his promises of forgiveness ill, he kept those of amending his government still worse. Either from weakness, or revenge, he suffered the *Ultras* again to possess themselves of the reins of power; and a system of re-action was set up to be paralleled only by the kindred government of Spain, or the era of 1793. — A code was extracted from the charter, fitted for the meridian of Turkey; and well was it then shown, that this instrument might as conveniently be interpreted in favour of despotism as the Imperial Pandects. I exemplify the spirit of the royal government under the same heads as I have considered the theory of the charter, viz. I. Personal Freedom. II. Religious Freedom. III. Freedom of the Press. IV. Executive Power; and V. and VI. Composition of the Two Chambers.

I. By the decree of the 24th of July, 1816, countersigned by Fouché, nineteen individuals, principally generals, were consigned to military commissions, and thirty-eight banished without a shadow of trial, or constitutional authority. "We have declared and declare, ordered and "order," is the emphatic tautology with which the noblest names of France were erased from the list of her citizens. This proscription was the signal-flag of vengeance through the bigoted departments of the south and west. — Bigotry, political or religious, gorged herself

with blood: even the local authorities, who sought to restrain these *legitimate* excesses, were made their victims: Marshal Brune was assassinated at Avignon, and accused by the government gazette of suicide: General De La Garde was murdered at Nismes, and General Ramel at Toulouse. The infamous * Trestaillon organised the massacre of the Protestants, while the government, so powerful against its enemies, and strengthened by foreigners, was unable to protect its subjects, or punish a single murderer, of the many who boasted of their crimes in open day.

By the law of the 29th of October, every individual charged with crimes or offences *against the person or authority of the King, against the persons of the royal family, or safety of the state, might be detained in custody, if not brought before the tribunals.*† The whole population of France

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* This wretch, when brought before the tribunals at Nismes for the massacre of thirteen Protestants, was not only dismissed, but promoted to the rank of adjutant-major of the national guards.

† This law was suspended in December 1816; by another in the same spirit.—Art. 1. "Every individual *accused* "of plots or machinations against the king's person, the "safety of the state, or the persons of the royal family, "may, until the expiration of the present law, and without "being brought before the tribunals, be arrested and detained "in virtue of orders signed by the president of our council "of ministers, and of our minister, secretary of state for the "general police."

was thus legally delivered over to some hundred thousands of police-officers, and agents of ministerial power, to be held in the slow torment of indefinite imprisonment, without a chance of disproving their guilt, or establishing their innocence: — not that a law was necessary for all this; for, as Count Lanjuinais observed during the discussion of this *projet*, the ministers had already, in every department of France, assumed and acted upon this authority to its fullest extent. A mock amnesty soon after followed, which was more properly a fuller proscription list, by which all who had shared *as ministers, deputies, or other authorities* in the government of the 100 days, were devoted to the penalties of high treason. Eighty-five courts-martial were next organised, to take cognisance of *seditious cries, disloyal offences,* and *insults to the white flag*. Their jurisdiction was without appeal, and sentence executed within twenty-four hours. Throughout 1816 and 1817, these inquisitorial tribunals were in full vigour: spies were busy in stirring the embers of disaffection; the prisons were crowded with victims, and then thinned by military executions: fourteen were shot at Grenoble, of whom six had been vainly recommended to mercy; for the mild Louis was even less merciful than his own satellites. The lieutenant-general in command at this place published an order, that all the inhabitants of the house, in which the leader of the conspiracy (Didier) might be found, should be shot. No

rank was privileged against official despotism: the *préfet* of the department of the *Cher* exiled 14 persons of rank on his own suspicions: at Ardennes, a tailor was transported for displaying a disloyal standard; and at Valenciennes, a *beggar* was similarly punished for crying *Vive la Republique.* At Loiret, four men and a woman were shot for taking part in seditious meetings near Montargis; and four were similarly executed at Melun. I take these specimens at random from the official newspapers; but we have a more detailed account of the system as pursued at Lyons, written by Colonel Fabvier, Chief of Marmont's staff, while the Marshal commanded there. This officer describes the machinery by which these conspiracies were got up, with all the accuracy of one of Lord Sidmouth's official agents: —

" *Une foule d'agens parcouraient la ville et les*
" *campagnes, s'introduisaient dans les cabarets*
" et jusque dans les maisons particulières, *y*
" *prenaient le rôle d'un mécontent,* exhalaient
" *les plaintes les plus vives contre l'autorité,* an-
" nonçaient *des changemens, des revolutions;* et
" s'ils arrachaient un signe d'approbation à de
" *malheureux citoyens pressés par la* misère, ou
" tourmentés par mille vexations, ils s'empres-
" saient d'aller les dénoncer et recueillir le prix
" de leurs infâmes stratagèmes.

" Les procedures de la cour prévôtale ont
" attesté l'emploi de ces moyens odieux, mais
" *l'excès même avec lequel on s'y livrait les a*

" *bientôt rendus publics:* chacune des autorités " ayant ses moyens de police à part, à chaque " instant ces vils instrumens se rencontraient " sans se connaître, s'attaquaient avec une égale " ardeur, et bientôt le moins diligent, dénoncé " par l'autre, expiait un moment sous les ver- " roux son infamie. Il fallait alors décliner sa " mission: l'autorité intervenait pour réclamer " son agent; le prisonnier disparaissait, et allait " ailleurs chercher une nouvelle proie, ou pré- " parer un nouveau scandale.

" A l'aide de ces nombreux délateurs, *les* " *prisons regorgeaient de victimes* entassées avec " un tel désordre que la lecture seule des regis- " tres d'écrou prouvait à quel point était porté " le mépris des lois et de l'humanité: indépen- " damment de celles que la procedure ordinaire " plaçait sous la main de la cour prévôtale, on " voyait encore dans les caves de l'hôtel de " ville, des centaines de malheureux, privés de " tous soins comme de tout secours, attendaient " pendant des mois entiers la faveur d'être in- " terrogés; et tel, qui ne l'a été *qu'au bout de* " *quatre-vingt-deux jours*, a fini par être ac- " quitté: l'arbitraire était porté dans toutes les " parties de l'administration. Les autorités " municipales prenaient des arrêtés contraires " aux lois, et *condamnaient à l'emprisonnement* " pour des faits qu'aucune loi ne considère " comme des délits." P. 8—10.

Even the mockery of a court-martial was not always granted to the unfortunate victims: the

slightest noise in the prison was sufficient reason for the soldiers on duty to fire in upon their captives; and Colonel Fabvier relates, that an officer of the guard, who, on M. Marmont's arrival, was called before a council of war to answer for such conduct, justified himself by the established practice, — "*Jusqu'a present, disait-il, on a tirè dans les prisons presque journellement.*"

II. Religious freedom was not, indeed, formally abolished on the restoration; yet the Inquisition itself could scarcely have suggested a more orthodox course than was at least *tolerated* by the administrations of 1815 and 1816, in the southern departments. Accounts of these proceedings have been published in English by the Rev. J. Cobbin, and in French by M. Lauze de Ruet, in a work entitled, "*Causes et prècis des crimes, des troubles, des dèsordres dans le department du Garde, et dans d'autres lieux du midi de la France.*"

That the government looked with an indulgent eye on these excesses of its *ultra* friends, may be justly inferred from the circumstance of its suffering the excesses of a comparatively insignificant faction, while it had strength to crush, with the aid of foreign bayonets, both the Bonapartists and Constitutionalists. A confirmation of its criminal connivance may also be found in its subsequent conduct. Since the withdrawing of the allied troops, and the comparative re-ascendancy of liberal principles, it is true, that fanaticism no longer carouses the blood of living

victims: she is content to embitter the last moments of the dying; to refuse the rites of burial to the dead*, to sow discord among families, for the purpose of winning souls to Christ, and property to the church, and to breathe out the *odium theologicum*, the holy leaven of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," upon the whole kingdom. The priests, never so successful as when their influence is exerted on the weaker sex, are busied in re-establishing convents, of which there are already four in the department of the Gironde only. The Jesuits are with equal zeal possessing themselves of the education of youth: at St. Achueil, near

* In religious quarrels, the horrible is always seasoned by the ridiculous. The following anecdote is from the *Minerve* of last February: — "A sick man in the neighbourhood of Liege sends to the parish-priest to administer to him the last sacraments. The *Curè* hesitates; for the applicant has not been seen in a church for the last 15 years. He writes to the bishop for instructions; but death refuses to wait the issue, and the man dies unannealed and unanointed. Now, as a Roman Catholic who dies without the *viaticum* is necessarily damned, the Curè refuses to bury him. Being, however, of an accommodating disposition, in consideration of the defunct's good intentions, he relaxes so far as to commute hell for purgatory; to effect which, the body is exposed at the church-door, and while masses are singing and bells ringing, is well flogged by the Curè and his assistant: nevertheless, as the sinner is but half saved in spite of this castigation, a grave is dug half within and half without the church-yard, in which the body is deposited for the devils and angels to fight out the matter as they can."

Amiens, they have a seminary of 500 pupils, who daily tell their beads, with 50 *Paters*, and as many *Aves*. In the meanwhile, the departments of the south and west are overrun with missionaries*, preaching against the Revolution,

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* The following song from the *Minerve* of April, 1819, very neatly hits off the quality of these missions.

LES DIABLES MISSIONNAIRES.

Satan dit un jour à ses pairs :
On en veut à nos hordes !
C'est en éclairant l'univers
Qu'on éteint les discordes.
Par brevet d'invention,
J'ordonne une mission.
En vendant des prières,
Vite, soufflons, soufflons, morbleu !
Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu.

Exploitons, en diables cafards,
Hameau, ville et banlieue.
D'Ignace imitons les renards,
Cachons bien notre queue.
Au nom du père et du fils,
Gagnons sur les crucifix.
En vendant de prières,
Vite, soufflons, soufflons, morbleu !
Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu.

Que de miracles on va voir,
Si le ciel ne s'en mêle !
Sur des biens qu'on voudrait ravoir,
Faisons tomber la grêle.

the Charter, and Voltaire. They are formed into companies, each under a spiritual leader; and, for their rhodomontades and quackeries, might pass for travelling mountebanks, did they not reveal their apostolic character by the disputes, scandal, and bad passions which kindle under their footsteps. An attempt was made

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Publions que Jésus-Christ
Par la poste nous ecrit.
En vendant des prières,
Vite, soufflons, soufflons, morbleu!
Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu.

Chassons les autres baladins;
Divisons les familles.
En jetant la pierre aux mondains,
Perdons femmes et filles.
Que tout le sexe enflammé
Nous chante un *asperges me.*
En vendant des prières;
Vite, soufflons, soufflons, morbleu!
Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu.

Par Ravaillac et Jean Châtel,
Plaçons dans chaque prône,
Non point le trône sur l'autel,
Mais l'autel sur le trône.
Comme aux bons temps féodaux
Que les rois soient nos bedeaux.
En vendant des prières,
Vite, soufflons, soufflons, morbleu!
Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu.

during the late discussion of the law relative to the press, to arm these fanatics with the scourge of authority, by substituting in the *projet* offences "against the Christian religion," for offences against "public morals." This amendment, proposed in the house of peers by the Duke of Fitz-James, a worthy descendant of the Stuarts, was negatived in both chambers; though the words "religious morals" were adopted as a compromise. The missionaries are, however, left to fight their battles with such artillery of deceit and impudence, as Satan may be supposed to furnish to all such as promote the em-

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L'intolérance, front levé,
Reprendra son allure.
Les protestans n'ont point trouvé
D'onguent pour la brûlure;
Les philosophes aussi,
Déjà sentent le roussi.
En vendant des prières,
Vite, soufflons, soufflons, morbleu!
Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu.

Le diable, après ce mandement,
Vient convertir la France.
Guerre au nouvel enseignement,
Et gloire à l'ignorance!
Le jour fuit, et les cagots
Dansent autour de fagots.
En vendant des prières,
Vite, soufflons, soufflons, morbleu!
Eteignons les lumières,
Et rallumons le feu.

pire of discord upon earth. Even the royal family can do little more than pray for their success.

III. The liberty of the press was fixed by a royal ordinance, dated August 8th, 1815, in the following terms: —

Art. 1. All authorisations given to public journals up to the present moment, whatever the nature of these journals may be, are revoked; and none of the said journals can appear without receiving fresh authority from our minister-general of police, before the tenth of this present month of August, for the journals of Paris, and before the 20th of August for those of the departments.

Art. 2. All periodical writings shall be submitted to the examinations of a commission, whose members shall be appointed on the presentation of our minister-general of police.

It is needless to observe how completely this decree annihilated the 8th article of the charter; but it was perfectly in unison with the royal system, that Frenchmen should think, speak, and write conformably to the sentiments of a minister-general of police. Could the power of government as adequately reach the two former functions as the latter, the mass of mankind would, ere this, have lost the distinctive attributes of the human species. It may be imagined, authority so unconstitutionally obtained, was not sparingly used: every Parisian newspaper continued to announce the seizure or sup-

pression of some obnoxious journal or pamphlet: even M. Comte, who had written to prove the impossibility of a free government under Bonaparte, found that the liberty of decrying a fallen despot was not extended to the abuse of, despotic principles: an edition of his pamphlet was seized, because it contained, in a note, remarks unfavourable to legitimacy; — hence the remark, that though the Bourbons refuse to consider themselves successors to Napoleon, they lose no occasion of proving themselves inheritors of his worst principles.

The Censorship continued in force till the month of May last, when it was replaced by a law, by which the editors and proprietors of all newspapers and periodical publications are obliged respectively to give security to the amount of 10,000, and 5000 francs of yearly income. The editors and authors are made alike responsible for every offensive article: nor does the appearance of the latter exonerate the former. A copy of each journal, or periodical publication, is lodged with the *Préfet*, or other magistrate, before the publication. Official communications of government are immediately to be inserted. The same law includes a variety of penalties for raising seditious cries or signals, offending against public morals; for defaming the chambers, tribunals, and constituted authorities; in short for writing, saying, or doing any thing disagreeable to the powers that be: the only points gained are the removal of pre-

vious censorship, and the trial of offences of publication by a jury. The intention of this law is evidently to compensate the government for the loss of the former, by surrounding public writers with snares and penalties. The required securities give the ministers, and the rich a monopoly of publication, which must be severely felt in the departments where the profit of the journals, which rarely exceeds 2000 francs yearly, is altogether out of proportion to the required security. The method of rendering both author and editor responsible is an admirable invention to close the journals against the needy victims of oppression, who have no means of indemnifying the publisher of their complaints. The deposit of a copy with the magistrate seems intended to delay or even prevent the publication of an offensive journal: it cannot appear till the receipt of the copy is acknowledged; and who shall compel the *Préfet* to do this, before he finds it convenient? The compulsory introduction of official articles may be adroitly contrived to occupy the whole of a paper, in which the agents of authority have cause to apprehend any unpleasing communications.

"IV. I observed that the strength of the Executive, as organised by the charter, had no adequate counterbalance in the other branches of the constitution. Public opinion becomes daily enlightened in this respect, and designates, as especially obnoxious to freedom, 1. the ex-

istence of a standing and foreign army; 2. the irresponsibility of ministers and their agents; 3. the defects of the existing municipal institutions.

Without reckoning those general reasons which render the co-existence of freedom and a standing army next to impossible, we may remark two circumstances in the present organisation* of the French army, which cannot fail both to gall the feelings, and jeopardise the liberties of the nation. One is the existence of a royal guard, consisting of 1000 cavalry, all young men of family, who have the pay and appointments of officers: such a corps, besides creating invidious distinctions, is too well fitted to corrupt the young nobility, by drawing them into the service of the court, where they are taught to barter their country's interests for favour, and to call their bondage of corruption loyalty. But a still more unpopular measure is the maintenance of 10,000 Swiss guards, part of whom are always on duty over the king's person. This corps, besides exclusive privileges †, costs, upon calculation, 1,500,000 francs above an equal number of French soldiers; but the charge is the least matter: the presence of these fo-

* If his Majesty remembers the devotedness of his Swiss guard to Louis XVI., he should also remember how feeble a protection it afforded against popular indignation.

† In cases of offences committed against citizens, the Swiss are tried by a jury of Swiss.

reigners, is regarded as a continual insult on the nation; mutual dislike is the consequence, and breaks out into disastrous broils: in April last, an affray of this kind, attended with bloodshed, took place near Metz. The inhabitants of Metz in consequence addressed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, praying the defence of their king and country might be intrusted to its citizens: I quote a passage from this petition, remarkable for its clear statement of the principle upon which governments employ the aid of foreign mercenaries:—"If despotism require "the aid of foreigners for the maintenance of "interests, which are not always those of the "nation, the case is not the same with re-"spect to a constitutional government, all the "acts of which being expressions of the ge-"neral will, should be entrusted for execution "to the national power: the existence of any "other force must create a suspicion of views "contrary to those of the nation, and maintain "a fatal mistrust betwixt it and the monarch "who governs it." Petitions to a similar effect are becoming daily frequent. At the same time the organisation of the national guard is loudly complained of; its officers being appointed by the *Préfet*, a mere ministerial agent. In the debates on the budget for the present year, M. de la Fayette, ever true to his principles, demanded the formation of a military force, to consist of the bulk of the population, to be subjected to the civil authority, and to be

officered by men chosen by their fellow-citizens. *

Est hic aut nusquam quod quærimus.

The statue of liberty must rest on the pedestal of physical power.

As for the responsibility of ministers, a committee of the Chamber of Deputies reported on a *projet*, in April last, for the purpose of defining the terms "Treason and Violence," used in the charter. — The report stated them to apply to acts *mechannement omis*, or such as attacked the constitutional powers of government, and the rights consecrated by Articles 4, 5. 8, and 9 of the charter. This last proviso would, indeed, have proved a substantial guarantee, were any guarantee intended; but by a subsequent clause, such violations of individual rights must, by their numbers and weight, (*par leur gravitè*) be such as to amount to a violation of *general* public rights — a wretched specimen of political sophistry, according to which a *few* individuals may be arrested, a *few* imprisoned, a *few* banished, a *few* victims, in short, sacrificed to ministerial vengeance, provided *general* rights remain untouched; as if the general rights of

* Vide also a pamphlet intitled *De la Force des Gouvernemens ou du Rapport que la Force des Gouvernemens doit avec leur Nature et leur Constitution*, by Lieutenant-General Tarayre.

M. Constant has treated this point with his usual judgment. Vid. *Ouvrages Completes*, t. i. c. vi.

the public could mean any thing but the aggregate of individual rights.

A more fatal constitutional defect than even the irresponsibility of ministers, is the irresponsibility of the subaltern agents of authority, not the meanest of whom can be brought to trial for abuse of his power, without the consent of the Executive. "If a citizen is oppressed, "calumniated, or in any way injured by the "mayor of his village, the present constitution, "by inheriting the 75th article of that of the "year 8, interposes betwixt him and the aggressor. There are thus, in this class of public "officers alone, at least 44,000 irresponsible "agents, and, perhaps, 200,000 in the other "grades of power. These irresponsibles can "do what they please; while no tribunal has "the power of commencing a process against "them, as long as the superior authorities remain silent." *Ouvrages de M. B. de Constant*, C. 3. N. 1.

The public voice is gradually rising throughout France against the present form of her Municipal administration. It is indeed such as is incompatible with either civil or political freedom. It was constructed upon the imperial principle of a centre of power, from which all subordinate authorities should emanate, like radii,* — one of those agreeable metaphors,

* Bonaparte substituted *préfets* in the place of departmental administrators chosen by the people.

which every nation is occasionally compelled to accept in lieu of substantial enjoyments. — The administration of each department is at present confided to a *Préfet*, who has under him a *Sous préfet*, at the head of each *arrondissement*, or subdivision; and a mayor for each town, or village. * All these officers are appointed by the crown, and hold the whole local executive power of government. The *Préfet* appoints the officers of the national guard, acts as justice of the peace, and grand jury, and finally chooses the petty jury. " Thus," observes M. Constant, " one " man ascertains the crime, interrogates the " accused, delivers him to the tribunals, and " chooses his judges." *Ouvrages*, N. I.

No wonder the institution of *prefectures* has been called " a dreadful instrument of ty- " ranny."* Add to it the system of a military

* M. Etienne, in the *Minerve*, No. 61. draws the following picture of the evils flowing from the present municipal system :— " Si des crimes ont été commis, la responsabilité n'en appartient elle pas aux autorités locales? Des témoins n'ont craint de dire la vérité que parce qu'ils ont cédé à la terreur; et qui l'avait établie cette terreur? Des jurés n'ont acquitté des assassins que parce que l'esprit de parti avait présidé à leur nomination; et qui les avait choisis, ces jurés? Le sang n'a coulé que parce que les gardes nationales ne voyaient à leur tête, et quelquefois dans leurs rangs, que des hommes avides de vengeance; et qui les avait organisées ces gardes nationales? Toutes les réactions, tous les excès, tous les crimes, il faut donc les attribuer aux mesures d'exception, à la manière dont se nomment les jurés, à la manière dont se nomment les chefs de la force publique! Or, qui nomme en-

police, and the Executive will clearly be seen to possess an authority, which, but for the check of opinion, is capable of rendering the charter a mere scroll of parchment. As a specimen of what the French police is, it suffices to observe, that no Frenchman can on any pretence move five miles from his dwelling without being furnished by it with a passport, for which he pays two francs; and without which he is liable to be arrested by the first gendarme who chooses to demand it of him. Even the proprietors of stage-coaches are entitled to demand it of every passenger, who presents himself at a coach-office, and to refuse him conveyance unless he produces it: wherever the coaches stop the same investigation is liable to take place, and always does, once at the least in the day's journey. It is with difficulty an Englishman is persuaded that these regulations are no less, or even more strictly enforced towards Frenchmen than foreigners. Every man's liberty, his mere locomotive faculty, is thus placed at the discretion of the government: upon the poor the price of the passport alone is no inconsiderable restraint; but still more pernicious than the price or inconvenience is the effect produced on the

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core aujourd'hui les jurés? La plupart des préfets qui les nommaient en 1815. Qui est encore chargé de l'organisation des gardes nationales, qui désigne leurs officiers au choix de l'autorité supérieure? Les préfets qui les désignaient en 1815. Que ces grandes leçons ne soient pas perdues pour nous!"

mind by this constant dependence on authority—this degrading habit of appearing at the *Bureau de Police*, to ask a licence for the use of a man's own limbs in his own country.

5. The Chamber of Peers, set up in despite of nature, can have no political character, as distinct from that of the other classes of society: its public conduct must flow from the individual characters which compose it, with no other connecting chain than the influence of the crown, to which, from gratitude or expectation, it must always have a disposition to adhere, with more servility than would be usually found in a body of more popular origin: it represents no general interests; it has no native importance arising either from property, power, or opinion: its members must consequently be content to wear the royal livery, and lackey the heels of each successive ministry, by which it will be fashioned to suit the purpose of the season. In 1814, it was composed of three grand dignitaries of the empire, nine marshals, eighty-three senators, and six generals, representing the interests of the Revolution: on the other hand, three ecclesiastical peers, twenty-five old dukes and peers, thirteen old hereditary dukes, four grandees of Spain, and six generals of Condé's army, represented the ancient interests of legitimacy: the partisans of the Revolution having thus a decided majority, the re-active ministry of 1815, by the decree of the 24th of July, expelled twenty-three peers of the majority, which had already been reduced by thirteen deaths, while the new

batch of the 17th of August, added eighty-one to the minority, and only ten to the former majority. The present ministry, which steers a middle course betwixt the Ultras and the Constitutionalists, thus finding themselves in a minority on a great consitutional question, again turned the scale by the creation and restoration, of the 6th of March last, which added sixty, mostly Bonapartists, to the late minority. So little regard, however, was had on this occasion, either to the dignity of the Chamber, or to constitutional propriety, that several executive agents, and even *préfets*, were among the new creations: the creatures of the ministry being thus placed among those appointed by the charter to be its judges. All which tends to show the absurdity of creating an aristocratical branch in the constitution without a single essential political element.

6. A system of representation, which gives 28,000,000 of inhabitants 250 representatives, and entrusts the sole choice of these to about 100,000 comparatively wealthy individuals (to say nothing of the direct influence of the crown by its appointment of the Presidents of the Electoral Colleges, and its indirect influence, through the *préfets*), is evidently neither adequate to the political wants, nor the political knowledge of France. The number of deputies is so inconsiderable, that a very little time and management will suffice to make them all placemen and executive agents: the majority are

said to be already in this situation. M. de Fontanes, who constitutes himself the Apostle-general of slavery to all powers that be, was *naïf* enough to declare, in supporting the law of direct election, that he did it because it *privileged* 100,000 electors at the expense of the 28,000,000 of the people; — all monopoly of power being, according to his creed, a blessing, and the blessing greater as the monopoly is closer. The electors have not, however, yet learned to consider themselves a privileged cast: on the contrary, they continue more and more to amalgamate their sentiments with those of the public; and as the latter tend strongly towards freedom, the law of election is regarded as the sheet-anchor of the constitution*; the proposition of M. Barthelemy for its revision, by which was understood a design to render the appointment of deputies indirect, and still less popular, was accordingly met with every demonstration of dislike and uneasiness:

* "La loi des elections est, pour le peuple, toute la charte: c'est la seule chose peut-etre qu'il en connaisse: cette loi est devenue une nécessité de la position respective de la France et de son souverain. Je ne puis plus les concevoir sans elle. Qu'elle disparaisse un instant, qu'elle soit modifiée au gre de l'aristocratie, qu'elle devienne de sagement populaire ridiculement oligarchique, la deplorable lacune des vingt-deux annees si reproduit: elle creuse un vide immense entre les Français et leur roi, et ce vide devient un abîme." Address of M. Keratry, Deputy of Finistèrre, on the proposition of M. Barthelemy.

petitions poured in against it from every quarter of France; and so sensible were the ministers that this attack meant the rallying of *ultra* principles, that they reinforced the House of Peers, and joined with the public in procuring its rejection. The public is, nevertheless, deeply sensible of the evils adhering to the present system, and unequivocally expresses its conviction of the necessity of a more adequate representation.

§ 3. *Of the National Spirit, and State of Parties.*

There are few, if any, European states whose national spirit is in harmony with their form of government. Governments move in a routine established by fraud and power, the secret of which is to extract from the people the greatest possible quantity of self-gratification. Nations, as they become enlightened, perceive the folly of thus sacrificing their own enjoyments to the interests of a few individuals, who pretend to rule them with rods and sophisms. As the illusion dissipates, a strife grows up betwixt established institutions and new opinions: the "fear of change perplexes monarchs," who put forth all the strength of ancient prejudices, with the more substantial energies of physical force, to quell the impending danger. Then a contest begins, in which authority has the advantage of contending for an object which is clear and intelligible, because already possessed and enjoyed: whereas the

people strive for rights of which they have no experience, and are consequently exposed to error, perplexity, and self-injury. The partisans of power take advantage of these aberrations, to cover the popular cause with abuse and derision; but the gaoler might as reasonably scoff at the captive whom he has held in subterranean bondage, because his eyes, when he is first restored to freedom, are dazzled with the new-born flash of day-light. No country has exhibited more strikingly than France the gradations of suffering, crime, and error, through which nations, long fettered in the abyss of despotism, toil up into intellectual sunshine. When we read the Abbé de Mably's excellent observations on French history, we find whole generations and centuries passing away amid the cheerless vicissitudes of ignorance, fanaticism, and slavery: once only betwixt the foundation of the monarchy and the Revolution a small and almost unnoticed party essayed, about the year 1575, to step aside from the madness of the times, and to take their stand on the neutral and neglected territory of the public good: they were called *Les Politiques*, accused of atheism, and quickly doomed to extinction, for having lived two centuries too early. With this curious and solitary exception, the war-horse is not a blinder instrument of human passions than was the French nation of those of its rulers, whether saints, or sinners, or leaguers, during the endless tissue of wars and

civil commotions which runs through the pages of its history. *

At the period of the Revolution, the desire of change was in the bosoms of the enlightened few a philosophical aspiration after a definite good; but with the mass and multitude, it was little more than an instinct produced by suffering. As long, however, as the aristocracy of talents continued to govern, the Constituent Assembly presented one of the most imposing and gratifying spectacles ever exhibited on the political stage: France was then at her perihelium of character and greatness, but she traversed this brief and brilliant portion of her orbit too rapidly: the insincerity of the court, and the ignorance of the people, enabled the Jacobins to rule the public mind by alarm and exaggeration: the reign of terror left an impression too deep and bewildering to suffer the nation to reap the fruits of its bitter experience: France sought refuge from the vanished horrors of anarchy in the embrace of despotism; a mon-

* "Il est démontré par l'histoire, qu'avant 1789, il n'y a jamais eu en France rien de fixe dans le gouvernement qu'une instabilité perpétuelle, universelle, si ce n'est l'existence d'une autorité royale quelconque, toujours fondée sur le consentment commun, toujours proclamée telle par des cérémonies inaugurales, toujours partagée, toujours limitée par les lois, par l'usage, et par les droits de tous et de chacun; mais de fait, tour à tour usurpant ou usurpée, trop faible, ou trop arbitraire, jamais assez bien connue, jamais définie par une loi nationale." *Minerve*, No. 66. P. 9.

ster which, like the Boa serpent, first expresses the vital spirit, and then devours the carcass of its victim. All traces of public virtue and independence were whelmed in this worst overthrow of liberty. Even the volcanic soil of the Revolution was found not incapable of producing heroic actions, and generous devotion; but on the barren waste of despotic power, what virtue will shed its sweetness? Each man is contracted into self; and to succeed by rampant flattery, or escape by abject submission, becomes all the business of the citizen. — Vanity, the vanity of conquest, is a poor succedaneum for the patriotic interest felt by citizens who share and protect the general weal: vanity affords no guarantee for principles; it feeds on success, without reference to end or means: a vain man will as readily be vain of his vices and follies, as of his virtues, provided those vices and follies are of a fashionable description; but to the music of self-approbation, sounding in solitude, he is a deaf listener: all sacrifices are consequently foreign to his character, except such as are compensated by public applause: but under an absolute government, every one feels the ridicule of sacrificing his private emolument to a public good, which means only his master's profit: hence Madame de Stael observes, in her history of the Revolution, that though in England it is no uncommon thing for place and profit to be sacrificed to principle, a Frenchman who should make a similar sacrifice

of a lucrative office, would pass for a lunatic. Even M. Carnot, whom no one has accused of undervaluing his country, complains that the French have little or no national spirit *: and M. de Constant observes, in an article of the *Minerve*, "For the last 12 years there has been "nothing independent in France but solitary "thought;" — and, we may add, very little of that, or it would have given birth to more independence of action: yet it continued to exist; and as soon as the incubus of military power was removed, began to develope itself even beyond expectation. The republicans struggled for, and obtained a charter, which, with all its imperfections, at least serves for a rallying point; but the principles of this party were still more forcibly illustrated after Napoleon's second abdication, when the Chamber of Representatives protested against the forcible imposition of an unconstitutional government by foreign armies, and proclaimed the only bases on which the nation would consent to recognise the Bourbon dynasty. This declaration was subjected to some ridicule at the moment when physical force bore down all opposition; but a solemn recurrence to principles, especially on the edge of danger, is no fleeting ceremony: it is setting up a land-mark, which, though it cannot subdue

* "Voila pourquoi il y-a plus d'isolement en France, plus d'egoisme, peu ou point d'esprit nationale." — *Memoire*, p. 44.

the tempest, will guide the future navigator. As long as France was held by the allied armies, a feeble party triumphed, and represented its fanatical prejudices as the sentiments of the nation: they *were* indeed those of the throne, and royal family: hence the re-action of 1815. Fouchè, in his admirable Memorial, let the king into the secret of the real strength of his ultra friends. "Scarcely a tenth part," he observes, "of the French nation can be found, who are "willing to revert to the old regime, and "scarcely a fifth part who are heartily devoted "to legitimate authority. On the supposition "of civil war, the royalists would reign absolute "in ten departments, in fifteen others the par-"ties would be balanced, and in all the rest "of France only a few handfuls of Royalists "would be found opposed to the great mass of "the people." Fouchè and Talleyrand would not be the dupes and tools of a despicable minority; they were replaced by an administration which suffered itself to be governed by the ultra faction, in opposition, as was pretended, to the royal will. The letter addressed by the late ministers to the king, whether genuine or not, seems to contain the secret: the king was duped into a belief that the ultras, with the aid of the allies, were able to effect the conquest of their country; so he suffered them to undermine his ministers, whom he left unsupported. The proceedings of the court on this occasion were, as usual, deceitful, bigoted, and cruel;

but after an epoch of vengeance and folly, it was forced, being deprived of foreign aid, to retrace its steps, and appoint the present administration as a pledge of constitutional dispositions. The recall of five of the exiles of the 24th of July, is a partial redemption of this pledge; but this measure seems rather to have been forced upon the ministers by loud and repeated expressions of the public feeling, relative to that arbitrary measure *, than to have resulted from any desire on their parts to adopt a liberal policy: they move with doubt and irresolution, trusted by no party, and trusting none. † Fate seems to have divorced sincerity from

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* 22 towns petitioned for their recall.

† The following extracts from Nos. 70. and 71. of the *Minerve*, give a forcible picture of the present administration, and the view entertained of it by the nation: — "Le ministère actuel débute par de magnifiques promesses: il s'annonce comme éminemment constitutionnel; il blâme tous les excès, dévoile les funestes erreurs des tribunaux, signale les crimes de l'esprit de parti. La confiance renaît, on se livre au plus doux espoir; comment penser en effet que des hommes qui veulent assurer la justice à tous, la refusent à quelques uns; que les ennemis de l'arbitraire soient les partisans de l'eil? On devait donc s'attendre, on s'attendait en effet au rapport des lois de 1815: l'opinion générale n'était pas équivoque, elle se manifestait par des petitions respectueuses venues de toutes les parties de la France; la séance du 17 Mai vous a montré comment on y a répondu.

"Depuis cette époque le ministère est dans une position presque aussi fausse que l'ancien; en défendant des mesures prises malgré la charte, il a inspiré des doutes sur sa bonne

the descendants of St. Louis. The Chamber of Deputies is divided into three parties: the

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foi à en soutenir les principes ; son allure est gênée, sa marche incertaine, son système nul. Je le répéte, hors la charte point de salut pour les ministères ; elle est comme l'honneur. Quand on s'en écarte, on n'y rentre plus. C'est que la charte est la garantie de tous les intérêts, et quand tous les intérêts sont compromis, il n'y a plus de confiance dans les gouvernés, il n'y a plus de force dans les gouvernans." No. 70. p. 210.

" Sous un régime représentatif, on ne gouverne que par l'opinion, et le ministère n'en tient pas assez de compte. Jamais il n'est sûr de la majorité dans les chambres. Dans le côté droit il ne trouve que d'implacables ennemis ; en maintenant les violations faites à la charte, il à perdu l'appui du côté gauche ; le centre même, en le voyant si incertain, semble craindre de le soutenir, et cherche plutôt à deviner ceux qui seront ministres, qu'à servir ceux qui le sont. Ainsi, le ministère, placé entre la haine et la défiance, ne peut leur opposer que la foiblesse et l'irrésolution. Tels sont les tristes resultats de la séance du 17 Mai. Les ministres nous font répéter jusqu'à satiété par leurs écrivains, qu'ils ne pouvaient pas décemment se laisser forcer la main par des pétitions ; et pourquoi les attendaient-ils ? La dernière session n'avait-elle pas retenti de plaintes contre les exilés ? Le moment n'était-il pas venu de faire rentrer en France tous les Français, lorsque les étrangers en sont sortis ? Quand on ne veut pas paraître céder à l'opinion, il faut du moins avoir l'art de la prévenir.

" Pouvait-elle être douteuse pour le ministère ? Pas une seule voix, même parmi les frénétiques de 1815, n'osait soutenir l'ordonnance du 24 Juillet. Mais la nomination de M. Corcelle rentrant dans ses foyers au bout de quatre ans d'exil, et recevant à son arrivée les suffrages de la seconde ville du royaume, n'annonçait-elle pas hautement ce que voulait la France ? Ce choix si remarquable, ce choix que

right side, the left side, and centre. " I have " reflected," says a writer in the *Minerve* of last June, " on the history of what are called " the three parties: I perceive privileges are " the banner of the first, pelf and places of the " second, and the national rights of the third: " privileges, power, freedom,—these are the " standards hoisted; but the two first are distin- " guished by a very trivial gradation of colours. " The centre, composed of placemen, demands

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les agens du ministère ont tant fait pour empêcher, n'etait-il pas à lui seul plus significatif que toutes les pétitions possibles? Ne les a-t-il pas précédées? ne prouve-t-il pas qu'elles sont, non l'ouvrage d'une coterie comme on n'a pas craint de la dire, mais l'expression du vœu de tous les Français qui veulent la liberté sans exile, et la charte sans proscriptions?

" Que les ministres examinent la position où ils se sont placés, et qu'ils disent si j'en exagère le danger; leurs prédécesseurs ont presque autant d'influence qu'eux. M. Laîné parle encore en ministre de l'intérieur, et parfois les députés du centre votent comme s'il l'était toujours. Les départemens le croient aussi; il ne se sont pas aperçus qu'il ait quitté les rênes de l'administration. Ils ont les mêmes préfets, les mêmes maires, les mêmes conseils généraux, les mêmes gardes nationales; seulement ils ont un plus grand nombre de missionaires. C'est la seule amélioration qui ait pu leur faire soupçonner un changement. Au mois de Décembre ils en avoient entendu parler; un instant toutes les victimes respirèrent, tous les oppresseurs frémirent, mais l'espoir des un ne dura pas plus que la crainte des autres. Les choses reprirent leur cours ordinaire, et, trois mois après l'ordonnance du 5 Mars, on se trouvait tout aussi avancé que trois ans après l'ordonnance du 5 Septembre." No. 71. p. 268.

" power as a privilege: the right side, com-
" posed of the relics of the old regime, and the
" wrecks of 1815, demands the exclusive pri-
" vilege of power; accordingly the right and
" centre always unite to concentrate authority,
" or legalise arbitrary power. They unite, be-
" cause the latter possess power, and the former
" hope to inherit it in perpetuity: they are di-
" vided only on the question of whose hands it
" shall be lodged in: the placemen wish to keep
" it; the supporters of privilege to regain it."

Notwithstanding, however, the insidious disposition of the court, and the consequent fluctuations of ministerial policy, it is gratifying to perceive the national spirit advancing in the direct line of good sense and freedom. Exaggerations of all kinds begin to fail of effect: names cease to persuade by their mere sound. " Formerly," observes a political writer, " it " was easy to declaim in the name of the throne " and altar; but now it is necessary to be in " the right, even when speaking of the throne " aud altar." Political discussion assumes a tone of sober eloquence, without being deficient in wit and humour, when old absurdities provoke the lash of ridicule. The *Minerve*, a political periodical publication, is probably unrivalled in Europe, for the general merit of the articles contained in it. Its responsible editors and contributors are, MM. Aignan, Benjamin Constant, Dumoulin, Etienne, A. Jay, E. Jouy, the elder Lacretelle, the historian, and M. Tis-

sot, Professor of Latin Poetry in the Royal College. These gentlemen, by their union and character, have been able to maintain themselves, during the period of slavery to which the press was subjected by the * censorship. France is not ungrateful to her literary champions. M. Constant has lately been returned a deputy for the department of the *Sarthe*. M. Dumoulin is another instance of well-directed popular feeling. This gentleman was deprived of his situation of keeper of the records, by the ultra persecutions of 1815, after which the Royal College invited him to fill the place of Historical Professor: the ministers in vain opposed this choice; he was not only installed, but almost immediately chosen a deputy by the electors of Finisterre: he is a member of the Institute, and has published a work *Sur les Garanties individuelles que réclame l'Etat actuel de*

* *Le Conservateur* has been set up by the Ultras in opposition to the *Minerve*. Chateaubriand is its chief support. Chateaubriand's character is remarkable. He is probably the only man of talents belonging to his party: in his early opinions he was a very Southey among the Jacobins; but he found himself espousing a cause already too well defended; he sought, in consequence, to take the ball in the rebound, and make himself a reputation by his defence of expiring prejudices; but such is his natural propensity to extremes, that even the court was obliged to discard him after the reign of terror of 1815. He is still, however, the luminary of the Ultras, and seeks, through the medium of *The Conservateur*, and a coterie of priests and old women, "to raise "the earth by a chain fastened to the heavens."

la Société. The city of Lyons has chosen M. Corcelle, a victim of the persecutions of 1815.

Whenever opinion has free speech, it expresses itself in favour of liberty, and rejects, with equal disdain, the bondage of old prejudices and old institutions. The rising generation is especially distinguished by sound political notions. The scholars of the *Ecole de Medecine*, at Montpellier, and the *Ecole de Droit*, at Paris, have recently given proof that they know, and will maintain in due season, the rights which are the common good of all.

THE END.

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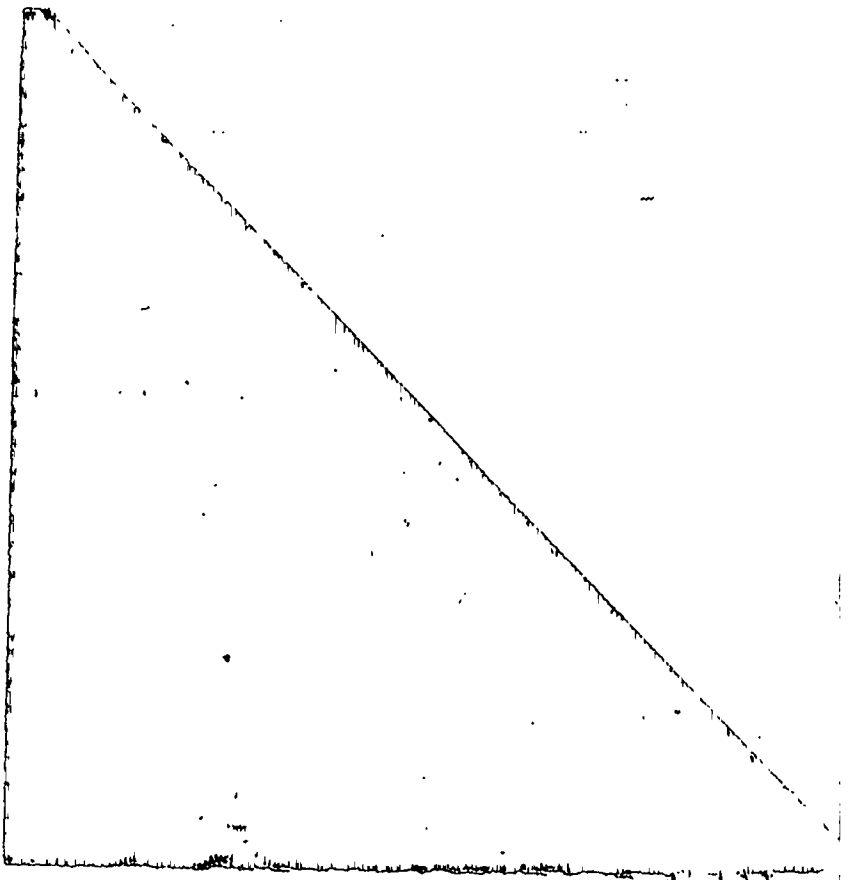

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